

THE  
ACADEMY  
OF  
Complements.

Wherein,

Ladies, Gentlemen, Schollers,  
Strangers may accommodate their  
Courtly practice with gentle Ceremo-  
nies, Complementall amorous high  
expressions, and forms of speaking  
and or writing of Letters most  
in fashion.

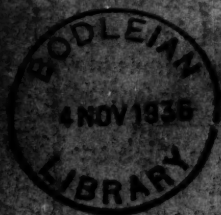
A worke perused, exactly perfected, ever  
where corrected and enriched by the  
Author, with additions of witty Poems,  
and pleasant Songs.

The seventh Edition, with two Tables; the  
expounding the most hard English words. the  
resolving the most delightfull fictions of  
the Heathen Poets.

With an Addition of a new Schoole of Love  
and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons,  
Fancies, and Devices.

London, Printed by M. Bell, for Hum. Brome,  
and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes  
in Pauls Church-yard. 1645.







fi  
of  
m  
v  
fr  
bo  
ge  
a  
yo  
th  
of  
th  
ac  
bu  
an  
In

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
women of England.

**I**F Custome did not enforce a Ceremony of Dedication; yet this Book would desire to insinuate into the affection of Ladies and Gentlemen, since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happiness than your favour, which is most earnestly desired. Let other works solicit their Patrons and Macenasses, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty; whilst this shall expresse an ingenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice it self to your acceptance and service, desiring that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious smiles, which carry with them a secret power, not only to cherish and advance the object whereon they reflect, but also to endear it into others opinion, and make it precious in their estimation. In requitall of this your favour, it shall

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

alwaies ready to furnish you with the best expressions of choise complementall language, for though by nature and custom, you can deliver your minds in a smooth, and gracefull manner; yet from hence, without study, or premeditation, you may command necessary Ceremonies. Besides, your Ladyships Chamber-maids and waiting Gentlewomen are to be pittied; who having by their good carriage compassed Suters, are often constrained to blush, in ignorance, for want of Complements, wherewith to answer them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligible, generous dispositions, to receive this booke now exactly perfected, as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour; which I shall esteem as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest Terrestriall happinesse.

The



## The Authors Preface to the R E A D E R.

**T**Here is no question but eloquence is a principall part in a well-qualified man, for to see a subtle and a quick wit foyled in this which is the only quality that is eminent, and adornes a man as usefull in all occasions, it were to be just like *Prometheus* Statue faire in appearance, but without motion, wanting the true Celestial fire : it is Eloquence which adornes our Discourse, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and doors to the best company, and puts us in such esteeme, as well borne spirits ought to arrive to : without this we resemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom we ordinarily associate our selves : To this purpose in this little Volume, feast thy fancy with variety of most eloquent expressions,

*To the Reader.*

and to mes of delivering thy mind to all, from the King, to persons of the most inferior ranke and quality; for in this last Edition, Let me tell thee that thou hast a Cabinet, wherein the richest Jewels of our Language are lockt up; First, thou hast choise and select Complements set thee downe in a forme, which upon an occasion offered thou maist immitate, or with a little alteration make use of: thou hast in the next place variety of Subjects, with expression to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy minde upon the like objects presented to thy view or fancy, thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses, with an addition of most excellent Love-Poems, Songs, complementall and most sweetly harmonious, with a new Schoole of Love, and other Fancies fitted to the tastes of *Cupids* Guests: Thou hast exquisite Letters, such as containe the Quintessence of that sweetnesse our English Tongue affords us at this day, as it is now refined: Then thou hast Dedications, Supercriptions fitted to thy owne desires for thy use, upon any sudden occasion: Lastly, thou hast a Table of the hard English words, with the derivations of the hardest words most requisite, with a Key to the Poeticall Fictions: In summe, both Eloquence and Love, with their secrets and mysteries are made naked, and manifestly  
revel-



*To the Reader.*

revealed to the weakest judgement; all these benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one, who bewailes those weake Essayes that have been made by others to this purpose, and with grieve viewed the former hasty and surreptitious editions of this Booke, which now is purged and perfected to the Booke-sellers owne content: read it therefore with discretion and deliberative consideration, and endeavour to attaine to the quality of such worth that thou maist learne from it to cure thy dumbnesse, to discourse confidently with thy friends, and assuredly to tender thy wit and service, to those thou shalt have occasion to acknowledge, especially in the Court, where neatnesse and curiosities of all sorts, and principally of Speech, is to a fillable exactly studied: I will resolve thee good Reader but a doubt or two, and detain thee no longer from thy pleasure; First, thou seest not the name of the Author, if thou knewest the gravity of his person, thou mightest well have him excused; Next for thy Country objection, That downe-right dealing is best, I answer, Thou maist sometime be too plaine in the way of thy preferment; if thou namest the word Disimulation thou erreest; the whole Heaven this worke relishes in respect of the subject

*To the Reader.*


more of courtesie, unlesse it be abused by  
craft : accept it then as every way bene-  
ficiall to thee, and take my wish with thee,  
that thou maist injoy as much pleasure in  
the perusing of it, as I had to pen, perfect,  
and finish the structure of this beautifull and  
rarely built *Academy*, Adieu.

Thine,

*Philomusus.*

---

The



## The Authors Epistle to this new Edition.

Courteous Reader,

**H**aving added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to thee for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter, wherein at the first sight, without such a Clue of thred to direct thee by, I might very well suppose, that thou shouldest not onely be amazed but transported, if not lost with wonder) so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, or the Court; but recollect thy mind, and then smile upon my charity, which hath endeavoured the more to inlighten thy Genius, and shew my selfe to thee in consideration of our late losses which these sullen dislaureating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our Sands, Davenant, his Suckling, Carew, and our late Quarles: Lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee againe with this sprig, or rather more aptly com. of Iliad of choicest Recreations to imploy th

## To the Reader.

wit and behaviour in : Receive it with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion; for whatsoever thy censure was of it before it was then well approved of, as this seventh Edition declares, which now carries so much state with it, as not to stoope to thy Censure, except it be for some incident Errata's, my occasions having made me a stranger to the City all the time it was a Printing : but if thou wilt still be Criticall, be withall so serious, as to consider of the evil fate of those that have slighted this piece, which (when most imperfect) deserved better from their judgements : they have given themselves up to traditions, or to deale more plainly with thee, have been but the Apes of Balzac : of whose Letters, one in a Manuscript de Morbo Gallico writes, that they are not to be toucht for feare of infection, no not with a paire of white gloves.

The other Idoll of these Gentlemen, which hath so transformed, and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serre, the Secretary now out of fashion, a contemner of our tongue, and English method, one that hath writ very little to the purpose : his Translator grew so arrogant, and was swelled with such a Lullian expectation that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers stone, for he talkes of an Ars magno imo & ultima; you must take notice, that it is but onely of imitating Letters. But to passe by these pictures in the Gallery, to draw a Curtaine between them and their superstitious adorers, we have other Tracts and  
Pam-

## To the Reader.

*Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Commonwealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetoricke, viz. our other Secretary of Tropes and Figures, a Packet that bath as much wit as the Post, Cupid with his blinder Messenger, and many other simplicities of our own tongue, strangely humorous and fantastical, so that we need not to travaile for any.*

*But to be brieft in my Discovery, generous Reader, besides these colaterall opposers of my indeavours, I have met with other downe-right Delinquents: the first of them is bashfull, he is ashamed forsooth to step into the quaint edifice of our Academy, he will not buy it himselfe, but sends another to procure it for him, and playes least in sight: Like a Wench that spreads her fingers wide before her face, that she may see if it were possible the object more modestly, which otherwise she must fly from: So this new eclipsed Gentleman that sees and will not seeme to see, reads this Volume in his study more privately than his Prayer-booke, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let the world know so much, for feare his phrases should grow common: it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his Watch: in a word, he accounts of it as the Jewell of his practice, and the sum of his most refined conversation: This Reader is my publike enemy, but my secret friend.*

*A second, but of another forme, that will be displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language; but that's all can be said of him, to him the Fancies seeme*

## To the Reader.

seeme flat, the Lines are not sublime enough, the worke throughout not well disposed; he would have Chimeraes in the Expressions, Rodomontados in the Stile, Tragicall plots in the Discourses, and such lofty things as he speakes when he frights Children. But Reader, this man will not understand what he sayes himselfe: much lesse suffer others to steake or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nonsense to the Colledge of Fooles.

My third and last opposer is one that takes it very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common place Booke, he hangs downe his head, and bites his Lip for indignation; and to write seriously, 'tis a plaine case this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all; he pursued his Mistris with such Language, write thus, sung the same Songes, used the same Fancies, and was so happy as to winne admiration from such set-formes. Alas poore Gentleman, so Bates first learnt his Mi-jesties Hocus Pocus tricks, and after printed them, and the man of Feats never appeared in his Calling againe: there the Common-wealth lost a good Subject.

So be it known to thee intelligent Reader, those of this silken Tribe must now of necessity be silent: For if any of their Marmalet-Mistresses should catch them at their repititions againe, they may now take this Booke, and turne them to the very Page and Lease. For my part, I tooke this taske in hand, not onely to benefit the Lay people, that never

met

## To the Reader.

met with these Collections ; but as my revenge ever  
lookt a squint upon these ingrossers of Wit, that  
would cringe, talke, and sing for the whole company a  
week together, without any digested Method ; yet  
ever still in their old Byas, troublesome and imper-  
tinent : whereas now there may be good use made of  
what they cast away upon every slight occasion ;  
howsoever, let them now look quickly to it, for they  
are to begin the world againe, and in these times  
Wit is a rare commodity : If I had not conceived  
these Gallants to be more than angry, desperate too,  
I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this  
new Edition of Additions, it being so neare finisht,  
that it wanted little more than the rolling off from  
the Presse : but I conceived they would Duell with  
my shadow : 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this  
Booke in defiance of such undeservers. And gentle  
Reader, since through the Pikes of all these opposi-  
tions, I have got into a cleare field where I have  
found thee, give me leave to Court thee even to a  
studious perusall ; more variety Fancy never dwelt  
upon, or Art ever spread before thee : Open the  
Leaves therefore, so as to cast a serious eye upon them,  
and then deliberate of what thou readeest in thy  
minde, for I tell thee thou maist else soone surfeit  
with delight : Be advised. Farewell:

Yours,

Philomusus:

The



[illegible]

21057

24-1111

215



THE  
Academy of Complements.  
Or,  
Pearles of Eloquence.



*I R.* Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

*Sir,* You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

*Sir,* You are above fortune, which must stoop to your honours.

*Sir,* Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

*Sir,* I shall ever as really as at this houre, remaine your creature.

You honour me so far, that I imagine my selfe to be some other thing, than I have been, which can be nothing else but your servant.

I doe repute my selfe happy to be valued by a person, who is able to give a true estimate of me.

*Sir,* Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, can be sought for on earth.

*Lady,* Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seeme a heavenly creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

*Sir,* If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures,

tures, mines of gold will not maintaine your prodigall expences.

Good *Sir*, give me leave to feare lest some sinister stormes of Fortune stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

*Sir*, The toyish conceits of your youth are unfit for the testy cogitations of my age.

*Sir*, There is a confused Chaos of contrary conceits that wherles in my braines, and I am lost in such an endlesse Labyrinth, that neither choice, nor chance can draw me out of.

Give me leave *Sir*, to gaine that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

*Sir*, Should you continue to be thus excessive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you, as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not so inconstant in your affections, lest in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me *Sir*, whilst I learne to despise such Gnathoes, and beat off such flattering curs with the whip of my defiance.

*Theseus*, faire one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruell beauty.

Fortune and Fate place thee in the Palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplit that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

*Sir*, being incensed by your singular commendations :

dations : I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefeft treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudenesse faire creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth nor careth for them that are dastards.

*Madam*, You are the Saint to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighes.

For your beauty, *Mistris*, I may name you *Venus*, for your comlineffe *Pallas*, for your port and honour *Iuno*.

If I want an apology, faire creature. let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

*Madam*, you are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more than terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone faire one that have made a breach into the Bulwarke of my breast, where like a gorgeous goddesse you command all my powers.

Feare not *Sir*, Love and Fortune favour those that are bold.

*Sir*, To grant you this one position is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

*Madam*, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty that kindles my desires.

*Mistris*, Deceive me not, lest while I thinke to embrace you for *Iuno*, I catch a cloud.

*Madam*, Take heed of using *Cnpid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seeke revenge.

*Sir*, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

*Madam*,

*Madam*, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet except you crown my indeavours with a voluntary yeelding, I can never prevaile.

*Mistris*, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate fairest of women, or dare to entertaine base thoughts, when he viewes so glorious an object?

*Sir*, I am desirous to be suspicious of those felicities, I feare I shall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my selfe that I may admire your vertues.

The charmes of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence,

I cannot looke upon your face but I am perswaded to resigne my selfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moore*, and burnes *Lydia*, hath not so powerfull a lustre as the beames of your beauty, which gives a brightnesse to desire, and raises flames of love pure and chaste.

Halfe the Court is ingaged to your expressions and those whom you besiege with your Language must needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yeeld up the fort.

*Mistris*, Your breath is as sweet as if you sed onely on Pinks and perfumes.

*Sir*, I cannot degenerate so far from mine owne happinesse as to forget you, to whose desires alone the events of all things are sutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of those advantages are bestowed upon you above the rest  
of

of men, which may entitle you to that you so much seeme to honour.

*Sir*, If in your imagination I am worthy to be esteemed of, it must be your wisdom only which can set a value upon my defects.

*Sir*, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to reare a building shall magnifie the Founders bounty.

*Sir*, It is your presence can onely dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholly.

*Sir* In the midst of all my felicities I shall have need of you to make me happy, for without you I shall ever esteem my selfe absolutely miserable.

*Sir*, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

*Sir*, I have ever reflected on you, as on an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

*Sir*, I am so taken with you, that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

*Sir*, I shall not be backward in the expression of your merit, since they doe so exact an acknowledgement of all.

*Sir*, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenant as erroneous, since I have never falsified my selfe to you, but have ever thought my selfe perfectly happy to be reputed yours.

Be carefull faire one, lest being led captive by security, your mind float in the surging seas of idle concerns, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasures, or the stifling stormes of unbridled fancy, with raging blasts make a shipwrack of your beauty.

*Sir*,



Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies with an unwearied stancy in the waies of vertue.

Sir, I shall endeavour to countervayle much pains with a Princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath moved us, who are but subjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain such noble and heroick favours cast upon us poore creatures most unworthy of the least of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weaknesse of my fancy since the exquisite perfections of your vertues are characterd in my breast.

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Iuno*; yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happinesse insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deale with *Venus*, or *Diana*, that can so easily transforme men into beasts?

Blame me not, faire one, though my fixed fancies once abused turne into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistris, Pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, Madam, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they



they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Faire one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruell one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeale to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to breake the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus* is impossible, since I have already addicted my selfe to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithlesse protestations of men, their perjur'd promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poore *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Faire one, your vertue and beauty by a stronger power then that of fate or fortune is deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last faire beauty to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me into your favour, as that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desires merit no more from you then have I no other choice but to dye desperately, or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civill assault within me, by which I feele a certaine restraint of my owne liberty and affections.

It

The Academy

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fetter'd with the power of your vertuous qualities.

*Mistress.* I feele such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my minde; that it is impossible for me to become any other than a servile slave to fancy.

How can I feare to enter a parley with *Cupid's* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles at the beginning of our loves conflict.

*Sir,* If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their good fortunes than my self; who really am your most affectionate servant

*Sir,* It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of people.

*Sir,* I will reserve to speake of vertue, till your great workes come to light.

*Sir,* That which others call vertue is the naturall habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more than any man living, *Sir,* Your most humble servant.

*Sir,* When I forget to confesse my selfe yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a perpetuall silence, since whilst I have a tongue, I protest my selfe to be your affectionate servant.

*Sir,* I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

*Sir,* There is no other thing remaining for me, but only the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my selfe insensible of rarities  
were

were I not amazed with the curiçity of your beauty.

*Sir,* Your Heroicall qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

*Madam,* They that doe undervalue the comlineffe of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, or the Cristall of his clearenesse.

*Sir,* The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudible, since they force me to confesse my selfe yours.

*Sir,* You are never so excellent a Poet, as when you speake of me, since you have Art to invent new Fables.

*Sir,* Those fine words, and quaint Discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted, issue from their mouths, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

*Sir,* You goe through all imployments with as good fortune as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to doe you honour.

Who can distill sleep into the eyes of Lovers, whose cares breake forth with the morning light?

*Love,* Art thou but a vaine name, and no essentiall thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hath most need of thy reviving presence?

What is Musick to me but a dolefull voyce, accompanied with the various discord of my sighes?

B

O Love,

O Love, Wilt thou now at last offer me Physick which art my only poison, or wilt thou doe me service, which long since hast brought me into eternall slavery?

How long shall my languishing sicknesse wait upon the triumphs of my passions?

At last, O faire one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightnesse of those rayes his basenesse may be turned into a most high, and through thy perfections a most happy preferment; for being thus disconsolate by the frownes of thy vigour, how soon maist thou rase downe that Temple which at first was built by the refulgent finiles of thy beauty?

From whence can these necessities proceed, that love hath laid upon me; most incomparable? Lady, are they by your commandement, or is it by a power from your excellency, that Cupid hath such a command over mortalls: of a certaine it is from you whose faire aspect accompanied with so imperious a majesty, vanquisheth me by him so farre to resigne the happinesse of my former liberty, as that I must now confesse my selfe to be your slave, if you thinke me unworthy of the name of your prisoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an ostentation of my felicity, when the conclusion, even the last Scene of my Tragedy with horreur presents it selfe to thine eyes? Can death and dissimulation meet at the instant when I leave the world, and my dying protestations with thee, that for thee alone I forsooke this earth, to be more kindly used there, where I shall certainly be eased of

of these sorrows ? if there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a society of abused Lovers.

If thou art faire, is it to present thee cruell ? if thou canst command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them ? to be beautifull and yet terrible are things incontinentible, things that imply contradiction, yet even against the Lawes of nature thou destroyest nature, and where thou maist raise thee structures to thy perpetuall honours thou ruin'st them.

Most certaine it is, faire creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free and serene minde : but alas, wherein canst thou glory ? not in thy beauty, for that will vaile it self at so black an act : not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direfull revenge : blush then thou faire one, since to be coy is to be cruell ; to be cruell is to alter the property of what thou art, beautifull.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pittie, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthinesse of my deserts by the faire sufferance of your goodnesse may procure your gracious respects in my behalse.

It is a sin to suspect such vertues which glories to arme it selfe against all deceits.

Faire one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it selfe, and a beauty that glories to con-

demne others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restraine the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your selfe survive to perfect your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable suitor eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant?

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer blisse me with happinesse, or silence my to long continued suit.

That my desires to injoy you are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

*Madam*, The eyes of a ravished Lover cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himselfe as alwaies to bewaile the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a losse by his owne affections is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepast affection, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, weare a *Marces* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court than the toils of War?

In him it seemes Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

*Sir*, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends that your wit should so farre out-goe your age.



Is it not strange, O thou cruelst of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terror, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death.

*Sir*, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love, and therefore though I am presented with a likenesse of your beauty, yet likenesse of another cannot make the same essence of your person, much lesse can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance and outward expressions of your behaviour are suitable to the vertuous resolutions of your minde.

Fairest, grant me this happinesse, to have my poore affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of Love leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion.

*Sir*, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world, & frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you

*Sir*. Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities both of minde and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocrity, by the distribution of which rare perfections she hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarchs.

*Sir*, Your imagination, which you speake in  
B 3 such



such high tearmes, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities:

*Sir*, How happy should I account my selfe, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breast by a more continued acquaintance?

*Sir*, No imaginary jealousies shall divert me from mine inclination to that goodnesse, to which I have alwaies had an extraordinary propension by your royall example.

*Sir*, I have an interest in your prosperity so far that I will complaine of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy *Sir*, You know your selfe too well to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you to make you be amongst men as immortall.

*Sir*, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there could be any roome left for you to entertaine a man of so many imperfections as my selfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amaze me,

*Sir*, I finde in you whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

*Sir*, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

*Sir*, You are the man whom the necessities of the State requires.

Opportunities would wax old should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable to you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature, with the bright beams of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my selfe a greater happinesse then to doe you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will undergoe the infelicities of cruell fortune.

Sir, there is no happinesse on Earth but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodnesse doth bereave me of a voice to expresse your vertues.

You cannot blame me though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, Whatsoever you undertake permit nothing to your spirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour to the memory of our fore-past acquaintance to displease you.

Sir, For your sake at the same time I both enjoy pleasure, and endure paine.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter to have a greater care of my modestie, since you inforce me either to lose it, or not to beleieve you.

Sir, The whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

*Sir*, I am so far from hiding my owne defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my selfe: neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with those abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

*Sir*, I have neither power nor ability left me, but onely to expresse, I am yours.

*Sir*, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

*Sir*, Instead of requitall of those vows you offer me, I am put to a stand what to answer you.

*Mistress*, I desire to passe my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

*Sir*, I am none of those who slight the benefits are shewred upon them.

*Sir*, I cannot light upon that accent wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your reall inspirations.

I have no servile dependency, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my selfe your most humble servant.

*Sir*, I entertaine these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

*Madam*, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty: the time will come when your face will scare you, more than the Judge doth a Felon.

*Sir*,

*Sir*, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

*Fairest*, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity, in your search shall not carry me.

*Lady*, The morall of my affection, is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather Nose-gaies, before the Roses wither: for be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face: and you shall only be left to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

*Sir*, Suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

*Sir*, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

*Sir*, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

*Lady*, You have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

*Sir*, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraigne fortune then the State of Kings.

*Sir*, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of noble company daily repairing to visit you.

*Mistris*, In my most solitary walkes it shall be my ambition, to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

*Sir*, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadfull aspects that can appeare, I am yours.

To retorne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth; since my language is too poore and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I feare I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am your most faithfull servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remaine as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall war against you, for I acknowledge my choller to be artificiall, which I am ready to lay downe at your pleasure.

Faire Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guiky of those murthers which the darts of your eyes doe most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemne the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my selfe no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodnesse with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom which hath not presented it selfe to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have next to the assurance I have of my innocencie, is the liberty I enjoy, to professe my selfe yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir, I doe professe my selfe yours, with all those

those protestations which are able to make truth appeare inviolable.

*Sir*, I prostrate all my presumption at your feet, and shall despaire of being happy, if not reputed yours.

*Sir*, I can no longer conceale my thoughts, since you have an interest both in me and them.

I never gave you a visite, which cured me not of some passion.

How often with your golden Eloquence have you taken me out of my selfe?

You alone can conduct me to the highest pitch of accidentall perfection.

The beames of your eminent vertues have discovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Instead of all those high expressions you have bestowed upon me, I must only answer you, That I am your humble servant.

*Sir*, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be answerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

*Sir*, You mistake my disposition, if you suppose I affect praises, with the like intemperance as I doe perfumes.

*Sir*, Should I forfeit such occasions my friendship would never appeare, but remaine as a Recluse.

*Sir*, The World would end. and Nature prove imperfect, if there were not such men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expresse your selfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne recorder.

*Esteem*, My thoughts are not so often here, as where you are.

Time

Time which prescribes limits to all things, preserve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Physicians have not so farre exhausted me, but that there are some drops of bloud left, to bestow in part of your honours service.

*Madam*, Put on those rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roses.

I confesse I was never more astonish'd, then to finde such an equipage of sorrow about you.

*Sir*, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities that Art and Nature can bestow, for the commanding of men.

*Sir*, There is not one part of your body, where-of another is not Master.

*Sir*, It is not in my power to dispose of one single haire, since I am all yours.

*Madam*, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a faire prospect, adorned with all pleasures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lockt all her myracles.

Though I receive injuries from you; it shal be my humility not to take notice of them.

*Sir*, I would v<sup>s</sup>it those parts of the world, which avarice it selfe hath not yet found out; rather than lose your society.

*Sir*, It is impossible for me to conceale my sensibillkies.

*Sir*, What violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

*Sir*, You doe so heap your favours on me, that you will not so much as suffer me to seem miserable.

*Sir*,



Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You doe not so much expresse your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident; lest he whom you have so often injured, doe at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I desire to passe the most pleasant houres of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poore a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Courtizan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurpe a more absolute authority over wits, than is lawfull or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Muske and Amber, to expresse your selfe serious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they transcend the subject, on which you bestow them.

*Estrest*, Let me ravish a kisse from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soule; since my inclinations to serve you, have their originall from immortall reason.

*Mistris*, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You

You cannot bestow your favours amisse on him who hath searcht the secrets of nature, and the depth of Philosophy, that he might not appeare to be ingratefull.

*Sir*, You must give me leave to admire your judgement, which appears to be farre more excellent than your fortunes.

*Sir*, Let me not seeme to incurre a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

*Sir*, You vary your Shape, and change your perfumes according to the diversity of seasons.

Let it please you out of your noblenesse, to afford me to be your graces most obedient and faithfull servant.

*Sir*, You have all those excellent qualities that are necessary in a Prince.

*Sir*, I measure the necessities & fatalities of this world by your contentments, or discomforts.

*Sir*, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc't to admire your vertues, since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men but to your selfe.

*Sir*, Your goodnesse is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

*Sir*, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestowes on her most glorious creatures.

*Sir*, I speak this seriously, with my best sence; you may reduce me to any forme.

All, who have either eyes or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

*Fairest*, Cast one glance of pittie on me, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eies; which are to me the Ambassadors of life or death.

*Sir*,

*Sir*, You are the embleme of terrour, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you doe but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

*Fairest*, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in its royall Majesty draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

*Fairest Creature*, Since I am the patterne of all ill-fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppresse me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a worke most worthy of all generous spirits.

*Sir*, Your refusall of the title of eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses,

*Sir*, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appeare most barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blue flowers amongst the corn; which though they may seeme pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholsome to the body.

*Sir*, I shall alwaies acknowledge the most artificiall language, to be like gentlewomen adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glisters upon her garments whilst she her selfe wants the eyes of her body, and of her minde.

*Faire one*, can I pervert the powers of the Planets, or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can repell these affections.

I am yours, *Sir*, and will be yours in despite of Fates, and fortunes.

*Madam*,

*Madam*, Your excellent qualities, and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the Fort of my fancy that I must of necessity resigne my selfe up to you as a trophy of your victories.

*Mistris*, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his clyents, let us not let slip so happy an opportunity.

*Madam*, If the wishes of a poore mortall may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crown your royall deserts.

*Madam*, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull services made manifest the loyalty of my heart; yet since I first framed in my fancy as in a mirrour, the shape of your surpassing beauty with all humility I have cast my selfe and fortunes at your royall feet.

*Fairest*, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your person and ertues then I doe.

*Madam*, In consideration of my poore fortunes, let my affection appeare so much the more excusable, since I so farre esteem of your divine beauty and exquisite vertue as I would thinke my selfe most unworthy, though I were Prince of the world to possesse your heavenly perfections, in respect of any of my owne native honours.

*Sir*, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of Lovers to sweare and forswear.

*Madam*, The parching-heat of Summer makes the coole shades more pleasant, and the frownes of Lovers make their smiles more delightfull and cheerfull.

*Mistris*, I must never hope so intirely to love

as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

*Sir,* She which builds her fancy upon fading subjects, ryes her honour to the unconstant wheele of fortune.

*Fairest,* As a pledge of my protestations you shall have both my heart and hand to be yours in dust and ashes.

*Sir,* You have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour: lest those that shall succeed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tombe.

*Madam,* The beams of your Sun-like beauty with their lively lustre and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed lovers.

*Madam,* In the shady darknesse of this Arbor, you seem like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having disposed so many affections to doe you service, feare it not, fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Faire one, whilst mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent eyes shall as the day light serve them for the dispatch of their affaires.

*Sir,* I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the web of our destinies hath passed us both, through the like misfortunes.

*Sir,* I am reall, and use not to enterraine my friends with dreams and illusions.

*Sir,* This your inhumane usage of your creature shall never seeme strange to me, since the most fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate

degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

*Sir*, We equally share of one anothers discontent, and dissolve our hearts together as one would melt one peece of wax into another.

*Fairest*, Those eminent qualities, which nature as a dowry hath bestowed upon you, like flowers spread themselves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, causing those courtships services and admirations which so sweetly adorne you.

*Mistress*, Ladies of honour to expresse the sincerity of their affections have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceased lovers.

*Madam*, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

*Madam*, exercise not the extreamity of your rigor upon him that suffers such miseries under the false title and quality of an offender.

Know faire creature that such a bright day may at last inlighten my innocency, when revengfull lovers shall search into my ashes to finde out truth there buried.

*Sir*, These glorious progressions of your vertue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

*Madam*, Shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetuall open'd to teares.

*Madam*, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour signed with the effusion of my bloud.

*Madam*, There are those will deplore my ashes, and strew some silly flowers on the place impressed, with the prints of your punishments.

Faire

Faire one, when my soule shall be separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit as the shadow of it.

*Madam*, If you should please to condemne me to darknesse by the eclipsing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I despaire not; but that at last from the sphere of your splendors due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rayes of your clemency to inlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Faire one, though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortality of our affections by the immortality of our souls.

*Madam*, Seated thus on your faire pavilion, you appeare like resplendent day in the attires of a majesty absolutely royall.

*Madam*, Your goodly stature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person; all these speake you to be a regall branch, sprung from some Royall stem.

Faire one, Your haire negligently dischevel'd and carelesse attire, grace forth your beauty, which shines in the midst of so many obstacles as the Sun in a winters day.

Faire creature, cast not those eyes downe, neither colour your face with those modest blushes, since it would appeare most admirable, that your vertues should finde fetters in a place where they expect crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my daies on the Theater of Kings in their glorious services.

*Madam*, Heaven hath created me such an one,



as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and meanes.

*Sir*, We have continually lived together as one soul, divided into two bodies, and since our amities have taken root in a mutuall temperature, and correspondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continuall familiarity which neither death nor hell can ever have power to seperate.

*Fairest*, Our breasts shall be ever interchangeably transparent.

*Faire one*, Dissimulation or contradiction cannot approach the sincerity of our loves.

*Fairest*, Let me imbrace you with the openesse of my heart, and the profusion of my love, that our soules may evaporate themselves into one another.

*Sir*, Your favours create me againe, and give me a new being.

*Sir*, I shall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but onely to obey your commands.

*Mistress*, The grace of speech dwells on your faire lips.

*Sir*, Hereafter ages shall take Palmes and Lawrels to crowne the reliques of your honor'd ashes.

*Fairest*, These eyes of mine, are but emblemes of teares mixt with love.

*Madam*, Spread not that Cypresse vaile ore your face, lest you benight your beauty, and darken the bright rayes of that which makes our day.

*Madam*

*of Complements.*

*Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth  
to be known and beloved of mortals.*

*Description of Beauty.*

**B**Eauty is nature's Ivie-bush.

It is her beauty only creates her Queen; tis  
that which adds a commanding power to every  
fillable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Na-  
ture, seeing she hath made thee man, make not  
thy selfe a woman.

Your beauty is a Tirant of a short-raigne, you  
cannot call it your owne; for you can neither  
give it, nor preserve it long.

Beauty is the Conqueresse of man, never to be  
satisfied with the rayes of her cristal painted eyes.

A feature that excels all mortall sence.

Such a one, that when she lay naked, his eyes  
did carve him out a feast of Love.

Her body doth present those fields of peace that  
Poets sing of in Elysium.

She lay like eclipsed *Cynthia*, sweetly canopied  
with darknesse, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* seen her naked, he had slighted his  
*Nell of Greece* for her.

Trimming her Beauty forth with a blushing  
bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty mortall  
eyes are never to be satisfied, as if she were made  
onely for admiration, to be adored of men, or  
win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as cleer as the Skie.

Beauty is the image of the Creator, and the  
Rhetorick of Heaven.

The

THE  
ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

Choice and fair Flowers, selected out of  
the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Lan-  
guage with variety of expressions,  
upon severall occasions.

*Vpon his absence.*

I Shall no longer esteem my selfe absent from  
you, whilst I hold any room in your heart and  
memory.

Let those dull clods of earth, not yet informed  
with true Promethian fire, measure affections  
by their Miles of Acres; we whose souls are cast  
in a more pure mould, by a most subtile penetra-  
tion and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure  
freedom in one anothers wishes, and in the great-  
est distance are cherished with a vertuall con-  
tiguity.

It is a brutish love, and wants the quickning  
fire of reason, that can by circumstances be in-  
termitted; the more extracted flames of our affe-  
ctions shall like more glorious Pyramids burne  
bright and cleare, and light our souls, though thus  
seemingly disjoynted to our daily mutuall em-  
bracements.

Let not my remotenesse change your purposes,  
more than it shakes the resolution I have made,  
to live, yours.

*Protestations of Love.*

It is as impossible for me not to love you; as it is  
for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it  
will

will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would prove difficult to resolve for death: and know for a certaine that I shall still be rather content and disposed to consent to the hatred of my selfe, than to the love of any other object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart: and not to love and serve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine also; for I am to you as an accident, so inseparable, that you cannot be without me.

*Vpon her beauty.*

I Should have thought I had too much failed in so much duty, had I not directed it to so faire a marke; but the favour of your affections is that to which I sacrifice my best endeavours.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yeelded up the armes of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death it self, the fair Image of your divine beauty.

Death it selfe shall here stand vassall, and homage pay to your more powerfull darts; when every quickning glance from you, shall adde new life, as he destroyes the old.

*In admiration of her goodnesse.*

IT is your goodnesse that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have dared to promise me the favours you can afford me.

The goodnesse of your soule is so cleare and bright, that sin dares not approach too neare, for feare of discovering its own deformity.

You

## *The Academy*

You need not seeke to adde to your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue entitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to see so many bankrupts in goodnesse, when I finde the stock of vertue rests alone in you.

This noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a desert in me; they are so much beyond my all.

*On her leaving him.*

**L**Overs in despite of absence, lose not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which though trod on, doe resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some teares, which like the morning dew, or Aprill showres, shall make the spring-tide of our Loves (though by this winter cover'd) grow fresh and green againe.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no sign of true friendship, which parts not at death it self, since love remains for ever.

Take pittie on all those bloody sorrows, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to see!e.

*To accuse in a Letter.*

**I**T is better to love with severity, than to deceive with sweetnesse.

I expected a Cordiall, but I received a Corrasive, your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pils though sugard over, I found an unwelcome operation. I received thy Letter, but --- I must chide thee (sweet) another close  
from

from thy faire hand, will make me surfeit; you frown'd when last we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a storme: it is a double blisse thus sweetly to be deceived: you frowne indeed, but a thousand *Cupids* lodge themselves in every wrinkle of your brow,

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I beare you doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth.

*Mistis*, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves for being better then the worst, but rather blame our selves for being worse than the best; since then I faile in my merits, give me leave to mourne for my imperfections.

Farewell.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu, faire Sun of my life, I leave you for this present; but be alwaies assured, that my minde, and my desires, shall never depart from you.

*Deare Love*, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish this discourse, which once ended our disconsolate departure followes.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, losing with the happinesse of your sight, the most perfect object of my beatitude?

Farewell, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whilst I shall languish unhaopy, though most constant.

C

Expressi<sup>on</sup>

*Expressions of Affections.*

**Y**OU can never doe so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have imposed in you, will prove farre greater.

*Mistris,* You are the first, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the possession of it.

Doe but let me once discover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetuall silence if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Beare well in minde mine affection, that though I be removed from your faire eyes, I may not be so farre from your favours.

*The Lovers expressions of constancy.*

**I** Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stability, and stedfastnesse, that my loyalty and my love shall inseparably wait upon you.

My constancy may easily shew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a mind and desire to live and love you.

I shall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake have made my self an invincible rock of stedfastnesse: for I shall still hug my constancy, and never let it stir from me, till my last gaspe.

*Vpon her Affability and Courtesie.*

**I**T is your courtesie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature hath denied me.

Your



Your Courtesie wil force the most ridged Cato to turne your Proselite, and make the Cynick leave his Tub; enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part above you shines with a peculiar grace, but in your milde behaviour they all concentrate.

Upon your brow beauty and honour sit enthron'd, whence in your stately carriage they dispence their powerfull Lawes.

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honor you.

*Vpon a Lovers feare.*

**L**Overs live alwaies in more feare than hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrowes, then credit their joyes.

Lady, I have just cause to fear, least by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much distant, my sence may be deceived; you farre transcend my deserts, but my desires lye captive at your feet, one beame from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and adde new vigor to me your languishing prostrate.

The feare I have, least my slender merit should take away your good minde to wish me well doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts made me judge so full and entire.

*On his Desires.*

**F**airest, Be but as desirous of my content as I am of your service.

My desires make me as carefull to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldnesse

of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

*To give, or present.*

**T**HIS I dedicate, consecrate and offer up unto you, with the same heart, wherewith I vowed you my service.

Your bounty hath furnished me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this small present, gleaned from your plenteous Harvest; which shall ever testify to the ungratefull world how much I glory, to proclaim aloud my wealths chiefe founder.

I should be ignorant and ungratefull too, should I presume to thinke it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewell receives it Carac of value from your esteem.

The masse of all my wealth made up together disclaimes the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the strong indentures of loyalty I bind my selfe your Prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant than ungratefull.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of my good will.

*On the effects of their Love.*

**Y**OU shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The constancy of my affection hath been such, that it hath overcome the worst of difficulties, and the expectation of the Harbour hath made the danger easie.

When amidst the waves of your disdain, my halfe shipwrack'd vessell began to sinke; each  
sigh

figh I fetch'd ( I see at length ) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you my blessed harbour.

One day you will come to know the conclusion of the irreproachable testimonies of my true and faithfull promises.

*Vpon her Eloquence.*

**Y**OUR Eloquence is able to steale the soule out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not goe.

Oh speake againe, 'twill make the Spheres lay by their warbling Lutes, & listen to your tongue.

Each articulated fillable doth lay a powerfull charme upon my soul, and captivates my senses.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your most sweet words closes my lips, and binds them to perpetuall silence.

*Excuses.*

**I**N excusing your unjust feare, you seeme to accuse my boldnesse.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine owne excuse.

I presume upon your pardon for my former suspicions and feares, and the rather, because the goodnesse of your nature stiles them, The individuall concomitants of love.

I pray you heare my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my justifications.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults, upon the acknowledgement therefore of my late transgression you cannot finde a fitter subject for your mercy.

*Experience of a Lover, and of a friend.*

**I** Have so much experience of your good will, that it onely remaines, that you make tryall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryall of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not faile me in time of need.

Each messenger affords fresh characters of your friendship, and every day I see the spring of your love, breaking thorow new channels.

*Vpon her face.*

**T**He wonders of your face, made me their captive. as soon as I saw them, and that rare grace of yours, which makes me excell all others retained me your prisoner.

As she appeares, so day breakes, and with her beames disperes all my clouds and mists of discontent.

The Epitome of Nature is comprized in her face, where she hath freely given a taste of all her pride and glory.

*Vpon his favours.*

**I**F you judge, or deeme me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie for the favours I have received of you: if you please to encrease my knowledge, in telling me how I may serve you againe, I shall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity, dutifully to acknowledge this favourable prooffe of your condition, and honesty.

*Vpon*

*Vpon his fortunes.*

**F**ORTUNE strives now to make me pay the interest of those pleasures, she formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous, and usurious in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appeare to you, just like an empty vessel that wants his lading, with full blown Sails of Love; indeed 'tis true, and I am bound for the Indies, and if my Compass failes me not, my Genius tells me I shall soone arrive.

O withdraw not those two stars by their blest light, I steere my crazy Barke, and hope to enjoy the wished for shore of happinesse.

*Vpon her hatred.*

**I** Doe not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice resided in your soule, and lay concealed in your minde.

*On her inconsistency.*

**Y**OU use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh & new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raigne in you.

*In praise of her.*

**I** Could not, without making my selfe guilty of irreverence, speake otherwise to you than in a way of praise.

I value love in all, but Madam, most in you, when I finde it richly sitting on the necke of honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that should my feeble Encomiums presume to touch a little, at what your beauty in the largest manner merits, the fairest title I should gaine for my true meaning would be. Parasite.

*Madam,* Let others daube, and flatter, Ile not give over to draw true lines; but maugre all their painting, will proclaime you aloud, Vertuous and faire.

*Madam,* To live with you, is to live with all the graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

*For her retention of him in her memory.*

**D**Oe not that wrong to your true love, to let him slide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity desires to be enshrin'd.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the most sensible part of my soule.

*On his merits.*

**I** Could never doe so great a thing, but would be too small for your merits and my desires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to serve you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

*The necessity of his affections.*

**T**He necessity of love is most mighty in the world: for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that necessity, that enforceth us to imbrace such a desired blessing as your selfe.

I was all frozen, untill the sunshine of your favour thawed my benumbed spirits; but when  
you

you darted your quickning beames, the spring of my affections budded forth in the most pleasant bloomes of love.

The Magnetick stone starts not with such naturall activity to the North-Stars summons, as I when you command.

*Protestations of his obedience.*

I Shall not all the daies of my life have a will which shall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am so much yours as you can wish me.

*To offer and present service.*

ALL the honour and ambition I aspire at, is to see my selfe imployed in your service.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not sufficient to command the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no lesse yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The most favourable gift you can offer me is your friendship, a jewell I preferre before all other treasures.

*Wishes.*

HEaven, which heares the vows of the faithful, bleesse and content your desires.

I need not wish you more, but a continuance of those graces you most eminently possesse already.

May you meet with such a Paramour, as may equall (for sure out-goe he cannot) your holier flames; may the same shaft, with an undivided haste peirce both your hearts together, may both your loves beare the same date, and when we have made our selves unworthy of



enjoying any longer such a worthy patterne and rich example of pure affection; after you have scene a second Generation, may death gently transport you to that place of blisse where he himselfe can never come.

God make you the happiest woman that lives; even as he hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished.

Heaven grant you may be as faithfull, as you are deare to me.

*Bewailing of a Lover.*

I Doe so bewaile our separation, that nothing can ever touch my soule, like the griefe I endure by it.

The greatest griefe I carry along with me, when I part from this place, is, to see how I am for ever deprived of your faire presence.

*To give thanks.*

If I have done you any acceptable service, think it was but the shadow of what I desire to shew you, by reall effects.

To tickle your eares with the breath of Complement, or the ayre of some presently contradicted newes, would be to imitate the *What lacke you?* to give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too deare for them.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you, be but small; yet the desire I have had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you are exceeding great.

*On the deceipts of Love.*

Our faire eyes have too much Majesty to serve for baits, or allurements of a dissembling love.

Do

Do not deceive him, that will out-brave death  
it selfe, to insure your life, and withstand the  
frowns of fortune to protect your honours.

*On his life.*

**M**Y Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter  
how long it be, so that it be well acted  
*Sweetest*, if the last Scene be Tragick, your cruelty  
must be the *Nemesis*.

Our life without some pleasantness is like  
long Journey without an Inn; or like to a bed  
of Roses, where flowers are mixed with prickles.  
Lady, if you please from your hospitable bounty  
to refresh my over-wearied and solitary pro-  
gresse, I shall conclude my time richly spent, ha-  
ving attained the end, at which I alwaies aim'd  
but you have hither clos'd up your fragrant sweet  
and amidst the sternest briars of discontent have  
left me miserably entangled.

*On the lustre of her eyes.*

**Y**OUR eyes flash so much lightning, that like  
Suns, they daze the sight of all such as dare  
behold them.

Your soules bright lustre sparkles in your eye  
and like the Persian that only sun I adore,

You have so established your Sovereignty  
over my soul, that the least twinkle of your eye  
disposeth me of the state of my life.

*Amorous Expressions.*

**T**HIS kisse and thy white hand.

Her spring of beauty raised in him nobler  
desires, which soon brok forth in liberal stream.

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet in the orb  
your favour.

You have a most imperious Beauty, I  
obey it.

*Delia*



## of Complements.

The rivelets of teares hang on her cheekes like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her Tresses are like the coloured *Hiacinth* of *Arcadia*.

Her browes are like the mountaine Snowes, that lye on the hills.

Her eyes are like the glisterings of *Titan*s gorgeous mantle.

Her Alabaster neck like the purer whiteness of the Flocks, and her face a border of Lillies interwoven with Roses.

Her blushing cheekes looke like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like faire *Aurora* in her morning gray, deckt with the ruddy glister of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calme day, when as her brightnesse *Nuptunes* fancy moves.

Like hearbs in *Syria*, that flourish in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the Moone.

She sits like *Luna* when she first watcht the fair Heifer on the *Lincean* downes.

Like *Narcissus* wrap not your face in a cloud of disdain.

Her forme like the sphere whence some bright *Venus* vaunts her silver shine.

As bright as silver *Phæbe* mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affection of the Sun to his *Hiacinth*, and the relation of love between him and the Marigold.

Like one of *Æsops* Apes, that finding a Glasse worme, tooke it for the fire.

Her eyes are those that did reform the Chace.

Her breath is like the steame of Apple-pies, her teeth like to the tuskes of fattest swine, her speech is like the Thunder of the aire.

As the finest Gold hath its drosse, the purest Wine its lees, the finest Rose its prickles, each sweet its sower.

He that will heare such Syrens sing, must with *Plisses* tye himselfe to the Masts of the Ship.

Who meanes to be a suitor to *Circes* must take a preservative, unlesse he meanes to be enchanted.

Like the moistned Torpedoes, that doe not only charme the hand, but the heart.

As the sweetest Muske is sower to be tasted, gilded Pills most bitter to be chewed.

As the finest flower seldome hath the best smell; as the glittering stone hath oftentimes the least vertue.

As the Marigold, which as long as the Sunne shines opens his leaves, but with the least cloud begins to close.

Like certain Trees in the desarts of *Affrica*, that flourish but whilst the South-wind blowes.

As the Elephant delights at the sight of a Rose.

As the Cockatrice dyeth with beholding the *Chrysolite*.

*Tarquim* and all his Posterity were robbed of their regall dignity for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the Scorpion, seekes a salve from him that gave him the sore.

As it is impossible for Iron to resist the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the sucking jeat.

*Iason* was never so troathlesse as *Troilus* trusty, *Paris* was neves so fickle as *Pyramus* faithfull.

*Aeneas*

*Aeneas* was never so light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound which at the first default giveth off the chase, is called but a cur.

As firme as the betroathed faith of *Erasia* to his *Presida*.

As it is madnesse to hop against a hill, or strive against a streame.

Like the greedy Kite, that leaveth the sweet flesh, to prey upon the stinking Carion.

As it is impossible for a man to sleepe by the Viper and not to be undaunted to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected to view *Madueas* head, and not to be transformed.

As the Basiliske loseth his fences at the sight of a naked man,

As the Porcupine staring against the glimmering light is taken by the doggs.

Whilst the Deere gazeth at the Bow, he is stricken with the bolt.

Whilst the Leopard looketh on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the most precious Stone is chosen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour, the best fruit by the bravest leaves.

He that is stricken by a Scorpion, if his wound take wind can never be healed.

To stop the streame to make the Ford flow more fiercely, to repress the fire to make it flame the more furiously.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the Feast of the gods, no lesse then *Fiore* will serve his turne.

The love of a woman is like the oyle of the Flint.

Flint, when being once congealed will never be dissolved againe.

Will the silly Dove lay her Eggs in the Faulcons nest, or the Mouse march under the insigne of the Cat.

As it is impossible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles nest, or to temper Oyl and Pitch together in one Vessell, to mixe the blood of a Lion and of a Wolfe together in one bowle.

The Dutchesse of *Malsy* chose for her Husband her servant, but you are so addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unlesse you turne *Iupiter* in your lap, with a golden showre he shall have the repulse.

As the Bull by browsing on the backe of a Juniper Tree falls asleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the tree, and possesse the fruit.

The Eagle is so carefull of her young, that it by her fault any of them perish, she woundeth her selfe with her beake.

The Lion so loveth her whelps, that she never tasteth of the prey till they are fully satisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are halfe ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing are sometimes made incurable.

As the favour of the Panther seemeth sweet to none but to bruit beasts.

As continued rain moisteneth the earth, so that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a Ship in the Sea without a guide, leaning now on one side then on another, is often in great danger.

As



As Bees, when they strive together are stirred up by some violent motion, with strowing of dust are brought into order and appeased.

As Apothecaries doe cover their Pills with some sweet substance to make them goe downe the pleasanter.

As the sucking of a childe brings milk into the Mothers breasts.

As there is no shelter where there is no Sun.

As a Gardiner minglenth divers Seeds together and casts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every Seed will have its proper hearbe.

As Swallowes and Flyes are dead in the winter, but by vertue of the Sunne revive againe in the summer.

As the Goldsmith by his Art can sever divers Metals one from another, and some men out of one Metall can draw another.

As the Sun and the Moone being of one substance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous Images, such as none ever could make but himselfe.

As continuall drops of water hollow the hard stone.

As those men that live by the river Nilus are made deaf by the continuall noise of the waters.

As the disease of a Canker alwaies infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof cast up dirt and mire.

As in fining the drossle is separate from the Metals.

As there is a certaine weakenesse in the  
fight,

fight, which causeth a party to thinke he sees  
strawes whereas he sees men.

As a Thunderbolt cast out of the Clouds spa-  
rreth the matter that submiteth it selfe to the force  
thereof, but breaketh to powder whatsoever  
resisteth.

As the morning dew soone after the rising of  
the Sun languisheth away.

As the Medicinall plaister cannot heale a  
wound if there be any Iron sticketh in it.

As the Rose, the most pleasant of all Flowers  
is gathered upon rough briars.

Like the Ape, which with embracings doth  
well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath so much the lesse light by  
how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the first step to health is to know the  
disease.

As by great showers and stormes of raine the  
aire is cleansed.

As in a Garland the beauty of the flowers ex-  
cept they be orderly composed are not halfe so  
glorious.

As the Moone is not eclipsed, nor loseth her  
light till she is at the full.

As they that dwell in low Vallies are seldome  
hurt with Lightning.

As the pure Corall will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worme keepeth her body spare  
and empty, using to fast two or three daies to-  
gether, that she may stretch out her selfe, and  
spin her thread the finer.

As a little sparke many times setteth a whole  
house on fire.

As

As Owles and night Crowes see better in the night then in the day.

Like as out of a river or fountaine troubled there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a strong Corasive laid to a sore eats out all the dead flesh.

Like as when the body is distempered, and some members putrified, it is then best for the Patient to have his bloud taken away from him.

As fire is never sufficed with wood, nor earth with water.

As they that are sick of the Dropie increase their thirst by drinking.

As Children are like to their naturall Parents in honour, speech, and laughter.

As the Libard with a strange kind of policy to kill the Apes, lyes downe as if he were starke dead, which the Apes seeing come altogether, and in delight skip upon him, that the Libard beares patiently untill he thinkes they have all wearied themselves with sporting; then suddenly he leapeth up and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for shearing.

Like as the Pelican which having brought forth her young ones dead, being stung or killed by Serpents, she pecketh out her heart blood to revive them.

Like the undestinct sound of Musick, which delighteth not.

As the raine maketh the new mown Grassie freshly to spring againe, and comforts the earth that it yeelds forth fruit.

As the Ostridge hath wings yet flyeth not.

As sweet scents and perfumes comfort the braine and heart.

As the Sun in winter, when it is farthest off from the pole, is nearest the earth.

As Lightning blasts all it meets with but the Lawrell Tree.

As the Surgeon cuts and searches before he heales the wound.

As in Musick, if the harmony of the strings be not consonant, the sound is not sweet, nor acceptable to the tuneable eares.

As no man can behold the Sun unlesse it be a little covered with a cloud.

As the head gives sence and motion to the members.

As from the stock sap is derived to the graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glasse filled with an extream strong liquor cannot but burst in sunder, not because of any antipathy is between them, but because the glasse is not of sufficient strength to contain the liquor

As a Whore hath no more to doe with her Husband, nor any thing of his because of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the cleare Sunne into the shadow have their sight darkned.

Like as when one lookes on any thing in the ayre, they appeare in their proper formes and colours as they are, but if they be lookt upon through a green glasse they all appear green.

As the soule doth so quicken the body that notwithstanding the members of the same in themselves are but weak, yet they fall not quite  
to

*of Complements.*

to decay as long as they have any participation with the soule.

As the light of the Sun yeelds him no pleasure that is in a darke Dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in sorrow.

As the Ocean which is but one, is divided into parts according to the regions and countries against which it lyeth.

As the superfluous humours in the yeines are no parts of the body.

As the Moone is not alwaies visible being in her change.

As the hand cut from the body dyeth, and wanteth life.

As a Vine or Garden decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof it be watered with showres.

As men discerne the weather by the wind.

As *Appelles* the Painter much lamented if he mist one day without drawing some line or picture.

As Vines without lopping grow wild and fruitlesse.

As a Tree bringeth forth first leaves, then blossomes, then fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As Fire is an instrument of medicinall *Arts*.

As the body without the soul injoyeth no life.

As Roses and Lillies grow amongst Thorns.

As a Phisitian cures a man by taking away his blood, and ill humours, by cutting and searing the flesh.

As Fire is knowne two waies, by the heat, and the flame.

As the soul of man united to the body mounteth upwards, because it is a spirit.

As the Sun and the Light are enjoyned together, that they cannot be disjoyned.

As the Clock must still run as long as the pieces or plummetts hang hereat.

As a Looking-glasse, though it be not most cleare and bright, by the foule breaths of those that looke therein is obscured and made dim.

As Corne though never so cleane winowed from Chaffe, when it is sown the same Seed will be full of chaffe againe.

As the Plant thrives best in the soyle where it first growes.

As the little Bee gathers Hony out of the most bitter bloomes and flowers.

*Venus* is painted in silk, not rags, and *Cupid* treadeth on disdaine when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when despised pebbles lye safe in the Sand.

Cedars are crushed with tempests, whereas low thoughts are not toucht with the wind.

Will Eagles catch as Flyes, or Cedars couch to Brambles?

As Nilus flowing more then twelve Cubits procureth a Dearth.

*Cupid* is a Childe, and *Venus* though old is painted with fresh colours.

Stars are to be lookt at with the eye, not reacht with the hand.

So the Eagle, the nearer he soareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is most warme when he is furthest from the fire.

So Birds sing early when there hath been a  
sweet dew, and their morning anthems shew  
their nights content.

So the strongest Oake hath his sap, and his  
Wormes, and the Ravens will breed in the  
finest Ash.

As the Adamant is made soft with the fire.  
Womens tongues are like cries of Lapwings,  
furthest from their thoughts.

Rhadope seemed coy to Phœtius, else had a  
Concubine ne're conquer'd a King.

Iuno never frowned when Iupiter made his  
escape in a cloud, private pleasures have never  
any Penances enjoyned them.

Like Janus, bearing two faces under one hood,  
wearing a Lawrell in her hands as desirous  
of peace, and a Sword in her heart as wishing  
revenge.

As Poets used to decipher Pallas with a Hel-  
met on her head, and a Booke in her hand, and  
drew her speares alwaies wreathed with Law-  
rell, signifying by that embleme, that Mars and  
Mercury are of one brood.

As the wild Bore not chafed thou maist cha-  
sten him with a wand, but being once endama-  
ged by Doggs he is dismall.

A Gentlewoman is no longer then her ho-  
nour, but that lost she is like a Diamond, with  
a cloud which is cast into the Goldsmiths dust.

As the Phenix never spreads her wings but  
when the Sun-beams shine on her nest.

Her colour though pale could be compared to  
no worse then the glittering of the Moone in a  
silent night.





As he that plaies with a Bee may sooner feele  
her sting, than taste of her Honey.

For what but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceste*  
dye; *Portia* eat hot burning coales for the love  
of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock wheresoever it be planted will  
prove pestilent.

As the Serpent with the brightest scales  
shrowds the most fatall venome.

As the Ruby, whatsoever soile it hath will  
shew red.

Lesse is the Margerite accounted of in the  
western world, then the seed pearle in a strange  
Country.

The ancients have drawn vertue figuring her  
bare counterseit placed by equall proportions,  
betwixt two vices, expressing thereby that a mean  
is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for  
their footstool, so that it cannot be but *Venus*  
must play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the sugered Hony-combe, which whilst  
a man touches he is stung with a Bee.

With Satyres kisse the Fire though they burne  
themselves, or with *Pigmalion* not view a Picture  
without being passionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice to  
peck against the Steele.

Not so fond, as with *Xerxes* to bind the Ocean  
with fetters.

Resembling *Tamantus* the Painter, who shrou-  
ded the worst pictures with the best colours.

*Andromache* would never trust the faire promi-  
ses of *Pyrrhus*, nor *Dido* laugh when she saw *Hi-  
erbus* smile.

'Tis

'Tis as if *Venus* should weare the Target, and *Mars* the Distaffe; that *Omphale* should humble the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovell; that *Alexander* should couch, and *Campeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emerald ſtaineth brighteſt when it is without oyle.

As the Loadſtone, what winde ſoever doth blow driveth alwaies to the North.

As the Panther having firſt aſtoniſht one with his faire ſight, then ſeeks to devoure.

Like *Ariſtoteles quadratus*, which howſoever turned alwaies ſtands ſtedfaſt.

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worne, and Frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt; thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoares not ſo high in the ayre, but that he can eſpy a Fiſh in the ſea.

As the Fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern paralell.

Women ſet out their faces as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the Larkes that ſtare higheſt may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers as their hearts have entrances, for love like a Pumice-ſtone is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soone prickes the Tree that will prove a Thorne.

Her eyes like Diamonds, ſo pointed that they peirce to the quick.

As the Cedar is faire but unfruitfull.

Like the Shrubs of India, parched with every ſtorme.

D

As

## The Academy

As the most glorious shells have not the purest  
margerets, the purest flowers have not the per-  
fectest favours.

Having their hearts like Salt-pecter, that fireth  
at the first, yet proveth but a flash.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then  
hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that  
can present them in all formes.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, some measure the flames  
of youth by their owne dead cinders.

As busie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chrysolite is proved by the Fire, and  
the Diamond by the Anvill.

He started up, as when love-sick *Mars* saw  
*Venus* enter his Pavillion in triumph.

Trembling as *Asteion* did, that he had doted too  
far in gazing on so gorgeous a Goddesse.

As the brightest blossomes are pestered with  
most Caterpillars.

His thoughts as high as Cedars, but as brittle as  
rods that break at every blast.

Her face like silver *Luna* in her shine.

As cleare as Crystall, but bruised as infectious  
as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prune a straight  
Tree, resembling *Calisto*, who hid her vanities  
with *Dianas* vaile.

Like Swallows, that think every Sun-shine a  
summers day.

Her minde is like the Tapers in *Ianus* Temple,  
which once set a fire, burne till they consume  
themselves.

*Tenders*

## *of Complements.*

### *Tenders of service to ones Sovereign.*

Sir, **I**T may appear great boldnesse in me, altogether unknown unto your Majesty, to hope that any beam of favour should reflect on my unworthinesse, to cherish my cheerfull willingness, though with hazard of my life, to do you any loyall service: Yet encouraged by your Royall goodnesse, that can let fall unequall, yet sufficient blessings on all, I beseech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the sacred hill of your Highnesse Majesty, and at the foot thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service; which if you graciously deign to accept, as I do humbly prostrate them; I shall account your favour the supremest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world, and I blesse the houre that gave me opportunity to present my self and service to your employment, than which, ambition can have no higher object.

### *Another.*

**T**Hat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happinesse, was but a prophesie of your gracious reigne, showing down felicity in such a pleneous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I shall account it the cheifest honour, that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in exposing my life to any danger in your service.

### *Another.*

Sir, **T**Hough I cannot worthily desire, nor deserve your gracious favour; yet it will

## *The Academy*

shew you neereſt Heaven and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weake and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyall ſervice. Let not the pooreneſſe of my merit, or the obligation make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeale, to expreſſe with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are replenished, far above all flattery, ſo that your gracious reigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white path, through which you travell in your happy government, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

*Another.*

*Sir*, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my owne forward deſires to doe you ſervice. But ſince it is a ſigne of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poore and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto that ſoule is allyed, which dedicates it ſervice only to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſſe of minde, to raiſe and advance my thoughts, to deſire that I might ſhew my willingneſſe to doe you ſervice in ſome imployment, whereby I might expreſſe and approve my ſelfe, your faithfull humble ſervant.

*A tender of ſervice to the Queen.*

**M***Adam*, The ſame ſervice and obeysance which I offered unto the King, I doe now with as great ſtrength of paſſion, and affection tender vnto your Maieſty; and as I am his loyall ſubject, ſo to be your faithfull ſervant, ſhall be the height of my glory.

*Madam*

*Madam,* My allegiance and service is so divided between the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteem it my highest contentment and chiefest advancement, to be accounted your humble servant, a Title will satisfy all my desires, and re-inforce all my endeavours.

*Another.*

*Madam,* There are no words significant enough to expresse how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your commands; which to obey is perfect happinesse.

*An humble addresse to a great Lord.*

**M**Y Lord, in regard of those many favours which your honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, not only to acknowledge my happinesse therein, but also to desire that you would alwaies reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.

*Otherwise.*

*My Lord,* As it is a great happinesse for me to come into your presence, and offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart, so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may approve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service,

*Otherwise.*

*My Lord,* It will become me amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues, amongst which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefest, whereof as others have had experience, so I doubt not but you will

favourably accept the obligation and presentment of my humble service.

*Another to some great Lord.*

**M**OST noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour in admitting me to kisse your honours hand, so shall I esteem my selfe most happy for ever, in that your honour will be pleased to accept me henceforth as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

*Another.*

My Lord, the rank you hold with the great and singular ornaments of vertues, in you, doe oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in all obsequious humility.

*Another.*

*Most honoured Lord,* May your excellencies will be pleased to permit me to exercise my small indeavours of rendring my duty to your honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me so farre, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect the desires I have to present you with my best service, and endeavours

*To tender ones service.*

*Cleodus.*

**S**<sup>r</sup> R, I must intreat you to pardon my boldnesse, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me so ambitious of your acquaintance, and earnestly desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I may expresse my selfe your humble servant.

*Beumont.*



Beumont.

Sir, You have much honoured me by your coming, and by your words as through a perspective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equall to my desire, or your deserts.

Cleodus.

Sir, The occasion of my coming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble addresse of service, to bring my self acquainted with you whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, You owe me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kinde visit, which is a favour farre above my desert, but let not our affections break off, for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I may strive to equall you, and ever remain in all ties of love, your most constant friend.

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service, for to gaine your amity is to me the chiefest felicity; not only in regard of your naturall worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont.

Sir, I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me, your praises are but the effects of your love: but if my company, or friendship may be any way pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted himselfe wholly to your imploy-

ment, for your love and kinde visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

*To thanke a friend for a Courtesie.*

*Cleodorus.*

**S**IR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, exprest in that kindnesse you did me of late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at last I shall snatch an opportunity to make requitall, and shew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude, especially to you, unto whom I am so much obliged.

*Beumont.*

Sir, What I did, was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to shew my utmost power and most cheerfull willingnesse, to undergoe any service that might concerne you.

*Cleodorus.*

Sir, It is your worthinesse, that you will not acknowledge your owne noble and vertuous actions.

*Beumont.*

Sir, Those words would better become me in acknowledgement of your worth, wherein you farre exceed me; yet in respect of amity, I will not yeeld, but ever maintaine a constant affection towards you.

*Cleodorus.*

Sir, I will alwaies retaine in memory your good deserts in my behalf, and you shall know, that you have not sowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yeeld you nothing; for your love shall alwaies reape the first fruits of my service.

*Beumont.*

Beumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge the number of your benefits doe binde me to serve you; but I never did you any kindnesse deserving your acceptance, much lesse meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermost, to shew a minde free from ingratitude.

Cleodius.

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection; my care is onely how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beumont.

It is I that am troubled to imagine how I may acquit my selfe for your former courtesies; for if you still proceed to be your selfe in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my selfe overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodius.

You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done me, doe require that I should yeeld my selfe to be, your humblest servant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking paines to grate me and my lodging; and am only sorry, I shall not give you such entertainment as you deserve; let me bid you welcome with a kinde salutation.

Gent. Indeed, Sir, You have a handsome Chamber, fit to entertaine one of greater credit than my selfe; I hope you will pardon my boldnesse for accompanying you thus farre; if I did not

D S.

know

know you, I should be suspicious of bad dealing; and some jealous braines would not stick to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are faire and noble, for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you; here we have place and opportunity.

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sex, yet I hope, you will be right and square in all your actions.

Aym. May I never prosper, if I seeke any thing but your owne contentment; for if I should make any base motion you may with a frowne command me to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I doe not suspect your honest intent, but these wanton Pictures are Emblemes of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. Alas! these are but shadows wherein the Painter hath exprest some skill, but if you please to make choyce of the best in my Chamber, they shall be at your command.

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I shou'd embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requitall in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. Alas! What is it that I can deny you? Pray esteem all I have at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.

G. I return you thanks; it may be, I will be so bold to send for it. Now it remaines, that I must  
thanke

thanke you for your kinde entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon for my boldnesse.

*Aym.* Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge my self infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchsafing this kinde visit.

*To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.*

*Aym.* **P**ardon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I beare you) doe here expresse it in the dumbe language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance: yet I pray you weare it for my sake, it may draw downe your eye to thinke on me, who am now wounded by the powerfull beams of your beauty.

*Gent.* Sir, Though it would shew a scornfull minde in me, not to accept your love tendred unto me in such a visible manner: yet I am sorry you should be at so great and needlesse charges: for wherein can I serve you to make requitall?

*Aym.* It is you that make this unworthy present precious, for if you please to let it incircle your whire finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparkle most in the dark, shewing that love, like a clowded Star, shines lightest in the night of mis-fortune.

*G.* Well, Sir, I am obliged to your courtesie to receive it, and since you please to confer so rich a gift, on my unworthinesse, I will weare it for your sake.

*Aym.* Then you honour me above my desert: for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

*Gent.*

Gent. I must acknowledge your bounty, and my selfe your servant, in bestowing on me so rich a gift.

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me so much to weare it on your finger.

Gent. I promise that, and more, acknowledge my selfe infinitely beholding to you.

Aym. You have said too much concerning so poore a Present: yet in your acceptance of this trifle I shall ever blesse my own happinesse.

*To wee a coy, scornfull Maid.*

Aym. **L**et not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once againe strive to warme your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfecti<sup>on</sup> us; pray at last be mercifull, and doe not still reward my love with cold disdain.

Maid, Sir, I know that men have powerfull language, but I am none of those young ones; you are deceived, if you thinke that fine muske words can sweeten me up to betray my self; and for my beauty, I would not have you doat on that: it suffices me, without commendation.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much too blame.

Maid, Sir, Wise men admire nothing, for if I were beautifull, What is beauty, but a fading flower, blasted often, with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalk of Virginity, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse me if I prevent such a danger, for love and I are quite fallen out.

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaste Love; there is no greater happinesse then the sacred  
union



## of Complements.

union of hearts, especially when long and humble suit  
conquers disdain, and so I hope perseverance will at last  
crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain  
my desire with a mutuall affection.

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of  
your breath, you might spend it to better pur-  
pose, for you may intimate your desires, and  
make tedious discourses: but in a word, I shall  
never love you.

Aym. O say not so, you know not how much miserie  
those few words would bring upon me, for hope, ground-  
ed on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me  
alive, and made me walk like a faint shadow, whiles in  
my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a taper by me,  
watching my owne funerall, and I dwell there in a  
mist of sighs; and all this is for your sake.

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of  
your death, pray shake off this love, and I will  
then acknowledge your kindnesse in ceasing to  
trouble me with complaints. Learn wisdom, that  
will cure all distempers.

Aym. Yet while I live I will attend upon you, & when  
I am dead I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you  
were a cruell Maid. To conclude, let one parting kisse  
seale my transport to Elisium, and I am gone.

Maid. Sir, Since you are so resolute, I will  
strive to give you a better answer at your next  
returne.

Aym. In confidence of that happinesse, I will presume  
to visit you again, and live to be your servant.

*A jesting discourse with a maid.*

Aym. **C**OME, why will you be an enemy  
to your selfe, and let modesty keep  
you still in the state of Virginity? I came to  
offer



## The Academy

offer my service to help you of this trouble.

Moid. You are very kinde; but I like my present estate. Maids are happy.

Aym. Alas! poore ignorance, dost thou talke of happinesse? I tell thee, untill thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of no account.

Maid. O Sir, You are deceived; our hearts, free from the passion of love, retain a world of happinesse, being exempted from any wanton knowledge; for Maids, dying in their present condition, do all go to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kinde while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. What offer?

Aym. Least it should raise a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your ear; you understand.

Maid. Take heed Sir, least while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle a reall fire. I heare too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a base ignoble minde.

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Maid. Nay, farewell.

Aym. Pardon me, all I have spoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wise and witty, I will desire you in a faire manner to grant me your love, which I only desire; and though I did appeare rash and wanton, you shall finde me worthy of your affections.

To contract privately ones self, and tie the  
knot of Marriage.

Aym. **N**OW our Love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the stormes raised by your disdain.

## of Complements.

daine, being blown over, the Union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soule can only discern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of Heaven, and all good Angels, marry and contract my soule to yours, and give away my selfe wholly to be at your disposing, untill the Ceremonies of the Church do confirm my promise.

Maid. With as true an affection I doe give my selfe over into your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remaine ever firme and constant to you, it is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will, according to your promise; and till then we must remaine only contracted in our affections.

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee, beare witnesse to our private agreement, and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow; let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a soft kisse seal the obligation of our Loves.

To salute a Friend newly arrived from  
a Journey.

Alex. **S**IR, When first the newes of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightened with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the first tender of my service: that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs, in true perfect sincerity; so it might in place obtaine priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.

Aym. Sir, You still continue your former noblenesse, making it your chief aime, to exceed others in perfection of minde; otherwise I had intentions to visit you, but it is your desire and happinesse to overcome others in kindnesse: For  
which,

## The Academy

which, I can but returne you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.

Alex. Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption, but it is held, that friends have but one soule in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my selfe; besides, after long absence your company must needs be more precious; so that I had both Love and Reason on my side, to perswade me to come and visit you.

Aym. Sir, I want words to expresse my minde, or to argue a case in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: but to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affaires. I will be bold to enquire, how all our friends doe?

Alex. Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible strength of minde; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you are living, and in health.

Aym. Sir, I am wonderfull glad to heare of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance; I hope I am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you, but I detaine you too long, I feare, from your rest.

Aym. Sir, Were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex. Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you: but to morrow I will wait on you againe.

To entertaine a friend who is come to visit one.

Alex. Sir I am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you but a kinde welcome.

Aymwell. Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit, and to be happy in your society: for in the generall I doe finde none that can suit my disposition, so well as your selfe.

Alex. Sir, Say what you please of me, I am vowed to your service; and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kindnesses.

Aym. Sir, All that I acknowledge, is a will to doe you service; but I have been slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.

Alex. Sir, It is your ingenuous goodnesse, to decline the acknowledgement of your owne vertue and deserts, far surpassing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your servant.

Aym. Sir, It is I that am obliged to you by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot dis-engage me; but I have trespast against manners, pray take the chaire.

Alex. Sir, Will you please to sit first, for it is an honour for me to wait your leisure.

Aym. Sir, I am provided, but if it may not appeare too much boldnesse, what was the adamant that drew you, or occasion that made you so kinde, to visit my lodging.

Alex. Sir, Shall I tell you? I came not to borrow money, or to inforce your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but onely to keepe our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by a visit and some conference.

Aym.

Aym. Sir, You have chosen a bad opportunity, my affaires carry me away from my friends, besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

Alex. Sir, I will chuse some other time to wait upon you.

Aym. Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and houre, where to meet you.

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you.

Alex. Sir, I am your servant.

Aym. Sir, I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all my friends.

Alex. Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.

To woe a faire young Gentlewoman.

Aymwell. **P**ardon me, Lady, if I presume to speake what I have hitherto, with much affliction concealed from your knowledge.

There is a gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgement clearly discerned your vertues, the ornaments of your minde; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spite of his owne reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compelled to speake truth.

Penel. Sir, Call you this an affliction? 'tis a happinesse to speake and heare truth.

Aym. Doe you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your owne expressions. For if it be a happnesse to heare truth; then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I do truly tell you, that I have placed my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly say, I doe love you.

Pen. Sir, I am sorry that you have made me  
the

the object of your love, I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining but your bosome had been free from any flame: let your wisdom then suppress it, lest your love become fruitlesse in the event.

Aym. I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appeare to you so strange a matter, that I should be taken with your beauty, which others admire, though it be my fortune only, to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.

Penel. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertaine hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation: love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of naturall desire; but I finde in my selfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your suit which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. Nothing is impossible to love; for if you would beleve that I beare a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soone overcome this difficulty, and incline your minde to reward my affection with your favour.

Pen. Sirr, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a faire and colourable pretence, to betray me: yet I cannot force my selfe to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuse me, till time, and consideration shall enforce me to answer your desire.

Aym. I am comforted, that you have not utterly denied



denyed my suit; I hope at my next visit to receive more encouragement: till then I take my leave, and presume only to breath my heart upon your hand, or if you please your lip, desiring you to remember me in my absence.

*When one meeteth a friend in the street.*

Alex. **G**Od save you, Sir. You are most happily met. How fare you?

- Clor. Sir, I am the better to see you well and lusty: Why will you not doe me the honour to visit me at my chamber?

Alex. Sir, I must confesse I have often broken promise therein, but businisse would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. I should rather account my selfe obliged to wait on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours; especially for the last courtesie you did me in a matter which concerned me much. Will yee now doe me the kindnesse to present my respects to a Gentlewoman.

Alex. Sir, If she be honest. I am ready to goe on your errand, I hope you will not put me on a disgracefull piece of service.

Clor. Sir, I hope you have no such bad suspicion of me, for she is both a faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your minde in an excellent way.

Alex. Sir, It is you whom Mercury the God of Wit hath adorned with a gentle amorous speech; but I will speake in your behalfe, in as good moving effectuall tearmes as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, You shall doe me a most perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that  
the



the power of Love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope she will give it me backe, and till then keep it warm in her own bosome. But what need I instruct you, who are all Love and Courtship.

Alex. Sir, I will performe your command, though not in such words as you would desire, yet so as my suddaine Genius shall prompt me, but I have heard it said,

*That in way of love and glory,  
Lovers best tell their owne story.*

Clor. Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I doe intrust with this businesse, I am assured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your minde in a powerfull manner, especially to Gentlemen.

Alex. Sir, It must be by my love to you that will inspire me: for I promise you, I will strive to speake my best.

Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Mistris, I will prepare thanks for this great peice of service, and rest, yours obliged.

Clor. Sir, It is but my duty. I am happy to be imployed in any service that concernes you, suppose this done.

*To court a Gentlewoman in the way of Marriage.*

Eugenius. **M**istris, I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bold: but I beseech you by your divine beauty which glistereth in your faire eyes, to excuse my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have imboldned me to come and present unto you my most humble and most affectionate service.

*Callia.*

## The Academy

*Calia.* Sir, I am very sorry that I have not the honour to know you: and I marvaile that you will offer service to me, that of all am most unworthy.

*Eugen.* Mistris, it is the sweetnesse of your naturall goodnesse that causeth you to speake so humbly of your selfe.

*Calia.* Pardon me Sir, I speake nothing, but what I know to be most cleare truth.

*Eugen.* Lady, The singular modesty which I have heard you expresse in your Language, gives me a hope that you will entertaine my intentions not as harsh and disconsonant, but agreeable and consonant, and in that in time I shall obtain your grace and favour.

*Calia.* Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceeded from you, and with such expressions you honour your selfe.

*Eugen.* Mistris, you are pleased thus to oblige me to a greater estimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beseech you to beleieve that my intentions were never otherwise then chaste and vertuous, and that I never had any other end then honesty. Did you thinke me to have framed some designe prejudicious to your honours. I had rather lose my being than entertaine any such thought: so firme is my resolution for ever to continue your most faithfull and obedient servant, as the effects shall make evident, whensoever your commands shall call upon me.

*Calia.* I humbly thank you Sir, with my best affection, as also for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

*Eugenius,*

*Eugenus.* Lady, it is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am disabled to quit my self of the obligation, and therefore (most faire Mistress) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you. And in the mean time, after a million of re-commendations I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an Hostage and pledge of my fidelity and constancy.

*Calia.* Farewell Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visite.

*Eugen.* I hope to see you againe, and very speedily, where for the present I must leave you.

*Calia.* Sir, So farre as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawfull, you shall alwaies finde the doores open, and also to Gentlemen like your selfe, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability, and in that regard you shall not oftner come than be welcome.

*Eugen.* Lady, I doe assure you that I now goe to elongate my selfe from the bright day, and confine my selfe into an abyss of melancholick darknesse: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light, and therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be houres, the houres dayes, and the dayes will be ages, unlesse it be so that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arme me with a resolute patience.

*Calia.* You speake strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell, Sir, till our next meeting.

*Eugen.*

## The Academy

*Eugen. Mistress,* You doe wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithfull and loyall : but I hope that time will make me appeare to be more largely what I am, and seeing necessity constraines me to retire from you ; I will never retreat from that affection which your faire eyes have darted into my soul. And so Lady adieu till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

*To present something to a friend.*

*Alex. S<sup>r</sup> R.* I have alwaies had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you, and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small testimony of my love, desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who does sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

*A. Sir,* This is an addition to your many other favours, you are mindfull of me above my merit, how shall I make you requitall?

*A. Sir,* Your acceptance is the chiefe aym of my desires; but be pleased to conceive, that true love uses by dumb signes and tokens to expresse it selfe.

*A. Sir,* Beleeve me, so rich a gift as this hath a most powerfull language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have been above my merits; I must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my selfe farther.

*A. Sir,* It is your worthinesse that makes it appeare so worthy : but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare in what tyes of observance I am bound unto you :  
your

your acceptation gives it more lustre and richnesse than the gift doth serve, being but a meane token of my affection.

*A. Sir, I beseech you doe not extenuate your owne goodnesse, nor this benefite.*

*A. Sir, This is but the embleme of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I returne you many thanks for your kinde acceptance.*

*A. Sir, It is easie to perswade to the recelt of a thing of such value, but I will embrace it as the oblation of your love.*

*A. For that high estimate of yours, I must remain eternally your constant faithfull friend.*

*A. Sir, I am yours in all respectfull services to be commanded.*

*A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds, I am all yours.*

*To entreat a courtesie of a friend.*

*A. SIR, as necessity hath no law, so it hath no shame, for, contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate Suter unto you.*

*A. Sir, Name it, it must be something more then I know of, which I can denie you, who are alwaies modest in your requests.*

*A. Sir, I feare I shall give you occasion to report the contrary; I will desire you to lend me your Horse, to carry away a little treasure by Moone-shine,*

*A. I doe not well understand you, pray interpret your selfe, and disguise not your meaning.*

*A. Sir, I would desire you to dispence with me, in a matter that concernes me neare, I am to beare away the Usurers daughter, and carry*

E

her

her where she shall remaine private, till stormes be blown over; Pardon me, that I have no sooner made you acquainted with my purpose.

A. I will be ready to assist you, and since your fortune may receive addition from any service of mine, my Horse, were he the Muses Pegasus, he should be your servant, it is but to carry away a piece of live Venison, and that's a meane trespassse; Cupid has enough in his Parke.

Aym. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant, and doe so well apprehend my intents. I was affraid, lest my purpose being known, which was manifest in me to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. No, Sir, I doe account it in you, a braverie of minde, that you dare aspire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Hesperides, watcht by the old Dragon the Vsurer: But I would not have you lose time in talke; I will bid the Groom prepare my Horse ready for your employment.

A. Sir, The whole service of my life cannot requite your kindnesse, for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owne my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happinesse, as much as in mine owne: Therefore my best wishes shall be your good Genius, to wait on you; while my prayers sollicit Heaven for your happy successe.

A. Sir, You have exprest your selfe a noble friend; and when this businesse is past, all the study of my life, shall be to shew my thankfulness to you.

A. Sir.



Alex. Sir, I wish nothing, but that you may obtaine your desires.

A. Sir. Next my intended purpose, my chiefest glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Vpon his absence.

Eugenius, I protest to you my fairest, that I could never have beleev'd that the torments of true affection, could have been so miserable; for I dare sweare to thee by those faire eies, the stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiencie and sorrows till I saw you.

Cos. Is it impossible Sir? surely I can hardly beleev'e it.

Eugenius. Mistris, I beseech you to beleev'e it, if you please; for I assure you that I could no longer endure nor support the violence and troublesome tediousnesse which I endured in the time of your long absence, the object of my good and sole content being removed.

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you seem very passionate in your expressions.

Eug. I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacencie in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare forme and most excellent beauty.

C. It pleaseth you to tearm it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in herselfe.

Eugenius. Wherein my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I doe assure you with the better part of my soule, that I should be miserable, did I not really speake what my affections suggest as truth: know Ladie, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live but for you, and to doe you service: but that which troubles me most is, that of necessity I must absent my



selfe from you upon a verie urgent occasion, but I beseech you to beleve and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I goe, I shall carrie with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live but by the Idea of your beautie, with perfect resolution of obeying you, and therefore my sweetest adieu for a while, and for the present have me excused that I cannot enjoy the felicitie of your most desired company, but must take my leave so abruptly.

C. Sir, I infinitely thanke you, and bid you also farewell, wishing you a safe returne.

*A merrie, but civill Discourse, between Rowland and Susan sitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, Susan, that I should now discover my minde unto you, we have long been servants together, and ever since my first comming, I have borne you good will which I would desire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Susan. For that you must pardon me, for I doe not intend to marrie, and therefore let that serve for an excuse, since I would be loath to discourage you, and say I cannot love you.

I cannot love you.

Row. I hope you will not, for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Sus. You know affection cannot be compeld, therefore I thanke you for the good will which you have hitherto borne, but as for your love I cannot accept of it.

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Susan. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my minde to fancie you, though I know you deserve my betters.

ters, but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would be an endlesse miserie: The Bryer and Honey-suckle cannot well agree.

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer, but I will with all humility put up your ditta ine, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your minde, to receive me into some degree of favour, for I protest, I love you intirely.

Susan. The utmost I can doe for you in requitall of your love, is to give you thanks, and counsell to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any farther in this suite, which at last will become fruitlesse.

Row. I shall be sorry then: by this kisse which I presume to take, none hath power over me but your selfe, I love you all over, and if you would licence my hand to stray about, how happy should I be?

S. Nay then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer, least my absense out of my Mistresses Chamber may breed some suspition.

Row. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my armes, and if you will get your freedome, you shall yeeld me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shadows of that substantiall happiness which you could afford me.

S. May, pray be not rude, nor give me cause to suspect that your love is dishonest: I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon me, if love have made me offend in some boysterous actions.

S. Come pray let me be gone, I shall be angry if you binder me.

Row. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy desire, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

*An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journie.*

SIR, I am very sorry that my affaires doe compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received so many benefits, which have bound me in many tyes ever to serve you, neither have I any way left to satisfie my selfe in requiting your former kindnesse, but to acknowledge them far above my requitall; and to desire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble service, and command me in something, whereby I might expresse how much I honour your desert.

Sir, I cannot chuse but grieve that you must now be divided from us, by a tedious journie; yet since he labors himself better then his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good, I am content in that respect to lose your companie a while, wishing you a prosperous journie, and that in your absence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daily prayers sollicite heaven for your safe return, desiring to be excused for your poore entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my desert, for which I tender you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, I intreat you make not so great haste to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company; but the wind stands faire for

for France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we must dispenſe with your departure, doe us the courteſie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your ſafe arrivall in France.

Sir, Be aſſur'd I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I intreat you to commend me, ſince I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will doe me the favour to give me any imploymēt in your abſence, I will performe your deſire.

Sir, I can but thanke you, for your love, in bringing me to my Ship, which is a trouble, that you would take upon you, though on my part undeſerved.

Sir, I am happy to ſerve you in any thing, God ſend you a proſperous voyage.

Sir, I doubt not, but I ſhall arrive in ſafety, trouble your ſelfe no farther, ſince I cannot remaine with you to requite your kindneſſe.

Sir, Since you will needs have it ſo, I will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a conſtant friend.

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. **P**ray let me prevaile ſo farre with you, to intreat your companie to dinner.

Clorin, Sir, I humbly thanke you for your courteſie; but my buſineſſe will not permit me: therefore I deſire to be excuſed.

Alex. Nay, good Sir, Let me not be denied, I muſt confeſſe indeed your cheere will not be worthy of your ſtay. but you ſhall be heartily welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I ſhould willingly obey your deſire, but I feare to be too bold.

Alex. Sir, You shall be most welcome, you shall command in my house as in your owne.

Clori. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yeeld to wait on you, for you have overcome me in ceremony; but you will draw upon your selfe many inconveniences.

Alex. Sir, You will finde but course fare; but such as it is, pray esteem your selfe most heartily welcome to, in a reall manner without complement.

Clori. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your selfe to excuse your cheare, whereof there is so great abundance, that unlesse you would have provided all the variety that was in Noah's Arke, I know not how it could be exceeded.

Alex. It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it: if I had been certaine of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.

Clori. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldnesse, in putting you to so much trouble, you may perceive that I think my selfe welcome by my liberrall feeding: I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are tooke away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to increase your mirth, I will drink to you a health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.

Clori. Sir, they say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will finde it out, let the health be nere so deep.

Alex. I thanke you for doing me this piece of justice: pray see if you can make up a Dinner, otherwise

*I know not how to be excused for inviting you.*

*Clori.* Sir, to decline Ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie.

*Ceremonies at sitting down at the Table.*

*Alex.* **G**entlemen, Pray yee take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash.

*Gent.* Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

*Alex.* In this matter, Ceremonies are needlesse; but you will doe nothing without my example, and therefore I will begin.

*Gent.* Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.

*Alex.* I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

*Gent.* Sir, We expect your sitting downe, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.

*Alex.* Come, Master Getting, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

*Gent.* By no meanes, that is not my place, heres a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.

*Alex.* Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule so far.

*Gent.* Sir, I should be loth to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.

*Alex.* Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may yeeld to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

*Gent.* Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and



account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of manners, in assuming a place farre above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties, better than Complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. Sir, We will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespasse on you.

The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. Sir, I desire you to excuse your meane fare, and slender entertainment, whereunto I have presumed much to invite you: but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your owne good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society, for your good discourse is to me a feast farre exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend, Your reall kindnesse hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to expresse my gratitude.

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholesome to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's discourse, you are conversant abroad, what newes doe you heare?

Fr. Pardon me, Sir. the world runs round about me whilst I stand still, never marking the motion thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties, it may be you heare more.

A. Indeed



*A.* Indeed Sir, I have so many affaires, that I can enquire after none, I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

*Friend.* Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I bold it a fruitlesse imploiment, but yet to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh newes, that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.

*A.* I will not importune you any farther, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of an Intelligencer; excuse my intent therein, since what I desired, was to passe away the time while we sit; but now if you please, we will rise.

*Friend.* Sir, then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompanie you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.

*To offer service to a young Maid.*

*A* Y M. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

*Maid.* It is more than I desire or deserve; and it would appeare boldnesse in me to accept of a strangers companie: For it is not for me to entertain all shewes and offers of kindnesse, I can but thanke you for your good will, I am not far distant from my owne home.

*Aym.* Pray let me beare you company, and by the way make me happy in some discourse, resolve me one question: Were you never in love?

*Maid.* Though it be no manners to answer one question, with demanding another, yet I will presume to aske you, if you were never in love.

*Aym.* Faire one, from thence springs my unhappinesse. I am too forward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties; but you have prevailed

vailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray speake in plaine tearms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I desire you then to know and beleeeve, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not scorne my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that Heaven hath appointed our strange accidentall meeting, and gave me boldnesse to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer, that may procure you content, but I desire you to importune me no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither, if you please to come hereafter I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.

Aym. But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefest happinesse, let me tell you, that when you goe in, you beare away my heart with you, and I shall only language in sorrow, till I visit you againe.

Maid. Pray Sir, doe not hold me longer in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that doe watch an occasion to expose me to censures, for maintaining with you such unusuall familiarity; Let me intreat you as you tender my credit, to leave me.

A. I must obey you, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, and returne againe to wait on you who are the substance of my life.

To

To conferre with a Widow in an amorous wooing manner.

**A**Ym. I would intreat your (faire Widow) not to discourage me in my first suit, since your modesty and vertuous carriage in your Husbands lifetime, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cherish a certain hope, that I shall obtain your good liking.

**Widow.** Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former Husband was written in a Table-Booke, the Letters whereof may be soon wiped out againe; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remaine to informe me that I ought not to wrong him with a second marriage.

**Aymwell.** Nay, Widow, I must acknowledge you have a faire pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your said Husband, but will you alwaies punish your selfe, and fast from the joyes of marriage?

**Wid.** It is my full resolved purpose, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love; Alas! since his departure, I am dead unto the world, and doe but only live, to sigh, when I remember that I had so good a Husband.

**Aym.** His goodnesse is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your living active servant; come, come, put off grieve and false imaginations of honouring the dead; for if his soule were capable of any knowledge, concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to see you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, so he would desire that you might be supplied in the same kinde after his death.

**Wid.**

*Wid.* You speake unhappily, but pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and in other matters will remaine ready to requite your love.

*Aym.* For other matters I am satisfied, but your love is the marke whereat I aime : why should you thus strive to become a Virgin againe, and forget the conceit of former pleasures, which are yet fresh in your remembrance ; fie, fie, you doe not well to make your selfe so dull of apprehension, I am come to offer service in the right kinde, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuse the tender of my respects.

*Wid.* You speak mysteries ; but I desire if you love me, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your suit ; for I must tell you plainly, it will prove fruitlesse, and of none effect.

*Aym.* I cannot beleve but that I shall be more fortunately happy to obtaine your favour ; words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.

*Wid.* Perswade your selfe to it, but I shall never give you cause to thinke so, yet I will ever respect you, and be ready to doe you any lawfull courtesie.

*Aymwell.* Well, I thanke you that I have so farre thrived in my suit ; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

*Wid.* Your hope is built upon a false foundation ; and had I known your intent, I would not have held discourse so long with you ; I must leave your company.

*Aymwell.* Let me rather take my leave of you, and seale a kisse upon your lips untill I visit you againe ;

again; for no mortall Widow shall discourage me, but I will come againe with the more resolute affections.

To excuse some offence to a Gentlewoman.

**A**ymwell, I must acknowledge I was somewhat too bold to inforce a kisse from you, in the presence of other friends; but I pray excuse my passion, and let your mercy be shewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

**Pen.** Sir, It was so great a trespassse, and so directly aimed against my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can satisfie for a fault of that nature.

**Aym.** It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness: or if your wrath must not be otherwise satisfied, enjoyne me some pennance, as great as your anger, whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appeare, how sorry I am for committing so rash an offence.

**Penelope,** Nay you may enjoy that kisse violently tooke from me before so many witnesses; but never any more.

**Aym.** I must confesse it was my rashnesse, but if you will that I repay it back again, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

**Penel.** Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew unfeigned sorrow, I must needs accept them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never againe to make so bold an offer.

**Aym.** You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a Law, which I dare not transgresse: for I am in all things your obsequious servant.

*The Lovers farewell.*

*Leonora.* **A**Las ! Sir, is this the houre that the severe rigour of your absence must eclipse my daies of their bright beames? Oh how this sad newes doth fire my spirits! and not without reason, since you (to whom I had wholly consecrated my selfe) will not vouchsafe a mercifull eye on my sufferings for your absence.

*Florestan.* *Mistris, feare not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give leave to enjoy the Sunnes brightness, never shall any other have power over me; doe me onely this favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity, you will be pleased to render me some reall promises of yours. Besides, I protest to you Lady, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other then the Sunne and Moon.*

*Leon.* Sir, They are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances. drawne from my heart by the force of my passion. And know, that all things here beneath shall sooner change their naturall inclinations, than in me shall be seen any alteration from the resolution I have made to love you: heaven it selfe be my witnesse.

*Florestan.* If *Mistris*, you love me thus, let your minde be confident of an equall truth from me; and should you doubt of my affections, I will give you my soule for a pledge, and my heart for sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unfained, be pleased therefore to accept of this small gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but onely as a sufficient testimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love  
towards



towards you; it being a thing so small and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.

Leoner. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall doe beseech you also to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of me, which is of a smaller value; be but pleased to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth shall not live but through your sole remembrance.

Flor. Thanks to you sweetest: the gift truly is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.

Leoner. But Sir, is there no meanes to stay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me in stead of light and life, therefore your absence will envelope me with darknesse, and bring upon me (poore soule that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

Flor. Mistris, I hope not so; for I am constrained through necessity of my businesse to depart hence.

Leon. Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted too, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present vent to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighes and teares for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have to see my selfe about to be forsaken by him by whom only I breath.

Flor. Mistris, I sweare to you, my heart is alike touch'd with such strokes for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for grieve of it, and doe already see I have lost my selfe, in the losse of the sight of your Star-like beauty. For I am sure, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each  
pleasure



pleasure will be to me a subject of griefe and sorrow. However, since it will now be otherwise, I shall so part with you, as that my life shall ever be at your service. And so farewell, deare Mistris, live still happie and content, whilst I language unfortunate, though constant: let not then my remotenesse alter your minde, more than it shall shake the resolution I have long since made to live and dye yours; as for mine owne part, I shall not thinke my selfe absent from you, so long as I am lodged in your heart and memorie.

Leon. Farewell, Sir, you possesse my soule; and I doe even leave it in your power, conserve it for a more happy season than this of parting: and in the meane space have pittie of all the bloudy griefes, which the meere apprehension of your absence makes me already feeble so vehemently, for I thinke it very strange to leave you, whose company is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this discourse; I doe beseech you, Sir, and let me conjure you, by the sweetnesse of that love I have borne you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruell feares to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my selfe that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

F. I vow to you, Mistris, I will give you so manie Letters for confirmation of my loyaltie, and the love I beare you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I beseech heaven to make you the happiest alive; even as the Divine Creator hath made you the fairest and most accomplished: that he also make you so pittifull, to retaine me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continuallie to witnesse, how violent my affections are towards you.

L. Heaven

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull to me as I am to you : and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not intreat to you to pittie my martyrdom, and that wheresoever you are, to be mindfull of me. And so once more I entreat the Deities, to grant you such prosperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

F. *Rest assured, sweet Mistris, to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit, to which height it is impossible my affection should raise it selfe.*



A Discourse betwixt *Monsieur Device*, and his humorous Lady upon the Fancies of the Ribbons he wore in his Hat.

*Monsf.* **L**ady, the pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

*Ladie.* As pleasant houres I wish to you : but why so like a fore-horse Sir : what meane those Hieroglyphicks on your Bever, those Ribbons of variety of colours.

*M.* They are severall fancies, Lady, which Ile decypher to you : here is an Azure and a Peach ; Azure is constant, the Peach is love, which signifies my constant love. Yesterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Isabella : Folimot is withered, Gredeline is absent, and Isabella is beauty, which put together, expresse, that I wither and languish for your absent beauty.

*Ladie.* But is there any reason for these distinctions.

*Moun.*

*Moun.* O yes: for example, your Folimot is a withered leafe: which doth moralize decay; your yellow is ---

*L.* I will informe you Sir of that colour by sad experience: tis jealous.

*M.* You are mistaken Lady, it is your Lemon colour that is jealous, a pale kinde of yellow: your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milke-white is innocence: your Black is mourning, your Orange is Martiall, a most orient colour in Heraldrie: your Flesh colour is lascivious, your Maidens-blush is envyyed, your red is defiance, your Gold is avaritious, your Straw is plenty, your Greene is hope, your grasse-Green is youth, your sea-Green is inconstant, your Violet is Religious, and your Willough forsaken.

*L.* Out upon the ignorance I have lived in. Mounseieur, you are so exquisitely fantastickall that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

*Moun.* You are your selfe all wonder, these are but Ensignes of that beauty your servant fights under.

*L.* The heavens smile upon you, farewell, and be victorious.

*M.* Your humblest servant, and most constant Martyr.

*The Gentleman Vssers Grammar.*

**F**irst, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his clothes, from head to foot: neat in his Office, in his garbe.

garbe, in his pace, in his comming off, in his comming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificiall memory to relate how his selfe and other Ladies doe : how they sleepe, how their Physicke wrought, how many they have had, with other circumstances of their Doggs, Monkeys, and Parachutes.

Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving, and marshalling of Dishes, performances, which require his most gracefull demeanours.

Fifthly, he must be versit in his severall postures and congees : more particularly he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arme his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach : to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnish'd with his Spanish shrugs, his French smirks and faces : all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined Language and resplendent habit : thus prepared and instructed, through his diligent and obedient attendance he may quickly start up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman-Vsher for the temper, or stateliest carriage of any of the Strand, or Covent-Garden Ladies, and by putting himselfe forwards he may doe something, and dare much more, provided that he be dasht out of any thing, sooner then discountenanced, untill his preferment stumble upon him.

The

## The Love-sick Picture Drawer.

O R,

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clarinda*, represented and Limmed forth by her servant, as with his youthfull eyes he admired, and sharpest fancies delineated her super-excellent features.

*On her Face.*

**H**ER face is Loves Copy to read his wonders on.

She cannot put her face in such a forme, but I must like it.

Her lively face disdaines all Adulterous Arts.  
A perpetuall spring of beauty dwels in that face of hers.

Fairer then *Cloris* in all her pride.

Her face vailed with a Robe of darknesse, shines clearer through it, than the eye of the day.

The fairest ever Nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face is to live.

Whose lookes would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whose beauty, is like a singular Musician to a sweet instrument.

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lilies and blushing Roses of her cheeks.

Her face refresheth my sight like to the glosse of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her faire and most radiant face.

*Clarinda's* face when it shines forth, expels the night more then a thousand stars.

*On*

*On her Haire.*

In those twining Curles Cupid is taken  
prisoner.

Her haire, those golden Ensignes, those snares  
of love.

*On her Brow.*

She hath a lofty Brow, where love doth sit in  
triumph.

Her Brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

*On her Forehead.*

Her Forehead full of Majesty and statelines.

The stately Fort from whence the god of Love  
discharges his artillery.

*On her Eyes.*

Her eyes shedding a Firmament of light.

By those faire Eyes from which this little  
world borrowes the light it has.

Her Dove-like Eyes.

Her wounding Eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quicknesse:

Her Eyes those surfeits of delight.

She cannot close her Eyes, but the sad world's  
benighted.

Her Eyes the spheares of Love, and Loadstones  
of affection.

Liquorous rolling Eyes.

*On her Smiles.*

I am blessed with her immortall smiles.

Just so, the Western gales bring on the Spring

In that sweet dimple when she smiles, Cupid  
hath pitch'd his tents.

*On her Lips.*

Life-breathing Lips.

Her Lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her



Her Cherry-Lips.

Such a Lip the morning gathers blushes from.  
A thousand *Cupids* call me to taste her lips.

Those lips would thaw a man into a spring,  
though he were more frozen than the Alpes.

To rise to her Lips at first, is too great an  
honour.

*Cupid* hanging downe his wings doth fit com-  
paring Cherries with her Lips.

Permitted me to make an impression, or dimp-  
led print on my *Clarinda's* Lips.

Her Lips *Adonis* Garden, where he that ga-  
thers flowers, may gather still.

To suck her heart out at her Lips.

Her Lips are Rubies of an infinite value:

For to taste those Lips one would forsake  
Cassia or Violets.

Her Lips Loves sweet Altar, where the heart  
is offered for a continuall sacrifice.

*On her Kisses.*

The unreprieved kisses of chaste *Clarinda*.

Her kisses speak her Virgin, such a bashfull  
heat at severall tydes doth ebbe, and flow, as it  
were afraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kisse from her would warme the chillest  
bloud.

By the Law of Armes, fairest *Clarinda*, I may  
demand a kisse.

To take a wanton kisse on Loves faire Lips.

*On her Cheekes.*

Her Cheeks shine like sparkling stones.

No sadnesse dwels upon her Cheeks, to blast  
the tender Roses.

Her Cheeks are like to Punick Apples.

Her



Her Cheekes are spread with Spices, and Flowers.

Her Cheekes of a pure Carnation, inameled with white.

Her Cheekes kindle my blowne appetite, never to expire.

The bloud in her Cheeks looks like the blushing *Sabin* Maids surpris'd.

*On her breath.*

Her breath doth scent of Amber.

Her mother fed on Roses when she bred her : her breath is all perfumes.

Her breath dissolves one, and he that tastes it, is pleas'd as with sweet Violets.

Her breath is like to the westerne winde, when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes Gummes and Spices.

*On her Voyce.*

Her Voyce is adorned with gracefull accents.

Her voyce above the aires of chirping birds.

The well-tuned harmony of her pleasant voyce.

*On her Language and Discourse.*

She knowes no Barbarisme in her Expressions.

Her beauty set forth with such sweet Language cannot want an advocate.

Of a most discreet Discourse, rich in Language.

Powerfull of speech and behaviour.

*On her Neck,*

Her neck is polisht Ivory, white as the silver Doye.

*On her Breasts.*

Her Breasts are a paire of Maiden, unconquered worlds.

Her breasts are the soft pillowes of Love.

Her breasts are twins where Lilies grow.

Living Springs flow from her Breasts.

Her Breasts, two Ivory Balls of lasting pleasure.

Betwixt the amorous beds of her two swelling breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts as soft and tender as the Pelicans.

Her breasts are *Ledaes* twins, interchangeably embracing one another.

*Vpon her Hand and Fingers.*

A small Spider-finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wondring eye invites.

Her Lilly hand lay under her rosie Cheeke, cozening the wanton Pillow, of a kisse.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

*On her Armes.*

Who can doe otherwise then imagine that those faire branches of my *Clarinda's* Armes were made to take the great men of the world her Prisoners.

A Girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

*On her Belly.*

An Ivory rising hill.

Her Lap is *Elisium*.

Her Navell the seale of loves impression.

The valley of affection is not farre from her Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my selfe,

*On*

*On her Wombe.*

Her Wombe the Mansion of Cupid, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her Wombe, that wanton dwelling house of Love.

*On her Waste.*

Her Waste as slender as a Wand.

About her waste loves Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

*On her Thighes.*

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthfull Poets to acquaint the world with.

*On her Veines.*

Her Veines swelling in blew branches.

The Skye hath so much blue as from her Veines.

*On her Legs and feet.*

Her Legges as stately and firme as Marble Pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautifull.

*On her Chamber and Bed.*

Her adorned Chamber, and bed perfumed, with bruised Spices, Fruits, and odoriferous Flowers.

Her Chamber for sweetnesse envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun than her owne beautifull beames to shine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of Iests.

*On Clarindas Looking-glasse.*

Her smiling-glasse is an antidote against the Sithe of time.

She needs not looke into that mirrour, for

every thing becomes her exactly well, into which whosoever lookes, they doe but read over againe the *Sintaxis* of her beauty.

*Further Observations, Expressions, and Conclusions upon the flames of Love, and Captivity of the servants of Venus, and her blinde Sonne, with some Rules and Remedies.*

**O**UT upon this Love, what Apes, Dogs, and Cats it makes men look like? How heavie and dull ey'd a Lovers Mistris sits, like *Phabe* shadowed to him in a dull fable Cloud.

Love a faire Lady: but love her so, that you may finde roome for a fresh beauty.

A Lover that with his protestations, and tedious Complements wasts his lungs.

A Lovers loyall death argues the inconstancy of his Mistris.

A Lover that disperſes his soule in sighes, his teares swolne bigger then his eyes.

A Lover that distills his thoughts into his Mistresses eares.

One endeared to his Mistresses eyes,

One endeared to his Mistresses beauty.

A lover that will prattle in his sleepe, and when he walkes forth, acquaint every Grove with his tell-tale love, then sits crosse armed, hangs his head over a Chrystall Brooke, and weeps till it swells to an Ocean.

The soft and simple war of lovers.

A fellow that will praise the hand and foot, and say the face is Angelicall; lye and dissemble most grossly.

Drunke

Drunke with the devises, and Love-sick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praises of his Mistress; and be a professed *Homer*, of women.  
*Coridon*, courted *Phyllis* with a faint kisse.

No better could the silly Swains than this.

What would *Hercules* with his five M stresses have said to a *Platnick* love-sick Heretick.

By the power of Love all things were made, and are still continued.

Love was bred in the deare bosome of *Venus*.

Love, that divine quintessence, that findes such a sympathy in beauty.

Lust doth but usurpe the name of love; for love it selfe is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Lawes, that divorces our sence from reason, and makes a tempest in the soule.

Love is a sparke of pleasure, kindled by vaine desire.

Love is a fiery Frost.

Love, though blind, beholds beauty; and though naked, feels no cold.

*Cupids* Barke will saile with every wind.

Love keeps his revels, when they are but two.

Reason tetires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawfull meanes doe make love lawfull.

Love is most true, when he doth most faigne.

Shew Passion in thy looks, entertaine not any in thy breast.



A new Schoole of Love, with Questions  
and Answers, resolving the doubts  
of Lovers.

Q. Velt. What is Love?

*Ans*. It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Quest. How comes it to passe that many times we love those we never saw.

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seeme fairer farre off then neare at hand, and it is the reputation of what is absent, as concealed that allures.

Quest. Why doe Lovers fall out to agree the better?

4. Since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Quest. Who is more constant in love, a man or a woman?

4. Experience confirms that, we see more women deceived by men, than men by women; they know their owne unworthinesse, and therefore are not so confident.

Qu:st. Why doe women love those so intirely, that they delivered up Virgin purity too?

**A. In acknowledgement of their perfection.**

Quest. How is it that there are many more women  
in the world then men?

4. Women are exempted from the warre, and in nature the worst things are most plentiful.

*If women were as little as they are good,*

A Pease-cod would make them a gown, & a hood.

**Quest.**

Quest. What is the greatest recompence a woman can make a man?

A. To reveale to him her secrets, and make him lord of her body.

Q. How must a man behave himself amongst Ladies?

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Quest. Why is Love painted blinde?

A. Because the actions of Lovers cannot be hid or dissembled.

Quest. Why be the secrets of Love so easily kept.

A. For the sweetnesse of that modesty that men finde in them.

Quest. Why doe some mens haire curl.

A. From the abundance of their heat, Females want beards, as they are more coole.

Quest. Why doe some lipe.

A. Their sinewes are putrified with flegme, or their braines are more moist, but their lips according to the Proverb have a golden meane.

Quest. Why doth a lover often keep in the expression of his Tongue?

A. By reason of his passions.

Quest. Why hath a women a shriller voice than a man?

A. There is a difference in the composition of the Veines and moist Arteries, and the passage where their voice is framed is narrower.

Quest. Who are most secret in the sports of Love?

A. Women, since it so neerly concerns them.

Quest. What is the meat of perfect lovers?

A. Sighes and teares.

Quest. Why have old men the repulse of young women?

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their grief.



Quest. Why are lovers so puslanimous?

A. From their passions and feares of minde.

Q. Why is Cupid pictured with wings?

A. The desires of Lovers for the most part tend to high things.

Quest. Why doe lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistresses?

A. Poetry is the friend of love.

Quest. Why hath love been esteemed a god?

A. Because he makes the Coward valiant, the illeterate eloquent, the melancholly merry, his cheerfull divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Quest. Why doth Nature afford love so much pleasure?

A. For the preservation of Mankind.

Quest. Why doe lovers spend whole Nights in love?

A. Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resigne themselves up to them.

Quest. Why doe lovers so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?

A. Because there is no part of the body that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the minde as the eye.

Quest. Why are lovers forsworne?

A. Cupid laughs at perjuries.

Quest. Why are lovers the better friends for their falling out?

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished if it be not often blown.

Quest. Wherefore is it that many times love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?

A. Since

A. Since the Eye, the informer of the intellectuall part no sooner presents the object, then at the same instant it discourses to the heart, to which it renders it as apetible.

Quest. *Whence is kissing so esteemed of lovers?*

A. From the first celebration of the Trojan Wives, who to keepe their Husbands from the danger of more Voyages fired their Ships, and for their pacification used this Ceremony of the Lips, which with the novelty of their embraces quencht the fire of their displeasures.

Quest. *Who are more inclined to pleasure, men or women?*

A. Women, for men being of a better temper are dryer and stronger.

Quest. *Why are women more craftily revengefull then men?*

A. By reason of the weaknes of their natures, what they cannot doe by force they maintaine by subtilty.

Question, *Why is it naught to lye on the backe?*

Ans. It causes Diseases, disturbes the forepart of the braine, and procures the night-Mare.

Quest. *Why have women thicker bloud then men?*

A. By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeale theirs more.

Quest. *Why is Venery bad for melancholly and leane men?*

A. Because it dries them too much which are too dry of themselves.

Quest. *Where are women of best use?*



*A.* In *Tbalamo in tumulto*, in the bed, in the tombe as one of *Marcions* Schollars answered.

*Quest.* Why doe young men naturally decline wid-  
dowes?

*A.* They would not drinke in those waters others have been dabling in before.

*Quest.* What waters of all other are most de-  
ceitfull?

*A.* A womans teares.

*Quest.* Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish  
then others?

*A.* Because their skins are more loose, soft, and delicate.

*Quest.* How comes it to passe that women newly married, the first night are so loath to goe to bed, yet rise the next day so lusty and joyfull?

*A.* It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

*Quest.* Why doe men kisse the eyes of them they affect?

*A.* Because they were the first beginners of love.

*Quest.* Why doe many love fervently, yet are not beloved againe?

*A.* By reason their complexions cannot agree.

*Quest.* Why should we not place our loves on those that are so young?

*A.* Because they are so inconstant, and evermore curious of new servants.

*Quest.* How comes it that he that is soon taken with love, doth as soon forget it?

*A.* He is like one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

*Quest.*

Quest. Why doe men say that Love is a perfect Musician?

A. Because he tuneth and maketh harmonious the spirits that had before no agreement.

Quest. Why is there such delight in the sports of Venus?

A. That men might not abhorre the uncleanness of them.

Quest. Why doe some women love the white, some the black complexions?

A. Some delight in black as hot, and so more agreeable to their constitutions; some in white, as their natures are more coole.

Quest. What quality hath the Sanguine?

A. He is faire, smooth haired, he is secret, shame-faced, spirited, Musically given, a lover of Learning, liberall and courteous.

Quest. What properties hath the Phlegmaticke complexion'd man?

A. They are sleepey, moist, fearfull, covetous, weake in Venerie.

Quest. What are the qualities of the Colerick man?

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little sleeper, a lover of the society of women.

Quest. What is the melancholly mans qualities.

A. His Complexion is browne, his Veines small, he eateth little, hath a bad digestion, his Dreames are confused, he is timorous and incontinent.

Quest. Wherefore is it that we tickle not our selves?

A. Because our touch is naturall and familiar to us.

Quest. Wherefore is it, that amongst all kinde of Animals

## The Academy

Animalls the Females are most subtile, and scape more cunningly, and craftily from the embraces then Males?

*Ans.* It is for the most part that they being more weake then the Males, Nature to repaire the defect hath given them a more wilily craft for the conservation of their lives.

*Quest.* What is the reason that women in the winter goe thinner cloathed, and endure more cold then men?

*A.* Every like is least affected with his like, and women because they are cooler by nature feele the lesse cold.

*Quest.* Why doe learned men often beget sottish Children?

*Ans.* Because their Contemplations are higher raised then to minde such beastiall pleasure.

*Quest.* If beauty smiles doth love decrease?

*A.* Too often, for love is no other thing then a desire of beauty.

*Quest.* Why doe a certaine Northerne people seeke a Stone called Gagater, and give it to them they are to lye with the night before they enjoy them?

*A.* To know whether they retaine their Virgin purity, for it foreeth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

*Quest.* Doe you thinke that love is so blinde as the Poets would make us beleieve?

*A.* Why nor, when the fairest dote so often, as we have daily experience upon the most foule and deformed.

*Quest.* What woman thinketh her selfe most worthy

*of Complemes.*

worthy to be beloved, the faire, or the deformed?

A. Before I returne you an answer, shew me a woman that doth not thinke her selfe to be beautifull.

Quest. Why have men such diversity of opinions in their censures of beauty?

A. Because all faire and beautifull things according to the Greeke Proverb are hard, and very difficult to be judged.

Quest. Who is more constant in Love, the man or the woman?

A. The man, being both in body and spirit more firme, and more constant in his perswasion of love affaires.

Quest. How comes it that he that truly loves is most commonly requited with the like respects of love againe?

A. Because our spirits cannot alwaies resist those true and amorous lookes and glances that are continually darted at us.

Quest. What is the truest assurance we can give of our love?

A. Perseverance.

Quest. Why are Lovers so inconstant?

A. Because youth aboundeth with heat, and is subject to divers and many thoughts, and so cannot stay it selfe.

Quest. Can Charmes worke love?

A. Your Magician, and those that write of Nature, conclude so.

Quest. Wherefore have women lesse liberty to place their affections on many then men?

A. Because their modesty restraines them which

which take from them, and yet take away their lives.

*Quest. Why doe some blush and change their countenance, when they heare what they would not?*

*A.* Out of an anger which forceth the bloud, till the spirits are quieted, to rise from the lowest parts, and to flush in the face.

*Quest. Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and most prompt and ready in bad things?*

*A.* 'Tis according to that rule of Philosophy, that a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwaies mischief.

*Quest. Why doe women love fine cloathes better than men?*

*A.* Because too often wanting the beauty of their mindes, they study the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more sensible of.

*Quest. Why doe we love our sight above our other senses?*

*A.* Because the Divine force of Love is placed there.

*Quest. What is the greatest pleasure that a true Lover can feele?*

*A.* To think that he is beloved againe of his Mistresse.

*Quest. Why are all things disposed more to Love in the Spring-time then in other seasons.*

*A.* Because then the humours doe move themselves, and the bloud doth waxe hot.

*Quest. Wherefore are the angers of Lovers of so little continuance?*

*A.* Because they fall out for trifles.

*Quest.*



## of Complements.

Quest. Wherefore doe the ancients picture Love with Flowers in the one hand, and a Fish in the other?

A. To shew that Love is lord both of sea and land.

Quest. Why are men rather amorous then women?

A. Because they are of hotter complexion, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Quest. Wherefore are all joyes of Lovers uncertaine.

A. Because in Love are divers casualties, jealousy, suspicion anger, peace, disdain.

Quest. Why is it that secret love is more burning then that which is discovered?

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Quest. Wherefore is it that women and children weep often, and with more facility then men.

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with griefe they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture with tears.

Quest. Why did Nature rather make the braine coole then hot?

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve instead of a Fan to coole it.

Quest. Wherefore is it said, What is a woman but her Tongue?

A. Because anciently they had no other defence or weapon but that, but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth, and nails.

Q. What kinde of people are those that doe not sleep in their owne faces?

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Quest. What is the reason that if a man bath com-

mitted

mitted any great crime he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?

A. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glasse wherein the minde doth shine. Nature her selfe as it were being a second conscience.

Quest. Why doe those looke pale that are much grieved?

A. Because nature flyeth to the inward parts with that bloud which doth paint the skin.

Quest. Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?

A. Out of the feare they have to displease their Ladies.

Quest. Wherefore is it that a man being touche with love cannot rid himselfe of that passion by any dexterity?

A. Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certaine admiration windes him into the nets of love.

Quest. Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?

A. Because by nature they are fearefull, suspicious, jealous, and alwaies troubled.

Quest. Why be women so prone to yeeld to love?

A. Because Dame Nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, with Complexions, hot and moist things, most requisit efor the recreations of Venus.

Quest. What doe Lovers chiefly delight in?

A. Tranquility and abundance, Revells, Banquets, Masques, Playes, soft Beds and pleasant Dreames.

Quest. What Creatures of all other are the most wanton?

A. In-

*A.* Infatiate women, according to the old Verse:

*One Cock sufficeth twice ten Hens,  
Scarce one lewd woman thrice five men.*

*Quest.* What thinke you doe the eyes most betray that a man would keep secret?

*A.* Love and Drunkenesse.

*Quest.* From whence is derived the power of feeling?

*A.* As the root of life it spreads it selfe through every part of the Body, by sinewes which descend from the head to the foot, like a net cast over the body.

*Quest.* What are the three first members formed in the wombe after conception?

*A.* The Heart, the Braine, and the Liver.

*Quest.* When a man dyes which is the last part of him that stirs; which of a woman?

*A.* The last part of a man is his heart, of a woman her tongue.

*Quest.* What is death very fitly resembled unto?

*A.* To a woman or a shadow, for seeke it and flies you; and so a woman according to the old Poet:

*Follow a shadow, and it flyes you,  
Seeme to fly it, it will persue you:  
So court a woman (hee'l deny you,  
Let her alone she will court you.*

*Quest.* What was the Philosopher so thankful for?

*A.* For 4. things, 1. That he lived in the time of Socrates. 2. That he was a Grecian & not a Barbarian. 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That

he was a man and not a woman.

Quest. *What Birds are shotrest lived?*

A. Sparrowes, which for their falacity and wantonnesse eight times in an houre, live not above two yeares.

Quest. *Why is love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A. Because the first entrance into it is easie, but it will put a man to his best wits to get it out againe.

Quest. *Why doe the amorous send forth so many sighs?*

A. Love is like a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have vent; it sendeth in respect of its continuall thoughts all the heat of the heart, from whence of necessity it commeth, that they that are in love must often respire and breath, from which respirations sighings arise.

Quest. *Wherefore was Paris desirous to see the three goddes naked.*

A. That he might give the better judgement by viewing the proportion of their bodies; oh, how many seeme faire and beautifull to the outward appearance, which stript of their crimson and rich attires would appeare like flead Cats.

Quest. *Why did the Poet call Love a Tragedy.*

A. Because 'tis alwaies accompanied with heaviness, complaints, and many interchangeable mysteries and events.

Quest. *Why are the angers of Lovers of so short continuance?*

A. Because they fall out for trifles.

Quest. *Is there any sensuall pleasure above that of Venus?*

A. No,

A. No, for that it causeth an universall delight throughout all Nature.

Quest. Wherefore doe men esteeme women to be evils, like the fire and the sea?

A. Because from them proceed infinite and unspeakable misfortunes.

Quest. What would a Lover doe being asfarre off, when he sees a Ship wherein the Lady of his life is in danger of drowning?

A. He would make ten thousand Vowes to Love, and with teares and prayers begge heartily for her, though it cost him a Taper as big as the Mast of the Ship, his God-head shall be promised faire to have it.

Quest. Wherefore doe young women love perfumes so well?

A. They are of Venus traine, and the Greek Poets affirme, that they never went from any place but they left a scent behing them.

Quest. Why is beauty compared to a flower?

A. Because it so soone fades away.

Quest. Wherefore is it that Maids having past the age of ripenesse, and loseng that time of Marriage become pale coloured and yellow?

A. By reason of the retention of superfluous humours, which are evacuated by the consummation of Matrimony, and those corrupted within them viciates the bloud, and brings them into great and dangerous diseases, which can never hardly be cured but by Marriage.

Quest. Wherefore is it that Celestiall influences are necessarily concurring to the generation of man?

A. Because as Philosophers hold, man and Sun beget man: *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astrum Deus.*

Quest.

Quest. Which be the noblest hearts?

A. Those which love disdaines not to warme with his sacred heart.

Quest. Why is love painted naked?

A. Because the actions of love are such as should not be dissembled.

Quest. Wherefore did Apelles paint Cupid with these words writ in his fore-head; Spring-time and Summer?

A. To shew that in love are prosperities and aduersities.

Quest. Why did Painters draw on the borders of Cupids robe Life and Death?

A. To shew that love remaines both in life, and after death.

Quest. Why was Cupid drawne by Xerxis in a Greene robe?

A. Green signifies hope, to expresse that Lovers live in a continuall hope.

Quest. What secret device hast thou to avoyd discovery, yet send thy minde to thy Mistris?

A. To write with the juyce of Lemonds, or Onions, which appeares not till held to the fire.

Quest. Which is the most voluptuous seat of pleasure in the Female?

A. The Navell, moved with soft touches of pleasure.

Quest. Wherefore doe lovers delight to weare their Mistresses favours?

A. The better to expresse how conformable they are to their desires and wills.

Quest. Why doe lovers seeke the darke?

Ans<sup>r</sup>. Because they goe about that which they

## of Complements.

they suppose not to be very handsome.

*Quest. Whence is it, that when lovers talke with their Ladies, the spittle increaseth in their mouthes, and when they dance their breasts seeme as if they would fall off, their veines doe hop with such a force?*

A. The first is caused from the heat of the tongue, whose motion resolves into spittle; the second is from the neare neighbourhood that the heart hath to the Pap, from which all the vitall spirits doe proceed, whether as it were retiring it causeth such motions.

*Quest. Why doth an earnest view or beholding of beauty make a man amorous?*

A. Because the eyes are Cupids Messengers, when the beames which proceed from the heart doe invite and conforme themselves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

*Quest. Whereof commeth it that lovers doe delight so much in Musick?*

A. Because Musick is lascivious, and they take pleasure in the effeminacy of it.

*Quest. Why is it that young women in love are never satisfied with dancing?*

A. Because the immoderate exercise of dancing is veneriall.

*Quest. What are the chiefeest causes of the Union and Conjunction of Lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Cælestiall influences.

*Quest. Why is love pictured, standing between slothfulnesse and hatred?*

A. Because idlenesse doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

*Quest.*



Quest. Which were it best to serve, a Maid, a married woman, or a Widdow?

A. The love of the maid is most constant, of the widdow more pleasant, of the married wife dangerous and hurtfull.

Quest. Of two Lovers which shall we esteeme to be most favoured, him from whom his Lady shall take away a Nosegay and put it into her bosome, or him to whom she shall give a Nosegay that she her self did weare?

A. The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore she loves him best to whom she gives the Nosegay.

Quest. Of what colour should a woman be most desired?

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint Vertue which is red, but most men love the paler complexions.

Quest. Of whom have women learnt to stop their eares against love?

A. Of the Serpent *Aspis*, which is deafe and venomous.

Quest. Who enjoyes most pleasure, the Bridegroom or the Bride when they embrace?

A. The Bride, as you may perceive by her cheerfull lookes the next morning.

Quest. The eyes of the Lady have they such force on their Lover as the beames of the Sun upon the things of the earth?

A. Questionlesse they raise a spring of affection if Love darts them.

Quest. Falling into the hands of a pittilesse woman, is it better to absent thy selfe or to have her continually before thine eyes?

A. To get tarre enough from her.

Quest.

Quest. What are the ordinances of Love?

A. That affections be equall, that between a Lover and his Mistresse nothing be conceal'd.

Quest. How is it that they which are dim-sighted are most given to love.

A. Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soone as others.

Quest. Doe Curtizans love, or doe they seeme to doe so?

A. There have been many mad for Love, some that have dyed for it.

Quest. Is Love the cause of good or evill?

A. Of good, it makes fooles wise.

Quest. Doe you thinke that a woman without prejudice to her honour may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath served her a long time.

A. I dare not affirme the lawfulnessse of the act, or say, It is not without prejudice; but questionlesse she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease that hath for a long time faithfully served her.

Quest. Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?

A. Some hold it to be but a veniall Sin, because love is nourished with falshood and treason.

Quest. Who is most jealous, the man or the woman, or which of them hath most cause?

A. The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my selfe.

Complementall

Complementall and Amorous Poems.

*Encomions on the Beauty of his Mistresse.*

**B**Rightrer than inside Barkes of new hewen Cedar;  
Sweeter than flames of fire perfum'd with Myrrhe,  
And comlier than the silver Clouds, that dance  
On Zephyres wings, before the Queen 'oth Spring;  
'Tis she doth teach those Torches to burne bright:  
It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,  
As a rich jewell in the Ethiopes care;  
Beauty too rich for use, for Love more deare;  
So doth a snowy Dove, trooping with Crowes,  
As this my Mistris, ore her fellowes shoves.  
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r to have mo-  
The chaste *Hippolitus* for to have loved. (ved,  
In summe, her parts are white as Milke,  
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silke,  
O! who can her perfections tell,  
In whom alone all graces dwell.

*On her Haire.*

Her haire's reflex with red strakes paint the skyes,  
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes.  
Whilst that those go'den threads play with her breath  
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

*On her Lockes.*

Her Lockes being platted like a fleece of Wooll,  
Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

*On her Fore-head.*

Her stately front was figur'd from above,  
Majestick, faire, well polisht, high and pale,  
Pure white, that dims the Lilies of the Vale.

*On her Face.*

Her Face like *Cynthia's*, when in the full she shineth,  
And

And blushing to her Love mates bower declineth.  
Such brightnesse hath her Angels face,  
Can make a Sun-thine in a shady place.

*On the colour of her face.*

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,  
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

*On her Eye-browes and Cheekes.*

Each Eye-brow hangs like Iris in the skies,  
On either Cheeke a Rose and Lilly lyes.

*Another on her Eye-browes and Breath.*

Her bright browes drive the Sun to Clouds beneath,  
Sweet Morne and Evening dew falls from her breath.

*On her Eye-lids.*

Her Arches be two heavenly lids,  
Whose wincks each bold attempt forbids.

*On her Eyes.*

Her Eyes the contraditors of the night,  
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

*Another on the same.*

Two jetty sparkes, where Cupid chastly hides  
His subrill shafts, that from his quiver guides;  
Piercing the hearts of others, yer they be  
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

*On her Smile.*

Her smiles so sweet and nice,  
On Earth doe make a heavenly Paradise.

*On her Cheekes.*

Her Cheeks like ripened Lilies steep'd in wine,  
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

*Another on the same.*

Her Cheecks with kindly Claret spread,  
As ora like, new out of bed.

*On her nose and breath.*

Her nose is strait, and of a stately frame,  
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

*On her Chin.*

Her Christall chin, like to the purest white,

Is loves Pavillion, and the boyes delight.

*On her Eares.*

On these Meanders, if you gaze,  
You soon will tread a Lovers maze.

*On her Lips.*

Her Lips like Roses over-washr with Dew,  
Doe by their breath their beauries still renew.

*On her Lips and Neck.*

Her Lips more red than Corall stone,  
Her Neck's more white than aged Swans that moane.  
O who those ruddy Lips can misse,  
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse.

*On her Mouth.*

Sweet Mouth that sendest a musick rosied breath,  
Whose every word darts me a living death.

*On her Mouth and Teeth.*

Within the compasse of this hollow sweet,  
Those orient ranks of silver Pearls doe meet.

*On her Breath.*

She breaths forth flowers, she makes the Spring,  
Perfumes the ayre, and comforts every thing.

*On her Tongue and words.*

Her words doe fall like Summer dewes on me,  
Her tongue strikes Musicks sweetest harmony.

*On her Teeth.*

Her Lips ne're part bur that they show,  
Of precious Pearle a double row.

*On her Speech.*

In all her words such vertues couched be,  
The learned thence sech their Philosophy.

*On her Voyce.*

A Voyce which doth the Thrushes shrilnesse staine,  
And makes declining nature young againe.

*On her Neck.*

Her neck is like an Ivory shining Tower,  
Or like delight, that doth it selfe devoure.

*On her Shoulders.*

These parching squares with silver skin,  
Doe passe the hate spot Ermaline.

*On her Armes.*

Her twin-like armes, that stainlesse paire,  
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

*On her Hands.*

Her azured veines doe use to stray,  
With pretty Cupids every way:  
Moist Pearle, warme snow, smooth Ivory,  
Within these strange compacts doe lye.

*On her Fingers.*

Long, small, and fit for Orpheus Lute,  
Which made the savage Tygers mute.

*On her Actions.*

Her deeds are like great clusters of ripe Grapes,  
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine,  
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of costly wine.

*On her Breasts.*

Her Breasts those Ivory Globes circled with blew,  
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

*On her Paps.*

Her Paps like two faire Apples in their prime,  
From those blest sweets love sucks his summer time.

*On her good thoughts.*

Her mindfull breast perfumes with Frankincense,  
And sweetest Odours every fainting sence.

*On her waste and ribs.*

Fitly so named, since it doth waste  
Mens lives, untill it be embrac'd:  
Her ribs with white all armed be,  
Compact with curious symmetry.

*On her Skin, and Flesh.*

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new prest,  
And snowie flesh is soft as wooll new drest.

*On her Navell,*

Her love delights the wandring thought,  
Whilst that mine eyes astray are brought:  
Since Nature her would faine unite,  
In curious circles busie fight

*On her Belly.*

Most beautious scale of Virgins wax,  
Itty tis the impression lacks;  
This place my sence with joy doth fill,  
Since 'tis intitl'd *Cupids* hill:  
From whence a seemly passage th ere doth flow,  
To stranger pleasures that are plac'd below.

*On her Wombe.*

Her maiden wombe the dwelling house of pleasure,  
O blest is he may search that secret treasure.

*On her Thighs.*

These are the subjects that doe fit,  
The Genius of an *Ovids* wit;  
Whose hanches smooth as is the glasse,  
Our Albions cliffs in whitenesse passe.

*On her Knees.*

Thee knots of joy, and gems of love,  
With morion makes all graces move.

*On the calves of her Leggs.*

Marke well how faire the flesh doth rise,  
In her brave calves like Christall skies.

*On the small of her Leggs.*

View but her *Atlas* smallest small,  
More white than whitest bone of all.

*On her Feet.*

Her feet so short and slender little round,  
On earth a finer paine cannot be found.

*A taste of his Mst. effes perfections.*

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,  
With *Dianas* chastity;  
In those parts I have reveal'd  
*Venus* beauty is expreit;

Yet



Yet there are some parts still conceal'd,  
Which my fancy judgeth best.

*The Conclusion.*

Thus every part imparts a grace,  
And beauty dwells in every place.

*Loves moneth.*

May is not loves moneth, May is full of flowers,  
But dropping April, love, is full of showers.

*Definition of Love.*

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,  
Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell.

*Love will out.*

The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers.  
And love that is conceal'd beaies poore lovers.

*On the parting of Lovers.*

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,  
When 'twixt two bodies liverh but one heart,  
And lovers say the heart doth double wrong,  
When it is barr'd the assistance of the tongue.

*On the constancy of affections.*

Love well is said to be a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

*Loves Lottery.*

The world's a Lottery, a lovers prize,  
Is such a Girl that's faire, that's chaste, and wise,

*The quality of Love.*

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
Not grosse to sink, but light, and will aspire.

*What Love is.*

Love is a golden bubble full of dreams,  
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

*Lovers delight to be alone.*

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,  
Or with their loves, if needs they must have one.

*Vowes of Lovers.*

We know not how to love, till love unblinde us,  
And Vowes made ignorantly can never binde us.



*On the purity of their affections.*

Needs must *Venus* warres be sweet,  
When two maiden Lovers meet.

*Impossibility of concealing Love.*

The sight of hidden fire in selfe discovers,  
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poor lovers.

*On one sick with love.*

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,  
Great are the cares of those that are love-sick.

*The errors of Lovers.*

All men doe erre, because that men they be,  
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

*What Love is.*

I love is a subtile influence,  
Whose smallest force still hangerh in suspence.

*Love admits of no contrary arguments.*

Love hates all arguments, disputing still,  
For sence 'gainst reason with a sencelesse will.

*What Love is.*

Love is a blinded god, an angry Boy,  
A slave to beauties will, a witlesse toy;  
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,  
A private hell, a very sea of lust.

*Another definition of Love.*

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,  
A breach of Reasons Law, a secret thiefe,  
A living death, an ever-dying life,  
A Sea of teares, an everlasting strife:  
A bair for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,  
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

*On suddaine affection.*

From hasty love see thou abstaine,  
'Tis lust, not love that seekes thus to obtaine.

*The effects of Love.*

This is the least effects of *Cupids* dart,  
To change the minde by wounding of the heart.

*Cruelty of Love.*

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,  
But deafe and cruell where he memes to prey.

*The parting of Lovers.*

Love goes to love, as Schoole-boys from their bookes,  
But love from love, toward Schoole with heavy looks.

*A Maxime of Love.*

Tis folly by our wisest worldlings proved,  
If not to gaine by love, to be beloved.

*Loves wounds.*

One was the Bow, one was the Darr,  
Thar wounded us both to the heart:  
Then since we both doe feele one paine,  
Let one love cure us both againe.

*The constancy of Lovers.*

Once learne to love, the lesson is most plaine,  
And being learnt, is never lost againe.

*The force of love.*

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

*Of Musick and love.*

As without breath no pipe doth move,  
No Musick's kindly without love.

*A loving Conjunction.*

The day unto my hopes doth now shine faire,  
I and my love in love united are.

*Love findes an opportunity.*

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,  
They seldome faile to finde an opportunity.

*Offers of love not to be refused.*

Occasion's winged, and ever flyeth fast,  
Comming she smiles, and frownes once being past.

*Patience of lovers.*

One may endure: for when the paine is past,  
Reward though long it stay, yet comes at last.

*Sorrowes of lovers.*

Sighes are the ease calamity affords,

Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.  
*To his Mistresse on her expecte / humiliation from  
 him for a rude kisse.*

If that I must such pennance doe,  
 Ile bow unto no Saint but you.

*On the Teares of Lovers.*

In sighes the Lover speaks his secret pains,  
 Teares are his Oratory, words do make him tremble,  
 Yet womens teares fall when they most dissemble.

*On frozen affection.*

There where the hearts Atturney once is mute,  
 The Clyent breaks, as desperate of his suit.

*Of true and false love.*

True love's a Saint, so shall you true love know,  
 False love's a Scythian, yet a Saint in show.

*Love breaks all silence.*

What Fish so dumb, what Beast so dull of heart,  
 That hears love sing and will not beare a part.

*No businesse like that of Love.*

The faire, the false love can

Admit all but the busie man ;

He that hath busines, and makes love, does doe  
 Such wrong, as if a marrid man should woe.

*The perseverance of a Lover.*

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,  
 Who can feare sinking where such treasure lyes?

*The beginnings of Love.*

Faire beauty is the sparke of hot desire,  
 And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

*On the Lovers aduersity.*

As the Starres in darkest night,  
 So love by suffering shines more bright:  
 For like unto a hidden flame,  
 It will at last blaze forth againe.

*On Lust.*

Lust makes oblivion, beaterh reason back,  
 Forgetteth shames pure blush and honours wrack.

*On Virginity.*

The ripeſt Corne dyes, if it be not reapt,  
Beauty alone is loſt too early kept.

*A cruell Miſtris.*

Nothing ſo ill becomes the faire,  
As cruelty which yeelds unto no prayer.

*On Coyneſſe.*

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,  
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

*Another.*

Faire words and power attractive beauty,  
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

*Another.*

Hope and deſpaire attend a lover ſtill,  
Hope for to ſave, deſpaire to kill.

*On jealousie.*

Where jealousie in baſeſt minds doe dwell,  
'Tis mettall *Vulcan's* Cyclops ſent from hell.

*On pleaſures.*

Something muſt ſtill be left to cheere our ſin,  
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been.  
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,  
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

*On Chaſtity.*

The unſtain'd vaile, which Innocents adorne,  
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorne.

*Another on the ſame.*

*Penelope* in ſpending chaſte her daies,  
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

*A chaſte Vow.*

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to the day,  
Till from this light night hurries me away.

*Proteſtation of ſervice.*

I have vowed both love and duty,  
To your vertue and your beauty.

*On the Court.*

Thither let *Phæbus* Sons reſort,

Where shines their father, but in *Joves* great Court?  
*On her delaying marriage.*

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy,  
 Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

*On his Desires.*

What can be said, that Lovers cannot say?  
 Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

*On hand and heart.*

Heaven seals that faith which firmly stands,  
 And joyns our hands with hearts, our hearts with hands.

*On Misfortunes.*

The man that still amidst misfortunes stands,  
 Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands.

*On Fate.*

They fall which trust to Fortunes fickle wheels,  
 But stand by vertue, men shall never reele.

*On disdaine.*

In high disdaine love is a base desire.  
 And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

*Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expositions.*

To the red man read thy read,  
 With a brown man break thy bread,  
 The ones wise, the other trusty:  
 As the pale man draw thy knife,  
 From a black man keep thy wife;  
 The ones peevish, the other lusty.

*On the power of teares.*

Teares tye the tongue of an excusers grudge,  
 And softs the rigour of the sternest Judge.

*On Musick.*

Musick can hardly solace humane eares,  
 When strings are broke, and eyes are filld with teares.

*On continued grieve.*

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,  
 But by oft falling wears it out at length.

*On Marriage.*

Maids doe take more delight, when they prepare

And

And think of wives states then, when wives they are.

*On pleasures and griefes.*

Pleasures, like posting guests, make but small stay,  
Where griefes bide long, and leave a score to pay.

*On Youth.*

Youth learns to change the course that he hath run,  
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done.

*A merry Companion.*

Like to the self-inhabiting Snail,  
Or like a Squirell pen-thoused under his taile;  
Even such is my Mistris face in a vaile:  
Or like to a Carp that is lost in mudding;  
Nay more, Like to a black pudding:  
For as the pudding the skin lyes within,  
So doth my Mistris beauty in a Taffery ginne.

*On a modest faire one.*

Beautie's a beggar, fie, it is too bad,  
When in it selfe sufficiency is had:  
It was not made to please the wondring eye,  
But an attire to adorne sweet modesty:  
If modesty and women once doe sever,  
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever.

*On his Will.*

It lyes not in my power to love or hate,  
For Will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

*On the losse of Virginity.*

Jewels being lost, we find again, this never:  
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

*On Women.*

Let Wolves and beasts be cruell in their kinds:  
But Women meek, and have relenting minds.

*On Coy Dames.*

Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,  
Deceit and Treason in their bosome lyes.

*Another.*

Suppose thy Mistris fled from thee,  
As Daphne from Apollo:



Yet she at last changed will be  
If thou the chace doe follow.

*On the inconstancy of women.*

They melt with words as wax against the Sun;  
So weak are many womens modellies:  
That what sometimes they most would seem to shield,  
Another time poore souls unaskt they yeeld.

*Another on the same.*

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,  
They will, they will not; Hell is in their smile.

*On Lust.*

Lust never takes a joy in what is due.  
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

*On Virginity.*

Like untun'd golden strings faire women are,  
Which lying long untoucht, will harshly jar.

*Another.*

Virginity's a rose, which from the stem  
All faire would gather, gathered they contemn.

*On the modesty of women.*

Though men can cover crimes with their stern looks,  
Poore womens faeces are their own fault books.

*On a womans Teares.*

A womans Teares are falling Stars at night;  
No sooner seen, but quickly out of sight.

*A constant woman.*

Constant in Love, who tryes a womans mind,  
Wealth, beaurty, wit, and all in her doth finde.

*On the passions of a woman.*

A womans passions doth the fire resemble,  
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

*A Lovers griefe.*

As if my selfe my owne sad mourner were;  
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

*On the fading of Beauty.*

The fairest flowers of Beauty fades away;  
Like the fresh Lilly in the Sun-shine day.

*Another*

*Another on the same.*

Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,  
Rot and consume themselves in lirtle time.

*On the power of Beauty.*

The Lybian Lions lose their sternest might,  
If of a beaureous face they once get fight.

*Women envy one anothers beauty.*

It is a common rule, that women never  
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy it ever.

*On a Beauty cloistered up.*

Things much retain'd, do make us most desire them,  
And beauries seldom seen, make us admire them.

*On Beauty in meane attire.*

It is decreed, that features shall content,  
And that true Beauty needs no Ornament.

*On Beauties not enjoyed*

Never were Cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,  
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

*Beauties for the Court.*

In vaine our friends from this do us deliort,  
For Beauty will be where is most resort.

*Beauties not to be confined.*

Heaven made Beauty like her selfe to view,  
Not to be lockt up in a smoky mew,  
A Rosie tinctur'd feature is heavens gold,  
Which all joy for to rouch, all to behold.

*On the excellency and power of Beauty.*

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,  
And makes a man, that else would be a beast.

*A Rule.*

Complaine unto thy love with flattering art,  
For gentle words do move the hardest heart.

*The effects of Beauty.*

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,  
It supplies rigor, and it lessens sin.

*To his coy Bride on the Bridall night.*

Why art thou coy, my Leda? art not mine?

[[Flath

Hath not the holy *Himenean* twine,  
Power to contract our Nupties? Must I be  
Still interposed with needlesse modesty?  
What though my former passions made me vow  
You were an Angell, Be a mortall now,  
The Bride-maids are all vanisht, and the crue  
Of Virgin Ladies that did wait on you,  
Have left us to our selves; as loth to be  
Injurious to our loving privacie.

Come then, undresse, why blush you? prethee smile;  
Faith, I'll dis-robe you, nay, I will not spoile  
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorger; Her's a pin  
Pricks your fair *Leda*, 'twere a cruell thing,  
Not to remove it. Oh! how many gates  
Are to *Elizium*, yet the sweetest straites  
That ere made Voyage happy, here's a Lace,  
Me thinks should stifle you, it doth embrace  
Your body too severely, take a knife;

'Tis tedious to undoe it, by my life

It shall be cut, your Carnation gown

Shall be pull'd off: Come, I must needs pull down

This Rosie Petticoate, why should this Cloud

Keep that light from me that is now allow'd.

I am priviledg'd, appeare to me in white;

'Tis like my innocent ayne, what means this Light?

Thou shalt be *Eve* in the Garden: We are alone

Come let's to bed, why look you so, here's none

Sees you, but I, be quick, by this hand

I'll lay you down my selfe, in faith you stand

Too long 'ith cold, why doe you lye so far,

I'll follow you, distance shall never bar

My armes from your embraces, so, 'tis well, and now

I'll let thy Virgin purity know how

Kings propagate young Princes, Marriage beds

Never destroy, except be Maiden-heads.

Faire Virgins fairly wedded, doe repaire

Declining Beaurty in a prosperous heire.

Come

Come then, let us kisse, let us embrace each other,  
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.  
Such a waste breast, a belly, sweetest why  
Doe you remove still further, if thus you vye,  
You'le make me strive, I thinke you know  
I have a warrant for what I am to doe,  
And can commit no trespasse, therefore come,  
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

*A returne of the Lye to his Mistresse.*

You say I lye, I say not, judge you whether :  
But if I needs must lye, let's lye together.

*To his Mistresse.*

I love, because it comes to me by kind,  
And much, because it much delights my mind :  
And thee, because thou art within my heart :  
And thee alone, because of thy desert.

*A clownish Courtship.*

Excellent Mistresse, brighter then the Moon,  
Then scowred Pewter, or the silver Spoon ;  
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the Morning Star,  
Dainty fine Mistresse, by my troth you are :  
Thine eyes like Diamonds shine most clearly,  
As I am an honest man I love thee most dearly.

*Loves prime.*

Deare Love doe not your beauty wrong.  
With thinking still you are too young,  
The Rosie Lilly on your cheek  
Dorh flourish, and a ripening seek :  
Those flaming beams shot from your eye,  
Doe shew Loves Mid-summer is nigh ;  
Your Ivory Lips, red, soft and sweet,  
Proclaime those joyes Lovers doe meet ;  
Then lose no time, for Love hath wings,  
And flies away from aged things.

*How to woo a Maid.*

He that intends to woo a maid,  
With youthfull heat must shun the shade ;

When

When Floras Gardens are i<sup>th</sup> prime,  
 Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time* ;  
 There where the Sun doth shine birds sing,  
 Let them too both kisse and fling :  
 Till Summers fairest Carpet spread,  
 Yields them a green and pleasant bed ;  
 If lovers there would strive together,  
 Chastity would not weigh one feather.

*On an incomparable kisse.*

Give me a kisse from those sweet lips of thine,  
 And make it double by enjoying mine,  
 Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,  
 And let the first kisse be the seconds brother,  
 Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more,  
 And then repeat those that have gon<sup>e</sup> before.  
 Let us begin whilst day-light springs in heaven,  
 And kisse till the Meridian's masqued with the even;  
 And when that modest Secretary, night,  
 Discovers all, but thy heaven-flaming bright.  
 We will begin revels of hidden love,  
 In that sweet Orbe, where silent pleasures move,  
 In high new straines of unspeakable delight,  
 Wee'l spend the dull houres of the drowsie night ;  
 Residing 'twixt those breasts that are so white,  
 Where I shall know an innocent delight,  
 Embracing still, for time runs on before,  
 And being spent, we shall embrace no more.

*A vow to his inestimable M<sup>stresse</sup>.*

By those sweet Rosie blushes, that did move  
 Your dainty Cheeks, when I first receiv'd my love,  
 By those fore-running sighes, whose gentle calmes  
 Perfum'd the aire, sweet as the Indian Balmes.  
 By those sweeter Ruby Portals, that disclose  
 Two Hemisphaeres of Pearle, contriv'd to pose  
 The yet amazed beholder, by your eyes  
 Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flies  
 Over Arabian Mountaines, ere his heat.

*Dor.*

Doth cause the tiring rurall Negro sweat  
Under his pressing burthen, by your haire,  
Which pardon, sweetest if I rearm a snare  
To catch a Cupid in, next by those breasts  
Moist bankes of Lilies your Lover thus protests  
With registred vowes of love seal'd in this kisse  
Of truth and zeal, that Dirties want such blisse.

*To his M. stresse.*

When first I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play  
The gentle thief, and stol'st my heart away.  
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,  
Two are too much for thee, since I have none;  
But if thou wilt not, I will swear thou art  
A sweet fac'd creature, with a double heart.

*On the paucity of the faire.*

Numbet the daies, the cloudy and the cleare,  
And thou shalt find more faire then soule i'th year;  
But womens beauries if thou so compare,  
The greatest number are more foule than faire;  
But he that takes a foule slut to his wife,  
Doth pennance daily, yet fins all his life.

*To his M. stresse on the frailty of Beauty.*

Let not brittle beaury make  
You your wiser thoughts forsake:  
For that lovely face will faile;  
Beaury's sweet, but beaury's fraile;  
It sooner fades, 'tis sooner done,  
Then Summers raine, or Winters Sun;  
Most fleeting, whilst it is most cleare,  
'Tis gone whilst you but say 'tis here.  
That time will come, when cheek, chin, nose,  
Shall be de-flour'd of 'th Lilly, and the Rose;  
And what will then become of all,  
Those which you now your servants call,  
Like Swallows, when the Summer's done,  
They'l fly unto some warmer Sun;  
Then seek amongst the multitude



Of Lovers, that dare to intrude  
 Into your favours : One that may  
 Love for an Age, and not a Day :  
 One that will quench your youthfull fire,  
 And feed in Age your hot desire.

*Disdaine for disdaine.*

Tell him that hath my heart in chase,  
 But now at other game doth flye ;  
 Great sicknesse ne're shall spoile my face,  
 Nor puling heighhoses wet mine eye.

*To his Mistresse.*

Aske me no more, whether doth stray  
 The golden Attomes of the day ;  
 For in pure love the Heavens prepare  
 Such powders to enrich your haire.

Aske me no more, whither doth haste  
 The Nightingale, when May is past :  
 For in thy sweet dividing throat,  
 She winters and keeps warme her note.

Aske me no more, where *Love* bestowes,  
 When Iune is past the fading Rose :  
 For in thy beauties orient deep,  
 All flowers, as in their cause's sleep.

Aske me no more, where those Stars light,  
 That downwards shoot in dead of night :  
 For in thine eyes they set, and there  
 Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

Aske me no more whether East or West,  
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest :  
 For unto thee at last she flies,  
 And in thy fragrant bosome dyes.

*On his Mistresses kinde expressions.*

Thy words so cheer up this faint heart of mine,  
 'Tis brisker now then when 'tis glad with wine.



*An invective against women.*

Oh heavenly pow'rs ! why did you bring to light,  
A thing call'd woman, natures over-sight ;  
That slave-borne tyrant, shop of immunity ;  
That gilded Weather-cock, trunke of misery.  
Why, what is woman ? She is such a creature  
As nature seeming to adorne her feature,  
Forgot to make her honest ; This is she  
That first did pluck from the forbidden Tree,  
From which she then began to fall  
From bad to worst, from worst to worst of all,  
And therefore thus I will define a woman,  
To be a speculative thing, that's good for no man :  
A woman can doe more then any Devill,  
Man God made good, she hath made evill ;  
And these fond women, which we most men cherish,  
Are the efficientes why the wisest perish.

*On his Mistresse walking in the Sun.*

I saw *Clarinda* walke alone  
When feathered raine came softly downe ;  
Then *Ioue* descended from his Tower,  
To court her in a silver shower :  
The wanton Snow flew to her breast,  
Like little Birds into their nest :  
But overcome with whitenesse there,  
For grieve it thaw'd into a teare ;  
Then falling downe her garments hem  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

*On Love.*

Love is a game of Tables, where the dye  
Of Maids affection doth by fancy fly ;  
And if you like such pleasures in a blot,  
Tis ren to one if that you enter not :  
But being a gamester, you may safely venter,  
When that your point is opposite to the center.  
And watch your play, for now and then,  
Doe what you can, they will be bearing men.

*A description*

*A description of true love.*

Two hands, two feet, two eares, two eyes,  
One tongue, one heart, where love ne're dyes.

*A Reprive for a love-sick minde.*

Thoughts doe not vex me whilst I sleep;  
Grief doe not move me,  
Smile nor false hope, whilst I weep;  
She cannot love me.  
Had I been as cold and nice,  
And as often burning,  
Then as she had I been Ice,  
And she as I, now burning.

Tears flow no more from my swoln eyes;  
Sighes doe not so oppresse me,  
Stop not your eares at my sad cries.  
Oh! but release me;  
Were you as sad as I,  
And as full of mourning,  
Very grieve would make you dye,  
At least leave off your scorning.

*A Resolve.*

Shall I be slave unto a womans will,  
Or feare her frownes that with a frowne can kill?  
Shall I poure out my thoughts to such a one,  
That cannot rest ill she hath made them knowne?  
Oh no, i' e hate your Sex, yet hate ile smother,  
Because I know a woman was my mother.

*A wh. msie to his Mistris.*

Venus naked in her Chamber,  
Wounds more deep then Mars in Armour.

*Her reply.*

If such an enemy you feare,  
Look to it, see you come not there.

*The Lovers Ghost,*

Goe restlesse Ghost, tell that proud Faies,  
She was my cause of dying,

And

And if she still prove coy to heare,  
 Importune her with crying :  
 If angry look still threaten war,  
 Oh then tell beauties jewell,  
 Though Angels are le se faire by far,  
 Yet Tygers are lesse cruell.  
 Tell her those eyes that wrought my ill,  
 Never gave them power to kill  
 The heart that so adored them :  
 Tell her it comes to beg of her,  
 What cannot be prevented  
 Upon my grave, to drop one teare,  
 And I shall be contented.

*Loves Exchange.*

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;  
 Hand, heart, and all thou hast is mine.

*The Lover's complaint and resolution.*

Oh Love ! are all thy arrowes gone  
 That shot chaste fire ?

Or is it my poore fate alone,  
 To feeble desire,

Whose ends doe fright us to begin,  
 And makes it though of love a sin.

Break heart : What strong affection  
 Will it prove,

That is not lust ? yet none

Dares call it Love :

I'll gaze no more on her

Bewitching face,

Since ruine harbors there

In every place :

For my enchanted soul alack she drowns

With calmes and tempests, of her smiles and frowns.

I love no more those cruell eyes of hers,

That pleased or angry, still are murderers :

For if she dart like lightning through the aire,

Her

Her beames of wrath

She kills we with despaire :

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
I surfer with excesse of joy, and dye.

*On the Complexions and Constitutions.*

The faire to folly is easie to be led,  
The long are lazie both at board and bed ;  
The little for the most part they are curst,  
The black are proud, so from the Cradle nurst ;  
The fat are frolick, unto mirth inclin'd,  
The leane with sadnesse are like famine pin'd ;  
The red are subtil, and their browes are sure  
Both to their Friend, and to their wedlock pure :  
The fearefull and the peevish pale and wan,  
The black, a woman-lover more then man :  
In fine, my friend, for thy more quiet life,  
Too farre trust no Complexion with thy wife.

*Vpon Clarinda's begging a locke of haire,*

Divine *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls faire,  
Begged my heart of me, and a locke of haire ;  
Should I give both, said I, how should I live ?  
The locke I would, the heart I would not give ;  
For that least theeving Love should steale away,  
Discretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key :  
As for the lock of haire which Lovers use,  
My head laid on her knee, I prayed her chuse :  
Taking her Sizars by a cunning art,  
First pickt the lock, and then she stole my heart.

*The Lovers undertakings.*

Fierce Bulls when *Venus* stings incite,  
Loud bellowing for their Heifers fight ;  
The jealous Hart not then inclin'd  
To feare, dares combat for his kind.  
If Beasts these bold attempts dare doe,  
What ist I will not venture to :  
He climbe up rocks my love to please,  
And doe much more to give her ease.

Clarindas

*Clarindas Picture to be drawn thus.*

**I**ngenuous Artist, teach thy Penfil how  
 To paint a goddesse, I would have thee know  
 I have a Mistresse, thy admired art  
 Must limme like my description, doe not start  
 If I command a work above thy skill,  
 And send thee once more to *Parnassus* hill,  
 To heare *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you seen  
 The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen,  
 Her cheeks resemble somewhat, though each Rose  
 In hers seem pluckt, but my *Clarindas* grows.  
 Yet may they passe, the Lilies that doe stand  
 Upon her breasts, tells you my Mistresse hand  
 As paterne to the whiteneffe of her eyes,  
 Not want that heavenly vertue to surprize  
 Only my heart; Let them be loved by none  
 Whose glories are to captive every one:  
 'Tis only my ambition for to be  
 Fit for my Mistresse, here's just jump for me:  
 But to my first description, for her hairs,  
 Let them be such as chaste *Diana* weares;  
 And let her Fore-head not inferiour be,  
 To that which shewes great *Juno's* majesty.  
 Let those two rosie portalls, that I call  
 Her rubie Lips, be but so magicall,  
 As is her owne, so sweet, so balmy made;  
 Sure I shall leave the substance for the shade:  
 If you think these Enigmae's, and that I  
 Strive but to pose you with my Poetry:  
 Making an argument you never saw,  
 Such goddesses feigned by Poetick Law:  
 I answer, such divine parts you shall see,  
 Get such a Mistresse, and but love like me.

*On an ugly woman.*

*Kate* doth not only hide her privie ware,  
 But breast and neck, where coyest maids goe bare;

Yet

Yet is there one soul unbecoming place  
Uncovered left; What call you that? Her face.

*To his Mistrresse.*

Dearest, thy twined hairs are not threads of gold,  
Nor thine eyes Diamonds, nor do I behold  
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be  
Fresh Roses, nor thy Dugg of Ivory,  
Thy skin that doth thy dainry body sheath,  
Nor Alabaster is, nor dost thou breath  
Arabian Odors; these the earth brings forth,  
Compar'd with thine thy would impair thy worth:  
Such then are other Mistresses, but mine  
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

*Upon the withered Roses of his quondam  
Mistresses cheeks.*

**D**Ost see how unregarded now  
That peice of beauty passes:  
There was a time when I did vow  
To that alone,  
But marke the Fate of faces.  
That red and white works now no more on me,  
Then if it could charme, nor I not see.  
And yet the face continues good,  
And I have still desires,  
And still the seife same flesh and bloud  
As apt to melt,  
And safer from such fires.  
Oh some kinde powers unriddle where it lyes,  
Whether my heart be faulty or her eyes.  
She every day her man doth kill,  
And I as often dye,  
Neither her power then, or my will  
Can question'd be.  
What is the mystery?  
Sure beauties Empire like to greater states,  
Have certain periods set, and hidden tates.

*A Ladies*

*A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.*

**S**ince I must needs into thy Schoole returne,  
Be pitifull, Oh Love, and doe not burne  
Me with desires of cold and frozen age,  
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page:  
But gentle *Cupid*, give me if you can,  
One to my love whom I may call a man,  
Of person comely, and of face as sweet,  
Let him be sober, secret, and discreet:  
Well practiz'd in Loves Schoole, let him within  
Weare all his beard, and not upon his chin.

*To his Mistris.*

A constant heart within a womans breast,  
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory chest.

*Her Answer.*

Of such a treasure then thou art possesst,  
For thou hast such a heart in such a breast.

*A back-side Complement.*

Mistris beleeve me, for I tell you true,  
I cannot but disgorge to you,  
The quezy maw of my ore-cram'd affection,  
Suckt from your magazine of full perfection.  
The comely spreading of your twelve sized feet  
Made me inamoured when we first did meet.  
Those ill-matcht twins then your columnious leg,  
Gramarcy short-coat scrued up the peg,  
From love to admiration sure said I,  
The Fabricks archt with monstrous rarity.  
What's underneath should one but dare to see,  
'Twould cast him straight into a Lethargy.  
Keep close I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough  
To view your Non-such, (most egregious stuffe)  
Your hand so like the faire paw of a puttock,  
Your face the Effigies of my Grannams ----  
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipse:  
But O the fulnesse of your well-hang'd lips!  
Your Gnomon nose; oh how it doth me please?  
H 'Twould



'Twould serve me for an Ephemerides :  
 To precipitate my satiated sence,  
 With its illustriall opall influence:  
 Who travellerth the craggie Alpes ne're seeth  
 More choice variety than in your teeth.  
 All dainty Virginal Jacks, how do they chatter,  
 And make sweet Musick on each tinkling platter.  
 Your neat composed bundle, to be brief,  
 Is of all Pack horse carriages the chief.  
 But what needs praises, I le say no more but thus,  
 Thou art a pretty ugly durty pus.

*Another.*

Faire Madam, thee, whose every thing  
 Deserves the Close Stool of a King;  
 Whose head is faire as any bone,  
 White and smooth as pumice stone:  
 Whose naturall baldnesse scornes to weare  
 The needleffe excrements of haire;  
 Whose fore-head streaks our hearts, commands  
 Like Dover Clifts, or Goodwins Sands:  
 While from those dainty Glo-worm eyes,  
 Cupid shoots Plum-pudding Pyes,  
 While from the Arches of thy Nose  
 A Cream-pot of sweet Nectar flows:  
 Faire dainty lips, so smooth, so slick,  
 And truly Alabaster cheek;  
 Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat  
 That such pretty Mill-stones eat.  
 O let me heare some silent Song,  
 Tun'd by the Jewes- Trump of thy tongue.  
 O how thy chin becomes thee well,  
 Where never hairie beard shall dwell;  
 Thy Corra'll neck doth statelier bow,  
 Then *Jo's* when she turned a Cow.  
 O let me, or I shall ne're rest,  
 Suck the black bottles of thy breast.  
 Or lay my head, and rest me still

On that dainty Gogmagog hill.  
 O curious and unfadomed wast,  
 As slender as the stateliest mast;  
 Thy fingers too breed my delight,  
 Each wart a naturall margerite:  
 O pittie then my dismall moane,  
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.  
 Thou knowest how I lament and houle,  
 Snort, condole, look sad and scoule:  
 Each night so great my passions be,  
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.  
 Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,  
 Thy Petticoat to pittie moved;  
 Then let thy Lover mercy finde,  
 To kisse thee once though it be behind.  
 Sweet kisse, sweet lips, delicious sence,  
 How sweet a Zephirus blows from thence?  
 Blest Petticoat, most blest her smock,  
 That daily buffeth her Buttock:  
 For now the Proverb true I finde,  
 That the best part is still behind.

*A wooing fit in verse.*

**H**E. Much ado, I have god wor,  
 I would love, but thou wilt not.  
**S H E.** Reason, Sir, men are not true,  
**H E.** Why, was any false to you?  
 Sweetest I have lov'd thee long;  
**S H E.** Yet Sir Love should do no wrong.  
**H E.** Prethee sweet, come kisse me then,  
**S H E.** No Sir, Maids must kisse no men,  
**H E.** I the heavens for witnesse crave,  
**S H E.** They will shine cleare, though you'r a knave.  
**H E.** Never lov'd a truer youth,  
**S H E.** Men do not alwaies speak the truth,  
**H E.** By all those vows that Lovers use,  
**S H E.** Thus they protest, yet do abuse;

And full oft maids are deluded,  
When with kisses love's concluded.

*Love Queres.*

**BEL.** When will Love be void of feares?

**TEL.** When jealousie hath neither eyes nor eares:

**BEL.** When is Love most male-content?

**TEL.** When lovers range, & bear their bows unbent.

**BEL.** Tell me when Love is best fed, (bred.

**TEL.** When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath

**B.** When is Lovers time ill spent?

**T.** When Love doth farme, yet takes no rent.

**B.** When is time well spent in Love?

**T.** When deeds ensue, and words work Love.

**B.** What cal'st thou Love, I prethee tell,

**T.** It is a fountaine, and that well,

Where pleasure and repentance dwell.

It is a work on holy day,

It is December match'd with May.

**B.** I prethee faire one, doe not faine,

**T.** It is a Sun-shine mixt with raine,

It is a tooth-ach, or like game:

It is a yea, it is a nay,

A pretty kind of sporting fray.

**B.** Come, come, Ile heare no more, away.

*A Parley betwixt a Fryer somewhat lascivious,  
and a faire Nunne.*

**Fr.** Since both our age, our sex, and all doe move,  
Why doth not thy respects requite my love;

**N.** Thy habit pleakth nor, others love black,  
The white that's in my eye best fit a Lovers back.

**Fr.** Under this robe of black behold white skin,  
Though black thou dost exclude, let whitenesse in.

**N.** To chastity Frier thou know'st thou are wedded  
And that black robe is witnesse to thy vow. (row,

**F.** My vaile ile cast aside, if that hath bred  
Any dislike of me to enjoy thy naked bed.

**N.** Thy

N. Thy vaile though thou forsake thou art the same  
Or is my sin the lesse, or lesse thy shame?

F. A fault I doe confesse it, but a small,  
And if a sin, sure 'tis but veniall.

N. To violate Chastity is the great'st of crimes,  
But as a Votaresse more a thousand times

F. Sure I can shrift thee for thy greatest sin,  
If thou wilt not consent let's both walke in.

*Another short wooing fit.*

I. Sweet soul, to whom I vowed I am a slave,  
Let me the enjoyment of my wishes have.

M. Sweet Sir, let not a wretch that is so poore,  
Expect to hord up treasure for his store.

I. Yet still take heed, lest thou thy selfe submit,

M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.

I. Prethee be silent, beaurty takes in rent:

M. But folly bought, is worse than money spent.

I. Well, for this once i'll take thee as thou art.

M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own sweet heart.

*The feares and resolutions of two Lovers.*

D. What wouldst thou wish, tell me deare Lover,

S. How I might but thy thoughts discover.

D. If my firme Love I were denying,

Tell me with sighs, wouldst thou be dying?

S. Those words in jeast to heare thee speaking,

For very grieve this heart is breaking.

D. Yet wouldst thou change? I prethee tell me,

In seeing one that doth excell me?

S. O no, for how can I aspire

To more than to my owne desire:

This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,

Though I doe swear't, you'l not beleeve me.

D. Imagine that thou dost not love me,

But some beaurty that's above me.

S. To such a thing sweet doe not will me,

The naming of the same will kill me.

D. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares :  
 S. I doe forgive, witnesse these teares.

*The wooing of a coy Dame.*

R. **T**He cause my sweet thou dost deny,  
 M. Because thou dost not please my eye.  
 R. Thy reason why to me impart,  
 M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart.  
 R. There is no heart so fierce and hard.  
 M. Nor person of so small regard.  
 R. The reason doth thy love controule,  
 M. Thou dost torment my very soule.  
 R. O remedy my loving smart,  
 M. I'll keep such dangers from my heart.  
 R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keep?  
 M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weep.  
 R. My passions dost thou mock at too?  
 M. Farewell Sir, without more to doe.

*The Lover and his Mistresse.*

He. I say I love, and if you aske how well,  
 My tongue replies to thee, no tongue can tell.  
 S H E, You say you love, be sure you doe,  
 For lying will not profit you.  
 H E. Madam, I love, and love to doe,  
 And will not lye unlesse with you.

*A contention between a wife, a widow, and a maid.*

**W**ife, If to be borne a maid be such a grace,  
 So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too ;  
 But seeking more perfection to embrace,  
 I did become a Wife, as others doe.  
 W. And if the maid and wife such honours have,  
 I have been both, and hold a third degree :  
 Most maids are Wards, and every wife a slave ;  
 I have my livery sued, and I am free.  
 M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,  
 And were not constant to continue so

The falls of Angels did increase their sin,  
In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

*Wife.* Why marriage is an honourable state,

*W.* And Widow-hood is a reverend degree;

*M.* But maiden-head, that will admit no mate.

Like Majesty it selfe must sacred be.

*Wife.* The wife is Mistris of her family.

*W.* Much more the widow, for she rules alone.

*M.* But mistris of my owne desires am I,

When you rule others wills, and not your own.

*Wife.* Only the wife enjoys the vertuous pleasure.

*W.* The widow can abstaine from pleasures known.

*M.* But the uncorrupted maid preferres such measure,

As being by pleasures woo'd, she cares for none.

*Wife.* The wife is as a Diamond richly set,

*M.* The maid unset, doth yet more rich appeare;

*W.* The widow, a jewell in the Cabinet,

Which though not worn, is still esteemed as deare.

*Wife.* The wife doth love, and is belov'd again.

*W.* The widow is awak't out of that dream.

*M.* The maids white minde hath never such a stain,

No passions troubles her cleare vertues stream.

*W.* Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitlesse bay.

*M.* And what's a widow? but a roselesse bryer.

And what are wives, but wood-bindes which decay,

Yea stately Okes, which by themselves aspire?

*W.* Wives are as birds in golden cages kept,

*Wife.* Yet in those cages cheerfully they sing.

*W.* Widowes are birds out of those cages leapt,

Whose joyfull notes make all the Forrest ring.

*M.* But maids are birds amidst the woods secure,

Which never hand could touch, nor yet could take,

Nor whistle could deceive, nor bait allure,

But free unto themselves, doe Musick make.

*Wife.* The wife is as a Turtle with her mate.

*W.* The widow as the widow Dove alone,

Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state.

*M.* The maid a Phenix, and is still but one.

*Wife.* The wife's a soule unto her body tyed.

*W.* The widow a soule departed into blisse.

*M.* The maid an Angell which is stellified,  
And now unto faire heaven ascended is.

*Wife.* Wives are fair houses kept, and furnisht well.

*W.* Widowes old castles void, but full of state.

*M.* But maids are temples where the gods do dwell.

*Wife.* An office well supply'd is like a wife.

*W.* The widow like a gainfull office void.

*M.* But maids are like contentment in this life,  
Which all the world hath sought, but none enjoy'd.

*M.* Goe wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.

*W.* Go gentle maid, and lead thy Apes in hell.

*Wife.* Go widow, make some younger brother rich.

And then take thought, and dye, and all is well.

*Wife.* Alas poore maid, thou hast no help nor stay.

*W.* Alas poore wife, that nothing dost possesse.

*M.* Alas poore widow, charity doth say,

Pitty the widow and the fatherlesse.

*Wife.* We wives have children, what a joy is this?

*W.* Widows have children too, but maids have none.

*M.* No more have Angels, yet they have more blisse

Then ever yet to mortall earth was known.

*Wife.* The wife is like a faire manured field.

*W.* The widow once was such, but now doth rest.

*M.* The maid like Paradise, undrest, untill'd,

Bears crops of native vertue in her breast.

*Wife.* Who would not dye a wife as *Locrine* did?

*W.* Or live a widow as *Penelope*.

*M.* Or be a maid, and so be stellified,

As all the vertues, and the graces be.

*Wife.* Wives are like apples serv'd in golden dishes.

*W.* Widows good wine, which time makes better

*M.* But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes, (much

But that they grow so high as none can touch.

*W.* I have a daughter equals you my girle.

*M.* The



*M.* The daughter doth excell the mother then:  
 As pearles are better than the mother of Pearle.  
 Maids lose their value when they match with men.  
 A maids the perfect st of created things,  
 The purest gold that suffers no Allay:  
 The sweetest flower that on earths bosome springs,  
 The pearle unbor'd, whose price, no price can pay,  
 The Christall glasse that will not venome hold,  
 The mirrour wherein Angels love to looke,  
 Dianas bathing fountain, clear and cold.  
 Beauties fresh rose, and vertues living book.

*Wife.* Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell,  
 What comforts and what joyes in marriage be.

*M.* Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heaven do dwell,  
 They doe the soules in Purgatory see.

*Wife.* There never was a wife that lik't her lor,

*W.* Nor widow but was clad in mourning weeds.

*M.* Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,  
 Both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

*A Lover and his Mistress.*

*L.* Whilst thou didst love me, and that neck of thine  
 More white and soft than Roses silver'd downe,  
 Did weare a neck lace, of no armes but mine;  
 I envied not the King of Spain his Crown.

*M.* Whilst of thy heart I was sole Sovereigne,  
 And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise,  
 Which now poore maid, thou dost so much disdain,  
 I envied not the Queen of Englands fame.

*L.* What though I sue to thee againe for grace,  
 And sing thy praises sweeter than before,  
 If I within my heart imprint thy face,  
 Wilt thou love me againe, and love me more?

*M.* Thou shalt be then again my morning star,  
 Though lighter yet then floting Cork thou be;  
 And then the Irish Sea, more angry far:  
 With thee ile wish to live, and dye with thee.

*A Lovers discourse with his heart.*

**L.** **S**He's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree?

**H.** Not nature now, but love doth governe me.

**L.** What if her heart be hard, she stops her eares,

**H.** Ile sigh aloud, and makes it soft with teares.

**L.** Why then despaire, go pack thee hence away,

**H.** I live in hope to have a happy day.

*A Discourse between a Lover, Death, and Cupid.*

**L.** **C**ome gentle death. **D.** Who cal'st? **L.** on's oppress'd,

**D.** What is thy wil? **L.** That thou abridge my wo,

By cutting off my life. **D.** Cease thy request,

I cannot kill thee yet. **L.** Alas, why so?

**D.** Thou wanst thy heart. **L.** Who stole that same away?

**D.** Love whom thou serv'st. **L.** Entreat him if thou may.

**L.** Come *Cupid* come. **C.** Who calleth me so oft?

**L.** Thy vassal true, whom thou shouldst know by right.

**C.** What makes thy cry so faint? **L.** My voice is soft,  
Quite broke and spent with crying day and night.

**C.** What then, what's thy request? **L.** That thou restore  
To me my heart, and steale the same no more.

And thou O death, when I possesse my heart,

Dispatch me then at once. **D.** Alas, why so?

**L.** By promise thou art bound to end my smart.

**D.** But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?

**L.** That brought from frost, it never will desire,

To rest with me that am more hot then fire.

*The Curse.*

May that man whom thy embrace

Would make happy in my place,

By thy example prove

As false to thee and love.

And ere thy amorous sheets invire

Him to glory in my right,

May their owne feares make thee see

Mendicant in his face; that he

With

With every lock of haire  
 May teach thee to despair:  
 Yet rest not there, but be more soad to know  
 Whether thy heart be stone or no:  
 Till of those doubts to be releast,  
 Thou strik'st a wound upon thy breast:  
 So bold, so great, that I  
 May be assur'd that thou wilt dye:  
 Thus offer'd up a sacrifice to me,  
 I may at last forget thy Perjury,

*A Vapour.*

Give me a breath of thunder, let me speake  
 Amorous accents, 'till their clamours break  
 Rocks with the noise obstreperous; I will warble  
 Such bouncing notes shall cleave obdurate marble:  
 Upon mount Caucasus heavens knocking head  
 Boreas shall blow my trumpet, untill I spread  
 Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three Sisters,  
 Till Envies eares shall heare it and have blisters:

*Praises on her Singing.*

The Grasshopper chants not his Autumne quire  
 So sweet, nor Cricket by the Chimney fire.

*On her Dancing.*

Have you beheld the little sable beast  
 Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a flaw?  
 Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper,  
 Dancing a measure o're a Ladies smock;  
 With motion quick, and courtly Equipage,  
 So trips my Mistris o're the flowry stage.

*On her sleeping.*

Zephirus breaths not with a sweeter gale,  
 Through a Grove of Sycamores; the soft spring  
 Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course  
 With sweeter murmur: Let *Amphions* Lute  
 That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:  
 Or *Leus* shall break his Harp, and silent be  
 The Reed of *Pan*, and Pipe of *Mercury*.

Yea though the spheres be dumb I care not for't,  
No Musick such as her melodious snort.

*On her Spitting.*

Like the sweet Gums that from Elestar trees  
Distill, or honey of the labouring Bees ;  
Like morning dew, that in a pleasant showre  
Drops pearles into the bosome of a flower ;  
*Cupid* with Acorn-Cups close by her sits,  
To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.

*In praise of Sack.*

Fill me a Bowl of Sack with roses crown'd,  
Fill't to the brim, ile have my temples bound  
With flowry chaplers, and this day permit  
My Genius to be free, and frolick it ;  
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine  
Ile chaunt *B. Johnsons* praise, that every line  
Shall prove immortall, 'till my moistned-quill  
Melt into Verses, and Nectar-like distill :  
Lime sad; or durt; till bowles brim-fild infuse  
New life in me, new spirit in my muse ;  
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleasing desires  
In my chil'd blond, kindle such active fires  
That my gray hairs seeme fled, my wrinckled face  
Grown smooth as *Hebe's* ; youth and beauties grace,  
To my shrunk veines fresh blood and-spirits bring  
Warmed as the Summer, sprightfull as the Spring :  
Then all the world is mine, *Cresus* is poore  
Compar'd with me ; he's rich that askes no more ;  
And I in Sack have all which is to me  
My home, my life, health, wealth and liberty :  
Then have I conquer'd all, I boldly dare  
My trophies with the *Peleian* youth compare  
Him I will equall, as his sword, my Pen ;  
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men :  
Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,  
Killing cares to day I have out-liv'd my sorrow.

*To the Painter and his Picture.*



I could not write before, but when I saw  
 The quaint presumer offering to draw  
 A piece beyond the richnesse of his Art;  
 I was as bold as he, and rook't to heart :  
 For ( if the Author failes not ) Poets may  
 Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they ;  
 Lord how the Painter look'd ! her face he spy'd,  
 And her faire face does make his colour rise :  
 He was amaz'd at first, when every part  
 Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art;  
 Came to out-vie him as he thought, and show  
 How he and's peice must to the patterne owe.  
 He questions mispent time, and sweares he had  
 Great injury when he first learnt the trade ;  
 For had he seen you then, and known you too,  
 His service had been prentice unto you :  
 To you, in whose most perfect figures shine  
 VVhat Painters call most rare, Poets Divine.  
 Now let me tell thee truely, what I see  
 Thou mak'st the Picture, and the peece makes thee.  
 'Tis true thou dost it well, for I have seene  
 Thee, when th'ast often limm'd out beauties Queen,  
 Not to have showne such curious workmanship  
 Either in eye or brow, or cheek, or lip :  
 Thou dost it well I say, but yet, good Sir,  
 Allow most credit of the wotke to her :  
 Did not she shew thee, when she sweetly smil'd  
 How to paint *Venus*, sending of her child  
 About Loves powerfull errand ? one may know  
 By th'cast o' th eye to whom her heart doth goe.

*On two Lovers playing for kisses.*

My love and I for kisses play'd,  
 She would keep stakes, I was content ;  
 But when I won she would have pay'd,  
 This made me aske her what she meant ?

Prethee

Prethee since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vaine,  
Take your own kisses, give me mine againe.

*On a Mistris too learned for him.*

One proffer'd me a wife was faire and young,  
Who had the French, Dutch, and the Latine Tongue,  
I thanked him; but I will have none such,  
For I think one tongue for a wife too much;  
Why love you not the learn'd, yes as my life,  
A learned Schollar, nor a learned wife.

*On his Mistris sick of a Calenture.*

And must she languish, and we sorrow thus,  
And no kind God help her, or pittie us?  
Is Justice fled from heaven? Can she permit  
A foule deformed ravisher to sit  
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence  
The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?  
To spread cold paleneesse in her lips, and chase  
The frighted Rubies from their native place,  
To lick up with his scorching flames a flood  
Of dissolv'd Corall running in her bloud,  
And with the damps of his infectious breath  
Print in her brow moist characters of death?  
Must the clear light gainst course of nature cease  
In her faire lips, and yet the flames increase?  
Must Feavours shake this golden tree, and all  
The ripe fruit from her fairest branches fall;  
Which Princes have desir'd to taste? must she  
Who hath preserv'd her spotlesse chastity  
From every mans asperitions, now at last  
By Agues and Diseases be imbrac'd?  
Forbid it holy gods, or else who shall  
Pay vows, or let a drop of incense fall  
At your neglected Altars, if you blesse  
No better this your zealous Votaresse?  
Hast thou O maiden goddesse to her aid apply'd,  
And let not thy saving medecines be deni'd?  
O rock her fainting body in thine armes:

Then

Then let the god of Musick with still charmes,  
 Her restfull eyes in peacefull slumbers close,  
 And with soft straines sweeten her calme repose;  
 Cupid descend, and whilst *Apollo* sings,  
 Fanning the coole ayre with thy gentle wings,  
 Ever releve her with refreshing wind,  
 And let thy Mother with her tresses binde  
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat  
 She shall perfume her hairy coronet,  
 Whose precious drops shall upon every fold  
 Hang like rich Pearls upon a chaine of Gold:  
 Her lesser locks as they embroydered lye  
 Shall spread themselves into a Canopy;  
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure  
 From chilling cold, and from a Calenture:  
 And if she freeze with Ice of chaste desires,  
 Oh holy *Hymen* kindle Nuptiall fires,  
 And when at last Death comes to peirce her heart,  
 Convey into his hands the golden Dart.

*On Love.*

How shall I doe to be reveng'd on Love,  
 There is but one way that I dare approve;  
 Ile steale his arrowes, and Ile head them new  
 With womens hearts, and then they'le ne'resly true.

*A Lover on the day breake.*

Wherefore peep'st thou envious day;  
 We can kisse without thee;  
 Lovers have that golden ray  
 That thou bearest about thee.  
 Goe and give them light that sorrow,  
 And the Saylor flying:  
 Our embraces need no morrow,  
 Nor our pleasures eying.

*On Maids.*

When *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* love,  
 And could no way her fancies move.

He



He crav'd the cause; the cause saith she  
 Is, I have vow'd virginity.  
 Then *Phœbus* raging swore, and said  
 Past fifteen none should dye a maid.  
 If maidens then chance to be sped  
 Ere they can scarcely dresse their head;  
 Yet blame them not, for they are loath,  
 To make *Apollo* breake his oath:  
 For better were a child unborne  
 Then that a god should be forsworn.  
 Yet filly they, when all is done.  
 Complaine mens wills have their hearts won;  
 VVhen 'tis for feare least they should be  
 Like *Daphne*, turn'd into a tree:  
 And who would so her selfe abuse,  
 To be a tree if she could chuse.

To a Gentlewoman:

In your faire cheekes two pits doe lye,  
 To bury those slaine by your eye;  
 Then this at length doth comfort me,  
 That fairely buried I shall be:  
 My Grave with Rose and Lillies spread,  
 Me thinks 'tis life for to be dead:  
 Come then and kill me with your eye,  
 For if you let me live I dye.  
 VVhen I behold your lips, your lips againe  
 Recover those your eyes have slaine  
 VVith kisses, like that Balsome pure,  
 Deep wounds so soon as made can cure.  
 Me thinks 'tis sicknesse to be sound,  
 And there's no health like such a wound;  
 Come then and kill me with your eye,  
 For if you let me live I dye.  
 VVhen in your bosome I behold  
 Two hills of snow yet never cold:  
 And Lovers whom your beauries kills,  
 Revive by climbing up those hills.

Me thinks

Me thinks their life is such a death  
That gives perhaps more future breath.  
Come then and kisse me with your eye,  
For if you let me live I dye.  
Then sure my death prevai les not, where  
So many Antidotes there are ;  
And your bright eyes doe but in vaine  
Kill him whose life you doe sustaine :  
That I no more such deaths survive,  
You were best to bury me alive  
In place unknowne, seeing that I  
Can dying live, and living dye.

*On women.*

Women are dainry Vessels fine,  
Both tender neat and soft :  
They must be sometimes borne withall,  
Since they doe beare so oft.

*Against proud women.*

Breath of *Pandoraes* box, thou semall sex,  
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex  
Poore Lovers ; oh that it had been so,  
That man without thee might be man, we owe  
His birth to thee ; but as of trees we see  
A skilfull Gardiner plant a Colony  
Without an aid, and also here a Date  
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate :  
And there adopt into a Crab-tree stock,  
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock ;  
That from one branch with wonder you may reach,  
A Plumbe, a Cherry, and a velvir Peach.  
Or as the *Phœnix* in her funerall flame  
Springs from her Ashes, and returnes the same ;  
Who whilst she makes her Cradle in her tombe,  
Her birth she owes not to the semall wombe ;  
But boast not weaker semall sex that thou bearest them,  
That like a Lilly from a baser stem.

Or

Or as a Rose pluckt from a spinie thorne  
 Is honour'd, when the stalke is left in scorne;  
 So sang and wept *Philander* as he sate,  
 Bewailing to the woods his cruell fate,  
 And *Phyllis* tyranny; a Christall stream  
 Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theame  
 Of sorrow, whilst the birds with tuned wing  
 Sate listning round about to heare him sing,  
 The stories of his love; on every bush  
 The Lennet sate, the Nightingale, or Thrush  
 The Hare, the Ape, the Cony, and the Goate,  
 The Doe, the Fox stood wondring at his Note;  
 Fountaines wept teares, the Eccho wrough this Song,  
 The Rocks, the Brooks that run along  
 Wisht to be glaz'd to Christall, and to stay,  
 To heare him tune his grieve to *Phyllis* lay:  
 Who whilst he sate and mourn'd, and sung, and wept,  
 Rockt with the murmur of a river slept.

*On a Sheppardeesse dying for love.*

*Cloris* ate, and sitting slept,  
 Sleeping sigh'd, and sighing wept;  
 Sate, sighs slept, and wept againe  
 For *Amintas* that was slaine:  
 O had you seen his face (quoth she)  
 How faire, how full of Majesty.

And then she slept,  
 and then she cry'd,

*Amintas* twice,

And then she dyed.

*On a Gentleman dying presently after his Mistress.*

She first deceased, he liv'd, and tryed  
 To live without her, lik't it not and dyed.

*On the praise of his Mistress.*

What would any man desire?  
 Is he cold? then she's a fire,

Is he hot? She'l gently schoole him,  
Till he finde that she doth coole him:  
Is he sad? then she's a pleasure,  
Is he poore? then she's a treasure.  
Loves he Musick? here's the choyce  
Of all sweet sounds in her sweet voyce.  
Doth he hunger? she's a feast:  
Whereat a god may be a Guest;  
To taste Viands, if he thirst  
She's Nectar for him; since the first  
Of men that was for sin a debtor,  
Never any tasted better:  
Here's all compleat from head to heele,  
To heare, to taste, to smell or feele.

*On his Mistress.*

My Mistress is a Tennis Ball  
Compos'd of Leather fine:  
Full oft she's stricken to the wall,  
But stricken under line.

He that will win my Mistress will,  
Must strike her in the hazard still.

My Mistress is a Tinder-box,  
Would I had such a one:  
Her Steele endureth many knocks  
Being struck against the stone.

But if you strike the tinder match.  
The March will fire without a touch.

*Clarinda.*

Poore credulous and simple maid,  
By what strange wiles art thou betray'd;  
A treasure thou hast lost to day,  
For which thou canst no ransom pay.  
How black art thou transform'd with sin,  
How strange a guilt gnawes me within;  
Griefe will convert this red to pale,  
When every Wake, and Whifson-Ale

Will

VVill talke my shame, break, break sad heart,  
 There is no medicine for my smart,  
 No Herbe nor Balme can cure my sorrow,  
 Unlesse you meet againe to morrow.

*On Women.*

All you that women love,  
 And like the amorous trade ;  
 Come learne of me what women are,  
 And whereof they are made.  
 Their head is made of rush,  
 Their tongue is made of lay ;  
 Their love like silk, si k changable,  
 That lasteth for a day.  
 Their wit mockado is,  
 Of durance is their hate :  
 The food they feed on most is Carpe,  
 Their gaming is check mate :  
 Their pride doth spring from Satan,  
 Their vanity is a feather :  
 Their beauty is, stand further off,  
 Their conscience is of leather.

*On his Mistris being let blood.*

Foole that beleeves their clearer blood,  
 VVill forth those purple channels flow ;  
 Or that pure unstained floud,  
 Can any foule distemper know :  
 Or that thy weake Steele can incise  
 That Cristall case wherein it lyes ;  
 Know that her blood doth proudly bear  
 A dance quite through her azure vaines ;  
 VVhose harmony no cold nor heat  
 Disturbes , whose hue no tincture stains :  
 And the hard rock wherein it dwels,  
 The keenest dart of Love expels.  
 But thou reply'st, Behold, she bleeds,  
 Thou art deceiv'd, and dost not know

The mistick knot whence it proceeds :  
How lovers in each others grow.

Thou strok st her arme, but 'twas my heart  
Shed all the blond, felt all the smart.

*Lackwits Ironicall praise of his Mistris.*

Her haire they are but thin, in all but three,

O curious haire, as big as wheaton straw ;

Her nose surmounts three inches in degree,

In shape and colour like a Lobsters claw ;

Her lips like two blew Figgs of Liquoris, kissing

Her teeth like rankes of clouds, O double blessing :

Her forehead flat, pleighted with lovely folds,

Her eyes like snuffes of candles prick and beck ;

Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,

As *Atlas* doth the heavens on his neck :

Her fingers short, yet fat, peec'd out with nailes,

Nowast at all, her body is so square ;

Her girdle may in any place be bound,

Her leggs like arms, her feet so broad they are,

Like two Colloffes fixed on the ground :

But what may not be nam'd I here omit,

So large a marke, that who so shoots may hit.

*On Musicke.*

When whispering streames with pleasing winde

Distill soft passions through the heart,

And whilst at every straine we finde

Our pulses beat and beare a part :

When threats doe make

Our heart to quake,

Philosophers can scarce deny

Our soules consist of harmony.

When unto heaven joyes we faire

What ere the soule affecteth most ;

Which onely thus we can explaine

By Musick of the winged Host ;

Whose layes we thinke,

Make Starres to winke,

Philosophy

Philosophy can scarce deny  
 Our souls consist of harmony.  
 O lull me, lull me charming aire,  
 My senses rock with Musick sweet,  
 Like snow on wooll thy fallings are,  
 Soft like spirits are thy feet.  
 Griefe who needs feare,  
 That hath an eare,  
 Downe let him lye,  
 And slumbring dye,  
 And change his soule for harmony.

*To her Suitor that would have laine with her before  
 Marriage, she being too young.*

**F**OND Lunarick (orbeare, why didst thou sue  
 For thy affections ere Nature had her due :  
 Loves fruits are legall use, and therefore may  
 Be only taken on the Marriage day ;  
 Who for such ininterests doth too-early call,  
 By that exaction lose their principall.  
 Then gather not these immature delights,  
 Before their ripen Autumes thee invites ;  
 He that abortive corne cuts from his ground,  
 No husband but a ravisher is found ;  
 And he that reaps his own before he is wed,  
 Whores a chaste wife, and Cuckolds his own bed.

*A Lovers resolution.*

Pursue no more (my thoughts) thou false, unkind,  
 Thou maist as well imprison the North wind,  
 Or catch the Lightning as it leaps, or reach  
 The leading billowes, first run downe a breach ;  
 Or undertake the flying cloud to track,  
 In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack.  
 My Love's a Torch turn'd downward, and the same  
 Desire that nourishit it put out the flame :  
 And thus I doe divorce thee from my breast,  
 False in thy Vowes, and traitroise to my rest.

Hence



Hence- forth all reares shall be though thou repent  
A pardon after execution sent :  
For ever shalt thou my Loves story read,  
But as some Epitaph on one that's dead ;  
So may my hope on future blisses dwell,  
This is my firme resolve, my last farewell.

*A Health.*

To her whose beaurie doth excell  
Story, we tosse these Cups, and sell  
Sobriety a sacrifice,  
To the bright lustre of her eyes,  
Each soule that sips here is divine,  
Her beauty deifies the wine.

*On an ignorant Lover.*

Clarinda, the beaury of whose splendant raies  
Gain'd heavens high wonder, and the earths best praise  
Thee *Thirsis* met, who faire and lovely too  
Did like her well, but knew not how to woe;  
They arme in arme into the garden walkt,  
Where endlesse riddles they together talkt ;  
Her speech and actions wisely had an end,  
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend :  
She griev'd to see his youth no better taught,  
To gather him a Posie he her besought :  
With that her light green gowne she then up tuckt:  
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him she pluckt ;  
Which when she brought, he took her by the middle  
And kist her, but he could not read the riddle :  
Go foole, quoth she, and thus burst into laughter,  
Blusht, run away, and scorn'd him ever after.

*On Clarindas Lips and Eyes.*

In *Clarindas* face a question did arise,  
VWhich were most beaurifull, her lips or eyes ;  
VVe say the eyes send forth those pointed darts,  
VWhich wounds the hardest Adamantine hearts :  
But from her lips withall proceed those blisses,  
VWhich Lovers reap by kinde words, and by kiises.

Then

Then wept her eyes, and from those eyes did pour  
 Of liquid orientall pearles a shower;  
 Whereat her lips mov'd with delight and pleasure,  
 Through a sweet smile unlockt their Ivory treasure,  
 And bad Love judge whether did adde more grace  
 Weeping or smiling to *Clarindas* face.



### Complementall and amorous Letters.

#### 1. A Letter to renew affection.

**A**lthough I am assured I cannot dye  
 In your remembrance, yet I feare lest I  
 Am like a picture veiled from the light,  
 And so can yeeld no pleasure to the sight.  
 Letters are *Cupids* bellows, that doe blow  
 Lovers affections, untill they doe grow  
 Into a flame; these doe let Lovers finde  
 The absent bodies pleasures by the minde.  
 O let me then within your thoughts revive,  
 And though we are far distant, let us strive  
 To meet in soules; let love convey me to you,  
 But in a dreame, that I may see and woe you.  
 Till I doe meet againe by Fates direction,  
 With you the Mistris of my hearts affection.

#### 2. A Letter to perswade one to be constant.

**C**onstant love and vertue are  
 In their qualities alike:  
 Both in darkeſt nights shine faire,  
 Like to ſtars which ſhout and ſtrike  
 Through the ſkies: ſo love will be  
 Moſt knowne in ſad adverſity.  
 Therefore faire one keep ſtill one minde,  
 To inſtruct the world how for to love,  
 Though nature doth new charges finde.  
 Like a Center never move,

But

But while misfortunes doe turne round  
About thee, be thou constant found.  
Love's like a sacred flame,  
Which quenched can hardly be renewed,  
'Tis evermore the same.  
Then let thy constancy be shew'd,  
Vertue sets upon a square,  
And constant friends still constant are.  
Remember all our oathes and vower,  
The bonds which I on thy lips sealed,  
Heaven no perjury allows:  
False hearts shall be at length revealed.  
Though place and time our hearts divide,  
They in a True-loves knot are ty'd.

3. A Letter to a maid from one that expected  
no portion.

IT is your beauty, fairest, not the wealth  
Your father meanes to give you, but your selfe  
That I doe court, you have a stock of beaury,  
Which doth exact from me most humble dury.  
You have a smiling eye, whose brighter beames,  
Excels the glistering sands of Tagus streams.  
You have a moist smooth, tempting cherry lip,  
From whence great Iove himselfe may Nectar sip,  
Such a fresh colour in your cheeks is spread,  
That Roses blush for anger, yet looke dead,  
To see themselves excel'd, white Lillies grow  
High colour'd, to think nature should bestow  
Such beauries on you, with which to compare,  
*Flora's* bright lusters but eclipsed are.  
Since thy faire cheeks are but by these set forth,  
This pale, that blushing at thy admired worth.  
A brow so high, so faire, thence day doth break.  
When you doe wake, and when you please to speak,  
The spheres stand still, listning to heare  
Thy voices harmony so sweet, so cleare,  
That they doe mend their tunes thereby,

To beare with thee a sympathie.  
 Let wretched Misers then their treasure lock  
 Within their Chests; I love thee in thy smock.  
 Nay wert thou wrapt but in a linnen blanket,  
 Thy naked selfe could all my senses banquet.  
 Which to confirme, let but thy love be mine,  
 Here's heart and hand to witnesse, I am thine.

4. *A Letter to excuse the not visiting of a friend at  
 ones departure out of Towne.*

**G**ood Sir, ascribe not this my forc'd neglect  
 Of visit, to want of due respect.  
 But to the violence of my affaires,  
 That doe transport me hence to meet with cares,  
 And make me most unfortunate to be  
 Deprived of your happy company.  
 But in my absence think I doe remaine  
 Your servant, till I doe returne againe.

*Yours, I. G.*

5. *To a sweet heart far absent in the Country.*

**T**HE Country now is happier than the City;  
 Injoying thy sweet face which is so pretty,  
 That hob-naile felowes staring doe gaze on thee,  
 As if thou wert some new-come Deiry:  
 Me thinks I see thee looke beneath a hat,  
 Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what,  
 In Market is the price of tis and that.  
 Then tripping home thou steppest ore each stile,  
 Which makes my fancie in conceit to smile.  
 O stile think I thou wert in happy case,  
 If thou hadst my eyes, or I had thy place:  
 Then comming home, put'st off thy c'oths againe,  
 And mak'st thy bed most happy to containe  
 Thy pretty Limbs, and then I wish to be  
 Your bed-fellow, to beare you company.  
 Farewell my sweetest, and my loveliest Laife,  
 That dost in features Ladies far surpaile.

6. *A Com-*

6. A Complementall Letter sent to a Lady.

**M**Adam, since that you are both great and good,  
 More noble by your vertues than your bloud;  
 Whose Titles onely are the badge and seale  
 Of the soules worth, which affections best reveale,  
 Pardon the high ambition of my love,  
 That scorning meaner objects, or to move  
 In an inferiour Orbe below the sphere,  
 Where faire resp'ndant *Venus* shines most cleare,  
 Doth thus advance, and raise it selfe to finde  
 Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd;  
 And since that my affection stands thus faire,  
 Built on a Noble ground, and on the square  
 Of vertue, this alone implies, I am  
 No dung-hill borne, but a true Gentleman,  
 For never can a narrow minde, possesse  
 With the opinion that low thoughts are best,  
 And easie in obtaining, hope to mount  
 His love unto an object of account.  
 Man doth not frame his owne minde, nor compose  
 Those soft affections which from beauty flowes.  
 Love hath no golden arrow, but the beames  
 Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy meanes  
 To shoot at Rovers, and since it chanc't that I  
 Stood in the way, whilst that his shafts did fly.  
 Sweet Lady looke upon my wounded heart,  
 For Ladies heretofore by Physicks art  
 Did heale those Pilgrims, whom religion drew,  
 To take great journies: holy Saints to view;  
 This superstition made the world a baby,  
 But I am confident in you, faire Lady,  
 That you can heare my prayers, and also cure  
 The wounds of love, whose tortures I endure:  
 Then since that you can heare my just complaint,  
 Ile be a pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a sigh.

**F**Airest, you desire to know  
 Why I so often sigh, H, ho.

It is not to coole loves fire,  
 Every sigh doth raise it higher,  
 Nor is it to blow my flame,  
 Thereby to encrease my paine,  
 But to shew the reason better,  
 In my sigh mark every letter.  
 The first *H.* stands for your hard heart,  
 The *I.* stands for your eye my smart.  
 The other *H.* my heart doth show.  
 The *O.* the vowell is your no.  
 Thus your hard heart and beavious eye,  
 And no, which doth my suit deny,  
 Are the cause why I doe break  
 My heart with sighes, which onely speake  
 In a Language known to me,  
 Thus interpreted to be.  
 And now you know the reason why  
 I doe so often Hi, Ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a kisse.*

**I**F that I did offend, and doe amisse,  
 In forcing from you a constrained kisse;  
 Pardon my love that thus did think to plead,  
 And in my owne behalfe did intercede.  
 Which if it hath offended, at the bar  
 Of mercy kisses to be pardoned are.  
 Fairest with others let your creature sue,  
 Intreat and beg, that you would mercy shew,  
 And whilst my kisses beg, happy were I,  
 If I might but so rich a begger dye.

9. *A Letter to request a courtesie.*

**T**He knowledge of your vertue makes me bold  
 Upon your favour, thus for to unfold  
 My own desires, in hope you will be free,  
 In granting of an honest courtesie,  
 Since a request which is made to a friend,  
 Should have a just aime at a noble end.  
 Such is my suit, for I should blush to owne  
 A thought, which being to my selfe made known,

Should

Should move his anger, therefore let me finde  
A true expression of your generous minde,  
Adding this courtesie to many more,  
Till back againe I can the like restore.

10. *A Letter to a beautifull Gentle woman, that was  
resolved to live and dye a Maid.*

**A**Re you so young, so handsome and so pretty,  
And yet resolve to dye a Maid? 'tis pittie,  
Nature did give you beauty, not to show  
Unto the world but that you might bestow  
It on some others, and raise up your like;  
Hath Cupid not one arrow left to strike  
Your gentle bosome, or else will you dwell  
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermite's cell,  
And there for want of natures recreation,  
Commit sin by a wanton speculation?  
Looke on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,  
They both are milde and chaste, yet both doe love.  
Looke on the Eglantine and Wood-bine Tree,  
Circling the Elme, and such a Maid should be,  
Who should with sweet imbraces gintly wind,  
About her Lover, while he proves as kind,  
And doth fast hold her in his loving armes,  
Whilst true affection both their soft hearts warms.  
Then doe not proye an enemy to nature,  
But place your love on me, divinest creature;  
That I being come into the pleasant fields  
Of love, may reape the harvest that love yeelds:  
For if to love you live, not you are dead,  
Then live, and love, and loose your Maiden-head.

11. *A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuse of long absence.*

**M**Y unkind fate deserveth blame, not I,  
In robbing me of your best company.  
And thus my thoughts seem to suggest and say,  
Write not to me, but come your selfe away.  
O could you fancy by imagination,  
The sorrow I sustaine in contemplation,



Of my long absence ; how I sigh and groan,  
 And oftentimes doe play upon the Dreane  
 Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refresh my wits,  
 When they are in sad discontented fits,  
 You would then pardon me, who now doe live  
 Forlorn in sorrow, and doe sigh, and grieve,  
 To think on you, whose presence I desire,  
 And burne the more, the further from the fire,  
 As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,  
 And all their beauties are quite vanished.  
 When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,  
 And leaves the world deprived of his sight,  
 So I like to a flower upon the stalke  
 Withier, whilst I in discontent doe walke,  
 Wanting those beames of comfort, which proceed  
 From your faire eyes, that doe both warm and feed  
 My cold distressed heart : for how can I  
 But droop, deprived of your company ?  
 I have no essence now, for I did hold  
 My life from you, I gave away and sold  
 My selfe unto your service, still to be  
 Your constant Martyr, and your Votary ;  
 And though I must be absent some few houres,  
 Yet know, deare, love my heart is sealed yours.

*A Complementall Letter.*

**H**Eaven blesse my love, in whose sweet favour:  
 I desire alone to thrive,  
 Let fickle mindes seeke change and waver,  
 To be constant I will strive.  
 Yours I am, and have no thought  
 That can reach beyond my love,  
 But downe to you 'tis quick'y brought,  
 From heaven below, to heaven above ;  
 You are my heaven here of content,  
 Whether my thoughts doe aspire,  
 This life is but a kind of banishment,  
 Till I enjoy my hearts desire.

• There

Therefore before my winged soule hence flies,  
Let this one comfort unto you be given,  
That in the sphere of love our soules may meet,  
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. A maids Letter fearing a growing shame.

**B**Lame not a Maid, if she doth thus discover,  
What she doth blush to tel', her faithlesse lover,  
I know I urge but an unhappy suit,  
Who loves the tree when he hath got the fruit?  
Yet think upon your vowes, and false temptation,  
Let former love move your commiseration:  
This Paper will not blush while it doth tell,  
That former pleasures now makes sorrowes swell:  
You have enough undone me, doe not be  
For too much kindnesse cruell unto me  
Think of the story of the Trojan Queen,  
In whom my picture may be lively seen.  
For when that she had made her selfe the feast,  
To entertaine *Aeneas* her false guest,  
He hoisted up his sailes, and ne re would view  
The Royall Queen whom his unkindnesse flew.  
Poore silly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,  
I was overcome, our stories have relation.  
I doe entreat you then if you would have  
A happy life, and finde a quier grave;  
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,  
But in the Paradise of my maiden-head.  
And had I so continued, I had been  
Preserv'd in Virgin purenesse, cleare from sin.  
Now like a weeping Penitent I come,  
In hope to move you to compassion.  
Restore the ruines of my maiden-honour,  
And think thus with your selfe, shall I goe from her,  
That was so kind to me, that she would venter,  
On promis'd marriage, to seale loves Indenture?  
O heare thy conscience that would thus informe thee,  
And for my loving folly doe not scorne me.

But let your love be mutually exprest,  
In confidence whereof my thoughts doe rest.

14. *A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman  
for some kinde favour received.*

**A**LL is from your free mercy, for I know  
All merits are cry'd downe, as farre below  
Your favours, which you doe most freely leave,  
With such as be unworthy to receive  
Such lively comforts that therein I finde  
All the divinities of a worthy minde,  
That on the poorest and unworthiest spirits,  
May let fall blessings far beyond all merits.  
For with such bounty you excite and move  
My soule to wonder, and admire your love,  
Knowing not how to render thanks as due  
For such expressions, which so faire doe shew,  
That the endeavour of my life will be  
Too meane requiralls of your courtesie :  
But yet I hope to prove no barren land,  
Nor by ingratitude a fruitlesse land,  
That doth deceive the husband-mans desires,  
And both his limbs, and expectation tires.  
But all my powers shall labour with much strength  
Of thankfulnessse, to pay your love at length.  
And may I ne're know comfort, if I prove  
Ungratefull to the merit of your love.

15. *To Mistris Penelope, Natures Master-piece, the  
Lover expresses his flame, of affection.*

**W**onder of beauty in whom I doe repose  
Such hope of comfort, that I must disclose  
To you my secret thoughts, and dare to name  
My sufferings, how I martyr'd in the flame  
Of your affection burne. Let not your scorne  
Increase my sorrowes so to make me mourne,  
Till love increase in strength, and doe blaze higher,  
And my sad ashes are consum'd with fire.

Which

Which should not be, for I doe not alone  
Doat on those beams which from your eies are thrown  
Nor on you cheeks, which are the nuptiall bed,  
Where Roses are with Lillies married.  
Nor on your lips, which closed seeme to smother  
Their beauty, and doe onely kisse each other.  
These peeces of your beaurty with a smile,  
May seeme to build up a sweet funerall pile.  
For common Lovers but my fancie took  
Another course, for it doth dared to look  
Into your soule, which crown'd with vertue fits  
Govern'd by reason, not by passionate fits.  
And weares a powerfull charme, that both inspires  
All hearts with holy thoughts and good desires,  
For vertue hidden from the common sight  
Shines out in you, as glistering stars by night  
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and see  
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.  
So that I am afraid here to describe  
Your sweet perfections, lest they should be spy'd  
By Angels, who drest in some mortall shape,  
Would from the heavens make a swift escape  
To court you in a dream, and so should stay  
With you on earth, forgetfull of the way.  
Back unto heaven, whilst that they did prove  
Rivals to me, in seeking of your love.  
Therefore the flaws of my affections are  
Ingenuous, and not like the common snare  
Of Love, which is plac'd onely in the blood:  
For though I burne, my paine is understood  
By such a character as may be given,  
Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,  
Kindled from a small spark, that here doth shine  
On Earth, and hath a nature that's divine.  
O sweet *Penelope*! thy beauties be  
But a faire abstract, or Epitome  
Of brightest lusters, or a stream doth lead  
Me on unto the purest fountaines head:

Then let me burne still, with a flame most cleare  
From sinfull dregs, so that my love appeare  
An imitation of divineſt Love :

And if my flames too violent doe prove,  
This ſhall at laſt be my concluding prayer ;  
Let Heaven and *Penelope* both ſhare  
Of my poore heart, which thus consuming lyes,  
Being her Martyr, and heavens ſacrifice.

16. To Miſtris E. B. ſent her with a Ring.

**R**OUND is the world, and ſo is Love ;  
No art can finde out the beginning  
Of circles, thoſe on ſeas doe move,  
Come round againe, by natures bringing ;  
And thoſe that travell in Loves ring,  
From one point doe at firſt begin  
Of affection, and having found  
Love for Love, are then come round.  
So this Ring ſent, ſhall be  
Loves compaſſe both to you and me,  
By which we to ſaile may venter,  
Till we meet both in one center.

17. To a pretty witty ſcornfull Gentlewoman, being proud of  
her beauty, and after troubled with the green ſickeſſe.

**I**F I were young as you are, I would prove  
A tyrant unto all that ſought my love,  
To ſtout them ? and to heare *Namiſſus* cry,  
Echo, O Echo, for thy love I dye,  
And periſh in the fountain of thy face.  
What art thou gone, and leav'ſt me in this caſe ?  
He walke away, and my ſad ſtory tell  
Unto the Ghoſts that in *Elifium* dwell.  
Thus might I play the mad-man, but my deare  
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appeare  
Glorious perfeſtions; tell me, would you have  
Me dye for love, or weep into my grave ?  
And give my body to the worms to eat,

The

Their legacy on one is womans meat;  
 Oh no, your knowledge will instruct you fuller,  
 And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller  
 Then it was usuall, death it seems hath struck  
 A palenesse in it, and away hath took  
 The former beauty, which he did to be  
 Revenged, for your scornfulnesse to me.  
 Death saies, that you this choice shall onely have,  
 Either to marry me, or else your grave.

18. *To a weeping widow, wishing her to wipe away teares,  
 with the conceit of a second Husband.*

Enough of teares, their date expires,  
 Do not three daies raise fresh desires  
 In you, or have you all sence lost?  
 Is your blood turn'd to a frost?  
 A widowes grief should alwaies be  
 An outside of formality:  
 Or like a herse-cloth, that is laid  
 Upon the coffin, which convey'd  
 Into the grave, the mourning black  
 Is folded up, and so sent back.  
 Your sorrow like the cloth laid on  
 The herse, should not be convey'd home  
 With you. Why should you vex your selfe  
 With fruitlesse sorrows? can your wealth,  
 Or teares, which from your eyes doe rain,  
 Call your late spouse to life again?  
 O would you doe him so much wrong,  
 That he having gotten from the throng  
 Of men, out of this world to be  
 Blest with the Angels company,  
 Should back againe returne to give  
 Comfort to you, and here to live  
 A second pilgrimage; would you wish  
 Him for you, to leave heavens blisse?  
 Be comforted, and let not sorrow  
 From your face such beauty borrow;

But

But make it lovely, black becomes  
Only Funeralls, and Nuns.  
There is no Musick in the grave,  
Though one be lost, still you may have  
Another husband<sup>c</sup> and I am bold  
To aske you, whether you can hold  
A good opinion of my love,  
Which in these characters doth move  
As active, to give you content.  
You know, sweet widow, what is meant  
By active; you doe never blush  
At words, nor yet once pish or tush,  
As maids doe use in modesty,  
Who will their owne desires deny:  
For widowes with a better apprehension,  
Should know the secret thoughts intention.  
Then faire one, if this Letter wooe you,  
Let it not be unwelcome to you,  
But when you doe rip up the Seale,  
And read what this sheet doth reveale  
Unto your knowledge, let your bloud  
Inform you that the lines are good,  
Touching quick, and he that writ  
This Letter doth your fancy fit:  
For Letters unto widowes sent,  
Should be like challenges full bent,  
To dare them from City or Court;  
To play a prize at *Cupids* sport.  
But you will say, that I doe jest,  
And doe maintaine within my breast  
A warren flame. I cannot mourne  
With you, nor yet with sorrow turne  
Like *Niobe*, into a stone; but live  
I would, that I might comfort give  
To you sweet widow; then be content  
To make me yours, Ians complement.



19. To a young Maid.

Come thou fairest Master-peece  
Of Natures-work, her golden fleece;  
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade  
If not refresh't, dye nor a maid.  
Let us agree to appoint a day  
To gather flowers, why should you stay  
So long a Virgin? what have you done  
To Nature and your selfe? a Nun  
Deserv's not beauty, it is a mate  
Makes *Cupid's* darling fortunate.  
Since youth and beauty then invite  
You thusto play for your delight,  
Let loves tables opened be:  
Feare not, you are well match'd with me,  
Stake your maiden-head, you shall choose  
Whether you will win or lose:  
Or if you lose, I doe beleeeve,  
You will not for your losse once grieve.

20. To a young Gentlewoman that disdain'd  
her Lover.

ONce more I have presum'd to ease my grieve  
With these sad lines, in hope of some reliefe.  
O wretched I! that suffer in the flame  
Of love, yet dare not of my love complaine;  
Nor sighs, nor teares, will I in this case use,  
Nor thee my love will I at all accuse;  
Since 'tis my cruell fate that I must be  
Martyr'd with love, and onely dye for thee.  
Yet let me aske one question, are the least  
Rewarded with true love, that doe love best:  
Or is it but in me held an offence  
To love you, since that the sweet influence  
Of one faire smile from you renewes lifes flame;  
And one sad frown can put it out againe:  
Like a third Sister; if you love deny,  
You cut my thread of life, and I must dye.

21. A Complementall Letter to a beautifull young  
Genlewoman.

**F**OR me to praise your beauty, would appeare  
 A flattery; for when the Sun shines cleare,  
 All doe admire his beams : even so your eyes  
 Are like to stars, that shine in beauries skies,  
 And have a kinde of influence below,  
 To make hearts all obedience to you show.  
 Your cheeks are roses, and your haire is amber,  
 The odour of your breath perfumes your chamber :  
 Your lips are like unto the Respasse berry,  
 Or like unto a full ripe swelling cherry :  
 Your brow is *Cupids* bowe, most sweetly bent,  
 From whence loves golden arrow still is sent :  
 Your breasts are like a paire of mountains,  
 Not yet resolved into Nectar fountains,  
 Till love a pleasant moisture to them brings,  
 And raise upon them two happy springs ;  
 But there below, there lyes the happy vally,  
 Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,  
 And to behold it seemed much asham'd,  
 He blusht, and so this vally is unnam'd.  
 Yet howsoever it be not exprest,  
 Lovers have fancies to conceive the best.  
 Thus I acknowledge you divinest creature,  
 To be a modell of a most sweet feature.  
 Then since that nature hath adorn'd each part  
 With such perfections, I doe hope your heart  
 Is of so sweet a temper, to let fall  
 Pitty on him, who dorch not know at all  
 The art of complements ; for love is best  
 When it is naked, with plain words exprest ;  
 Yet if you please to reckon me for one,  
 That am devoted in affection  
 Unto your service, I shall repute of this,  
 As earths chief happinesse, and heavens blisse.

22. *A Gentleman to his Mistress protesting secrecie.*

THink not, deare Love, that ile reveale  
The houres of pleasure we did steale,  
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun,  
The things that thee and I have done :  
The god of Love himselfe, whose dart  
First wounded mine, and then thy heart.  
He shall not know that we can tell  
What sweets in Golne embraces dwell.  
This only means may finde it out,  
If when I dye Physitians doubt  
What caused my death, and there to view  
Of all their judgements which was true.  
Rip up my heart, oh then I feare  
The world will see thy picture there.

23. *To a Gentlewoman disfigured by the small pox.*

WHat though your face with pockhols spangled be,  
As though it were disgrac'd, me thinks I see  
A heavenly constellation in thy lookes,  
Like unto golden Characters in bookes.  
Sure they are *Venus* snares, so plac'd like skars,  
Men should not know them from so many stars;  
Each star a guide to lead blind men to sin,  
Or else so many ginnes to catch me in.  
Your beauty was divided thus in funder,  
To make so many signes, and every signe my wonder;  
Thus hath thy beauty so regain'd its light,  
My heart is double flaine whilst I indite.

*A Moore to her faire Boy.*

WHy lovely Boy, why flyest thou me,  
That languish in these flames for thee?  
I'me black, 'tis true, and so is night,  
And love doth in dark shades delight;  
Nay doe thou once but close thine eye,  
The world will seeme as black as I :  
Or op't againe and see the shade.

Which

Which by thine owne faire bodies made,  
Which followes thee where ere thou goe,  
O who aloud would not doe so :  
Let me for ever dwell so nigh,  
And thou shalt need no shade but I.

25. *The faire Boyes answer.*

**B**Lack maid complaine not though I fly,  
Some fate forbids Antipathy ;  
Prodigious would that union prove  
Where night and day together move :  
And the conjunction of your lips  
Not kisses make, but an eclips,  
Where there is mixed black and white,  
Portends more terrour then delight ;  
But if thou wilt my shadow be  
Enjay thy dearest wish ; but see  
Thou keep my shadowes property,  
That flies away when I come nigh ;  
Else stay till dearch hath blinded me,  
Then Ile bequeath my selfe to thee :  
This sable which on white is laid,  
Expresses well thy lustfull shade.

26. *A Down-right Suitor to his sweet heart.*

**F**Aith wench I love thee, but I cannot sue,  
And show my love as filken Courtiers doe.  
Ile not carouse a health to honour thee,  
By such deboyst and beastly courtesie ;  
And then straight eat up the carousing glasse,  
In glory that I am thy servile asse.  
Nor will I weare a rotten Barbers lock,  
Like some sworn cockscomb spending all my stock ;  
Well-featur'd I asse, thou knowst I love thee deare,  
Yet for thy sake I'll take no Cuffe of th eare,  
Nor hang thy dirty filken shoos-strings there,  
Nor for thy sake will I once gnaw a brick,  
Nor some pide colours in my bonnet stick :

But

But by the smock of *Venus*, for thy good  
He spend my dearest thrice concocted bloud.

27. *A Welch-man to his Mistris.*

**S**hentle, modest, faire and kinde,  
Being the mirrour of her minde ;  
Shentle, modest, when I see  
The faire lookes her makes at me,  
And the fine ring that her did send  
When her did come to see her friend,  
Her could not chuse by what's above  
But be entangled by her love ;  
Her was often times about  
To speake her lose, and pur her our;  
But her was thinke it great deale better  
To wrap her lose within a Letrer,  
Hoping her not exception take  
At her, for her Countreys sake.  
What if her be welch-man, what then ?  
*Dauise* was all shentlemen,  
Borne from *Venus* that faire Coddesse,  
And many other shentle bodies ;  
Part humane, and part define,  
We are descended from *Shoues* line,  
All this truth her dares not mince,  
Being the issues of a British Prince ;  
Yet should her with *Shenken* drink a quart of wine,  
Her would think her fortune fine ;  
And her would tell her such atale in her care  
That all the world was never heare.  
Then shentle modest let her move,  
Modest *Shenkin* will her love,  
Though her was very filthy fir,  
That drives poore welch-man out of her wir ;  
And if her will not pittes her paine,  
Her will never lose againe.

28. *To his Mistris.*

**R**Ead here my heart in Verse, yet know I scome  
To flatter you, and say the beautilous mome

Gives

Gives not so bright a glory, for with thee  
 There is a beauty mixt with modesty  
 Which I should wrong, such praises needfull are  
 To them that want a blush to make them faire.  
 I might extoll that arch, the lovely bow,  
 Whence *Cupid* from your eyes his darts doth throw.  
 Those Christall eyes where smiles a naked boy,  
 The picture of your hope and future joy.  
 Your tongue tipt with such fire and powerfull art,  
 As might enflame the most rebellious heart.  
 But these are talkes must not be ventred on,  
 But by a wir as happy as your owne :  
 Your Musick I confesse I would nor heare,  
 Though it might ravish the most curious eare :  
 Even those sweetest straines did I revle,  
 Lest they should hinder you from talk a while.  
 Nay more, the softnesse of your hand was such,  
 I fear'd it might be hurt with every touch.  
 Now pardon these rude lines, no grace they have  
 But what your goodnesse in the reading gave :  
 Yet if one word of praise you please to spare,  
 My fame shall never finde a sweeter aire  
 To fly in than your breath ; and so I rest  
 Untill my fortune with your selfe be blest.

29. To his faire Mistris incensed upon a mistake.

**H**Eaven knowes my love to you, fed on desires  
 So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,  
 As are the brightest beames shot from the Sun,  
 At its full height ; and the devorion  
 Of dying Marryrs could not burne more cleare,  
 Nor inoense in her first robes appeare  
 Whiter than our affections, it did show  
 Like frost forc'd out of flames, or fire from snow ;  
 So pure the Phenix when she would refine  
 Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.  
 But now my daies ore-cast, for I have now  
 Drawne anger like a tempest from thy brow

Of my faire Mistris, those her glorious eyes,  
 Which I was wont to see like Day-stars rise,  
 Threat like revenging Meteors, and I feele  
 My torments, and my guilt doubling my hell:  
 'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall bin  
 Done to another, but it was made sin;  
 And justly mortall too by troubling thee,  
 Slight wrongs are Treason offer'd to Majesty:  
 Enjoyne me pennance, and the strictest one  
 That wit and cruelty can think upon;  
 I will a faithfull Penitentiall prove  
 Through all your punishments, but not to love.  
 O all you ble'st Ghosts of deceased Loves,  
 That now live Sainted in *Elyzian* groves,  
 Mediate for mercy for me at her shrine,  
 Meet with full quire, and joyn your prayers with mines;  
 Conjure her by your mutuall hopes and feares,  
 By all your intermixed smiles and teares;  
 Conjure her by the merits of your kisses.  
 By your past sufferings and your present blisses  
 To seale my pardon: goe to her and tell  
 That you will walk my guardian Sentinell,  
 My soules safe Genius, that she needs not feare  
 A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there.  
 But what needs that when she her selfe sits there,  
 Sole Angell of that Orbe in her owne sphere;  
 Alone she raignes, and can secure it free  
 From all irrregular motions, onely she  
 Can give the Balsome that can cure this sore,  
 And the sweet Anridore to sin no more.

30. To his Mistris on the seale of her Letter

**T**Hou send'st to me a heart was crown'd,  
 I tooke it to be thine;  
 But when I saw it had a wound  
 I knew the heart was mine.  
 A bounty of a strange conceit,  
 To send mine owne to me:

And



And send it in a worse estate  
 Then it was sent to thee.  
 O Heavens how wouldst thou use a heart  
 That should rebellious be,  
 Since thou hast been unkinde to that  
 Which so much honoured thee.

31. *A Letter to his unkinde Mistris that  
 looks askew on him.*

**T**O thee cruell faire, that turnedst thy face away  
 Of purpose, to benight the day  
 Of my sad eyes; without all rest  
 Obscured, and wounded like my breast.  
 The Torch of the day dares not ro shine,  
 His worlds turn'd *Ægypt* too like mine;  
 Ecclipsed with sorrow how he pries  
 To see thy fairer Sun arise.  
 'Twas no Creation till the day  
 Distinguisht how the Chaos lay;  
 Nor doth the glorious spring appeare,  
 Till the warme god begets it here:  
 Then faire one draw *Sols* curtaines by,  
 With light the Hemisphere supply;  
 Take heed least Natures frame like me  
 Dissolve for want of the Sun and thee,  
 Forbid it *Cynthia*, wounded hearts  
 Live by the raies that *Cupid* darts;  
 Earths happineffe my Girle to me,  
 Without thy clearer flames is misery:  
 And though thy brighter beames doe burne,  
 And me Loves Martyr into ashes turne;  
 Yet in my Sepulcher of night  
 Thine eyes shall yeeld a purer light;  
 Then turne not thy faire face away,  
 Thy splendor makes my nigh a day.

32. *A Letter of Protestation.*

**I**Ndeed I will not steale a kisse from you,  
 Nor wring your fingers hard; I will not sue

To those blest paire of sweetest stars for smiles,  
 All a young Lovers cunning, all his wi'es  
 And pretty wanton dyings shall to me  
 Be strange, I onely to your chastity  
 Will be devored ever, that shall bind  
 Our hearts like Ivie twin'd  
 About a well-grown Elme; and none untye  
 Loves knot but fatall destiny:  
 Beleeve me sweetest, if I enterraine  
 An unchast thought may I ne're think againe.

33. A Letter to a Lady.

Madam:

WHEN Art and Nature both agree  
 To summe their all in your Epitomy,  
 When the perfection of both Sexes are  
 Lockt in your female store-house, who shall dare  
 In an audacious rapture to unwine  
 Incloser numbers what heaven doth inshrine  
 In one rich breast; dazled invention say,  
 Canst thou unbowell either India  
 In one poore rime, or can thy Torch-light fire  
 Show to the Sun, or any Stars that's higher:  
 If thou wilt needs spend thy officious flame  
 Doe it in admiration, but disclaime  
 Thy power to praise thy senders wishes; beare,  
 And be the Herald of the new-borne yeare;  
 Wish that each rising Sun may see her more  
 Happy then when he rose the morne before,  
 And may when ere he guides the envious West,  
 Leave her more blest then when he grac'd the east.  
 Wish higher yet, that her felicity  
 May equalize her vertues; Poetry,  
 Thou art too low, canst thou not swell a straine  
 May reach my thoughts? Good Madam, since 'tis vain,  
 And yet my Verse to kisse your hand presumed,  
 Let it now for your sacrifice be doomed,  
 And what it wants in true Poetick fire.

I et

Let the flame adde till so my muse expire :  
Thus Madam, your fraile Poet dorth confesse,  
He wants a Muse worth such a Patronesse.

34. *A Letter of advice to his Lady, too proud  
of her beauty.*

**Y**OU whose pure and dainty skinnæ,  
Rosie lips, cheeks or chin,  
All that gaze upon you win ;  
Doe not insult for sparkes within,  
That slowly burne will flames begin.  
And presumption still hath been  
As fond as an unfortunate sinne :  
Then faire *Clawinda* be more kinde,  
These lines implore to know your minde.

35. *A Letter of acknowledgement.*

**F**AIREST, what sorrowes like to that which bends  
It selfe to please yet still offends ;  
Punish me gently Lady, love's a childe,  
And childrens punishments they should be milde.  
What though I did aspire  
To crowne the hopes of my desire ;  
What if my bold love forward prest,  
To touch your soft limbes then undrest ?  
'Tis knowne when maids doe naked lye in bed  
Loves Arrowes then are shot unto the head :  
But I know no such fault, but onely this ;  
You gave me one, I tooke another kisse.



*The Court of Venus Songs, of Love and Mirth.*

*The first Song.*

**I**F I freely might discover  
What could please me in my lover,  
I would have her faire and wirty ;

Savouring

Savouring more of Court then City :  
A little proud, but full of pity,  
Light and humerous in her toying,  
On building hopes, and soone destroying;  
Neither too easie, nor too hard,  
All extreams I would have bair'd

2. A Song.

YOUNG and simp'le, though I am,  
I have heard of *Cupids* name;  
Ghesse I can what thing it is,  
Men desire when they doe kisse;  
Smoake can never burne they say,  
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or faire,  
To be proud or to despaire;  
Yet my lips have oft observed,  
Men that kisse them presse too hard,  
As glad Lovers use to doe,  
When their new met Loves they wooe.

Faith 'tis but a foolish minde;  
Yet me thinks a heart I finde,  
And thirsty longing, that doth bide  
Ever on the weaker side.

Oh, I feele my heart doth move,  
*Venus*, grant it be not Love.

If it be, alas, what then,  
Were not women made for men?  
As good it were a thing were past,  
That must needs be done at last.  
Roses that are over-blowne,  
Grow lesse swee, and fall alone.

Yet no churle, nor silken gull,  
Shall my *V*igin-blossome pull.  
Who shall not, I soone can tell,  
Who shall, wou'd, I cou'd as well;  
Yet I'me sure, what ere he be,  
Love he must, or flatter me.

A Song

3. A Song.

**O**H that joy so soon should wast,  
 Or so sweet a blisse,  
 As a kisse,  
 Might not for ever last.  
 A sugry melting, so soft, so delicious,  
 The dew that lyes on Roses,  
 When the morne her selfe discloses,  
 Is not so precious:  
 Or rather, when I would it smother,  
 Were I to tast but such another,  
 It would be my wishing,  
 That I might dye with kissing.

4. A Song.

**W**Hy so pale and wan fond Lover,  
 Prethee why so pale?  
 If looking well, it will not move her,  
 Can looking ill prevaile:  
 Prethee why so pole.  
 Why so dull and mute young sinner,  
 Prethee why so mute:  
 If speaking well it cannot win her,  
 Can saying nothing do't,  
 Prethee why so mute?  
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move her,  
 This cannot take her:  
 If of her selfe she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her,  
 The Devill take her.

5. A Song.

**A**Mongst the Myrtles, as I walkt  
 Alone, I with my sighs thus talkt:  
 Till me, said I, in deep distresse,  
 Where I may finde my Shepheardesse.  
 Then soole, said Love, know'st thou not this,  
 In every thing that's good she is:  
 In yonder Tulip, goe and seeke,  
 There thou shalt finde her lip and cheek.

In that innamel'd pancy by,  
 There thou shalt finde her curious eye,  
 In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud,  
 There waves the streamers of her blood,

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
 I went and pluckt them one by one,  
 To make of parrs a union,  
 But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopr, said Love; These be  
 Fond man, resemblances of thee :  
 For as these flowers thy joy must dye,  
 Even in the turning of an eye ;  
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
 As doe those flowers, when knit together.

6. A Song.

Come, come, you goddesses of the night,  
 That in silent sports delight,  
 And see the wanton Moon-shine play,  
 To light us in our doubtfull way.  
 Come, come, come Ladies come,  
 The night's not blind, though deafe and dumbe.

Ladies, have you seen a toy  
 Call'd Love, a little boy :  
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde,  
 Cruell, now and then as kinde,  
 If he be amongst you Ladies, say,  
 That he is *Venus* run away.

Marks he hath about him plenty,  
 You may know him amongst twenty :  
 As his body is on fire,  
 And his breath our flames desire :  
 So being sent like lightning in,  
 He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.

If any here can but discover  
 Where this winged way doth hover,

For her paines shall have a kisse,  
 When or where her heart can with:  
 But she that can but bring him to his mother,  
 From *Venus*, and her boy, shall have another.

## 7. A Song.

**W**hy should passion lead the blind,  
 'Cause thy Mistris is unkind:  
 Shee's yet too young to know delight,  
 And is not plum'd for *Cupid's* flight.

She cannot yet in height of pleasure  
 Pay her Loves equall measure:  
 But like a Rose new blown, doth feed  
 The eye alone, but yeeld no seed.

She is yet but in her spring,  
 Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring  
 A hotter season with his fire,  
 Which soon will kindle her desire.

Autumne will shortly come, and greet her,  
 Making her taste and colour sweeter,  
 Her ripenesse then will soon be such,  
 That she will fall even with a touch.

## 8. A Song.

**L**ye stil' my dear, why do'st thou rise?  
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes:  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart  
 To thinke that you and I must part.  
 Oh stay! or else my joyes will dye:  
 Or perish in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day, what if it be?  
 Wilt thou therefore arise from me?  
 Did we lye down because of night?  
 And shall we rise for feare of light.

No, since in darknesse we came hither,  
 In spight of light we'll lye together.



Oh let me dye on thy sweet breast!  
Far sweeter then the Phoenix nest.

9. *The Troopers Song.*

FROM hunger or cold, who lives more free?  
Or who leads a merrier life then we?  
Our bellies are full, and our backs are warm,  
And against all pride our rags are a charm.  
Enough is a feast, and for to morrow,  
Let rich men care, we feele no sorrow.

Both City and Town, and every Village,  
Affords us either almes or pillage;  
But when the weather is cold or raw,  
Then in a Barn we tumble in straw.  
In Summer together like Bees we doe flock,  
And tumble in the grasse, or in the hay-cock.

10. *A Song.*

SINCE Love hath brought me,  
And I have caught thee,  
Here in this bower.  
Nor shall thy faigning,  
Nor thy complaining;  
Thy causelesse chiding;  
Thy short abiding;  
Thy crafty smiling;  
Thy quaint beguiling,  
Those thy struglings,  
With all thy juggling,  
Can make me leave thee,  
No, no, thou shalt no more deceive me.

11. *A Song.*

HE that will court a wench that is coy,  
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,  
Let him be carelesse to sport and royl,  
And as peevish as she is frantick.  
Laugh at her and sleight her,

Flatter her and spight her,  
 Raile and commend her againe :  
 It is the way to wooe her,  
 If that you meane to come close to her,  
 Such girles will love such men.

He that will court a wench that is milde,  
 That is soft and kind of behaviour,  
 Let him kindly wooe her,  
 Not roughly come to her.

'Tis the way to win her favour,  
 Give her kisses plenty,  
 Shee'l take them were they twenty :  
 Stroke her and kisse her againe,  
 It is the way to wooe her,  
 If that you meane to come close to her,  
 Such girles doe love soft men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,  
 That will squeak and cry if you handle her,  
 Let him kisse and sting, till he make the house ring,  
 'Tis the onely way to tame her :  
 Take her up and rouze her,  
 Salute her and rouze her,  
 Then kisse her and please her againe :  
 'Tis the way to wooe her,  
 If that you meane to come close to her,  
 Mad girles doe love mad men.

13. A Song.

**A** Nymph, when as the Summers beames  
 Made hot the colder aire,  
 Into a fountains Chrystall streames,  
 To bathe her did reaire ;  
 And by degrees she boldly did at length,  
 Those parts unhide :  
 Which to be bashfull, nature made  
 So curious to be spied.  
 Oft down,wards would she cast her head,

And

And blushing looke away ;  
Then twist her armes, and twine her thighs,  
As fearefull to betray  
Her selfe unto her fearefull selfe :  
Thus frightened, she at last,  
Into the fountaines swiftest streames,  
Her purest body cast.

The waves did proudly beare her up,  
And as she waded in the silver brook,  
Seemed not to cleanse her as she swome,  
But from her purifying took;  
And underneath the Chrystall streames,  
As she did gliding passe,  
She seemed like a Lilly faire,  
That's sunk into a glasse.

And as she did her dainty armes  
In sundry sort display,  
Oft times she would *Narcissus* like  
With her owne shadow play.  
Oft would she lye upon her back,  
With legs and armes forth spread,  
And imitate those wanton joyes,  
That women use in bed.

Women their modesty forget,  
And often lay aside.  
This Nymph, that thought her selfe unseen,  
Was by a Shepheard spied :  
Who ravisht with the sight he saw,  
No longer staid to wooe her,  
But flung away his hook and scrip,  
And boldly stept unto her.

She screeching dived, thought to have hid  
Her selfe, but all in vaine :  
The waters to preserve her life,  
Did beare her up againe.

The Shepheard caught her in his armes,  
 And laid her on the brink.  
 What he did, without delay,  
 You know, or else may think.

## 14. A Song.

**A**mongst the Myrtles sate my Love,  
 With a more downy skin,  
 And tender breast then *Venus* Dove,  
 And clearer from all sin :

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,  
 Whose leaves shut with the evening dew.  
 I said to her, rise and behold,  
 What pretty ridd'e this doth shew :  
 Those leaves shut in like to a cloistered Nun,  
 Will open when they feele the radiant Sun.

What meane you by this riddle, Sir, she said,  
 I pray expound it then; I thus began :  
 Know maids are made for men, and men for maids :  
 Which said, she chang'd her colour, and lookt wan.  
 Since you the riddle, Sir, so plaine have told,  
 Be you my Sun, Ile be your Mary-gold.

## 15. A Song.

**A**S I trauers'd roo and fro,  
 And in the fields was walking,  
 I chanc'd to heare two Sisters,  
 That secretly were talking :  
 The younger to the elder said,  
 Prithce why do'st not marry :  
 In faith, quoth she, I'll tell to thee,  
 I meane not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen yeares of age,  
 Then I had suiters many :  
 But I a wanton peevish wench,  
 Would not sport with any :

Till at the last, I sleeping fast,  
*Cupid* came to woe me,  
 And like a Lad that was stark mad,  
 He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay downe by my side,  
 And spread his armes upon me,  
 And I being 'twixt sleep and wake,  
 Did strive to thrust him from me.  
 But he with all the power he had,  
 Did lye the harder on me:  
 And then he did so play with me,  
 As I was play'd with never:  
 The sporting boy so pleased me,  
 I would have slept for ever.

And then me thought the world turn'd round,  
 And *Phæbus* fell a skipping,  
 And all the Nymphes, and Goddeffes,  
 About us two were tripping.  
 Then seemed *Neptune*, as he had power'd  
 His Ocean streames upon us,  
 But *Boreas* with his blustering blasts  
 Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,  
 As if he had been jealous,  
*Venus* followed after him,  
 And swore she'd blow the bellows;  
*Mars* cald *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,  
 And swore he would him smother,  
 Quoth *Cupid*, said I so to thee  
 When thou laist with my mother?

*Juno* then and *Jupiter*,  
 Came marching with *Apollo*,  
*Pan* came in with *Mercury*,  
 And then began the Hollow.  
*Cupid* ran and hid himselfe,  
 And so of joyes bereft me,

For suddenly I did awake,  
And all these fancies left me.

16. A Song.

I gaze no more on that bewitching face,  
Since ruine harbours there in every place.  
For my enchanted soule alike she drowns,  
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.  
He love no more those cruell eyes of hers,  
Which pleas'd or angred, still are murderers.  
For if she dart like lightning through the aire,  
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despaire:  
If she beho'd me with a pleasing eye,  
I surfeit with excesse of joy, and dye.

17. A Song.

Lovers rejoyce your paines shall be rewarded,  
The god himselfe grieves at your crying,  
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,  
Nor the coy faces of the maids denying:  
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,  
For men are false, and what they doe they care not.  
All shall be well againe, then doe not grieve,  
Men must be true, and women shall beleeve.  
Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth,  
When you have caught your sweer-hearts in your  
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth, (armes,  
No more faint-hearted girles shall dream of harnes,  
And cry they are too young; the god hath said,  
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid.  
Then wise men pull your roses, yet unblowne,  
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

18. A Song.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,  
Whose pale weak flame  
Cannot retaine  
His heart in sight of absence or disdain,

But

But doth at once like Paper set on fire,  
 Burne and expire.  
 True love did never change his seat,  
 Nor did he ever love that could retreat:  
 The noble flame which my breast keeps alive,  
 Shall still survive,  
 When my soule's fled.  
 Nor shall my love dye when my bodie's dead,  
 Thar shall wait on me to the lower shade.  
 And never fade :  
 My merrie ashes in their Urne,  
 Shall like a hallowed lamp for ever burne.

19. A Song.

*Shep hearp.* **T**ell me dearest, what is love ?  
*Nymph.* 'Tis a lightning from above,  
 'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a fire,  
 'Tis a boy they call desire,  
 'Tis a smile, Dorth beguile.

*Shep.* The poore hearts of men that prove,  
 Tell me more, are women true ;

*Nymph.* Some love change, and so doe you.

*Shep.* Are they faire, and never kind ?

*Nymp.* Yes when men turne with the wind,

*Shep.* Are they froward,

*Nymp.* Ever toward,

Those that Love to love anew.

20. A Song.

**C**ome Shepheards come,  
 Come away without delay,  
 Whilst the gentle time doth stay,  
 Green woods are dumb,  
 And will never tell to any  
 Those deare kisses, and those many  
 Sweet embraces that are given,  
 Dainty pleasures, that would even  
 Raise in coldest age a fire,  
 And give Virgin bloud desire.



Then if ever,  
 Now or never,  
 Come and have it,  
 Think not I  
 Dare deny,  
 If you crave it.

## 21. Song.

**W**ould you know what's soft? I dare  
 Not bring you to the Down, or aire,  
 Nor to the stars to shew what's bright,  
 Nor to the snow to teach you white:  
 Nor if you would Musick heare,  
 Call the Orbs to take your care.  
 Nor to please your sense bring forth  
 Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.  
 Or on food were your thoughts plac't;  
 Bring you Nectar for your taste.  
 Would you have all these in one,  
 Name my Mistris, and 'tis done.

## 22. A Song between two Boyes.

**T**his Lady ripe, and calme, and fresh,  
 As Easterne Summers are,  
 Must now forsake both time and flesh,  
 To adde light to a starre.

2. Whilst yet alive each star decay'd  
 She may relieve with light:  
 But death leads beauty to a shade,  
 More col'd, more dark than night.

1. The fauzy faith of man doth blinde  
 His minde, till it conduce  
 To destiny all his abject kinde  
 For some eternall use.

2. Then aske not bodies doom'd to dye,  
 To what abode they goe,  
 Since knowledge is but sorrowes spie,  
 It is not safe to know.

23. A sad Song to a Lute.

**Y**OU Virgins nine, from whence there flowes,  
 Words able to expresse our ill,  
 Teach me to warble out my woes,  
 And with a sigh each accent fill;  
 Infuse my breast with dolefull straines,  
 Whose heavie note may speak my pains.  
 Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,  
 Till night beguile my eyes with sleep.

The pleasing murmures of the aire,  
 That gently fan each moving thing.  
 I being heard, straight do repaire,  
 And beare a burthen, whilst I sing  
 A heavie burthen, dolefull song,  
 The Fathers grief, the subjects wrong.  
 Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,  
 Till night beguile mine eyes with sleep.

The grieved Flora hangs the head,  
 Of every youthfull plant and tree,  
 And flowrie pleasures are starke dead  
 At my lamenting melody.  
 Then all my Muses keep my straines,  
 To reach the depths of bitter paines.  
 Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,  
 Till night beguile mine eyes with sleep.

Me thinks I heare the singing spheares,  
 Tune her melodious straines to mine,  
 The dewy clouds dissolve in reares,  
 As if they griv'd to see me pine,  
 And all things joyne to help my moane;  
 Thus seldome comes true sighes alone.  
 Then let me sigh, and sighing weep,  
 Till night beguile my eyes with sleep.

24. A Song.

**M**Y Mistris loves no Woodcocks,  
 Yet loves to pick the bones;

My Mistris loves some Jewels,  
 And other precious stones.  
 My Mistris loves no hunting,  
 Yet loves to heare the horne.  
 My Mistris loves not Irish,  
 Yet loves to see men borne.  
 My Mistris loves no wrestling,  
 Yet loves to catch a fall,  
 My Mistris loves not all things,  
 Yet loves my Master withall.

## 25. A Song.

AH me, thou never lov'dst me yet,  
 Faith and troth are but a fit,  
 But to try, if that I  
 Would deny, or comply  
 With thy false dissembling wit.  
 Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art  
 To betray, as a prey for thine owne.  
 Not to prove, or to love,  
 But deceive, and bereave  
 Of the hopes that it feeds upon;  
 Oh then wonder not at me,  
 If I finde in thy minde such deceit:  
 Twere more strange not to change,  
 But to yeeld in the field,  
 Where love doth so faintly beat.  
 Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause  
 Of thy shame, then blamie not my desert:  
 'Tis suspicious to be vicious,  
 Or give fire to desire,  
 When Love inflames but so in part.

## 26. A Song.

Still to be near, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast;  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed,  
 Lady it is to be presumed,  
 Though Arts hid causes are not found,  
 It is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
That makes simplicitie a grace :  
Robes sweetly flowing, haire as free,  
Such sweet neglect, more taketh me,  
Then all th'adulteries of art,  
They wound mine eyes, but not my heart.

27. A Song.

Flow, flow, fresh Fount, keep time with my salt teares;  
Yet slower, yet oh faintly gentle springs,  
Lift to the heavie part, the musick beares,  
We weep out her division, when she sings.  
Drop hearbs and flowers,  
Fall grieve in showers,  
Our beauties are not ours,  
Oh I could still,



Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,  
Drop, drop, drop, drop;  
Since natures pride is now a wither'd Daffodill,

28. A Bridall Song.

Hold back thy houres dark night, till we have done.  
The day will come too soon.  
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,  
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.  
Stay, stay, and hide  
The blushes of the Bride.  
Stray gentle night, and with thy darknesse cover  
The kisses of her Lover.  
Stray, and confound her teares, and her shrill cryings,  
Her weak denyals, vowes, and often dyings.  
Stay and hide all,  
But help not though she call.

29. A Song.

Streph. Come my Daphnis, come away,  
We doe waste the Crystall day.

Daph. It is Strephon calls Daph. What sayes my love?

Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,

Where

Where I with *Venus* will prepare,  
New chaplets to adorne thy haire.

*Daph.* *Stephon*, were I shut in this Tree,  
I'de breake my back to follow thee.

*Strep.* My shepheardeise make hast,  
The minutes fly too fast;  
Let's to those cooler shades, where I,  
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,  
Betwixt thy breasts will ever stray.

*Daph.* In such warme snowes,  
Who would not lose his way.

30. Chorus. *Strepheon. Daphnis* together.

**W**Ee'l laugh, and leave this world behind,  
And *Jove* himselfe who sees,  
Shall envie us, but ne're shall finde  
Such pleasure in his Dieties.

31. A Song.

**B**ack againe, fond man forbear,  
Buy not a minutes play too deare :  
Come with holy flames, and be  
Welcome to vertue, and to me.

32. Citizens Song of the Courier.

**C**ourier, if thou needs wilt wive,  
From this Lesson learne to thrive :  
If to match, it be thy fate,  
Let her surpasse in birth and state :  
Let her curious garments be  
Twice above thine owne degree.  
This will draw great eyes upon her,  
Get her servants and thee honour.

33. Courtiers Song of the Citizen.

**P**oore Citizen, if thou wilt be  
A happy husband, learne of me,  
To see thy Wife first in thy shop.  
A faire, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poore man up :

What

What though thy shelves be ne're so bare.  
A woman still is currant ware :  
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend ;  
But whilst thou art at the other end,  
What ere thou seest, or what dost heare,  
Foole have no eye too, nor no care,  
And after supper, for her sake,  
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake ;  
What though the gallants call thee mome,  
Yet with thy Lanthorn-light her home ;  
I am confident, but will not tell,  
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

34. A Song.

**L**Ove a thousand sweets distilling,  
And with Nectar bosomes filling,  
Charme all eyes, that none may finde us,  
Be above, before, behind us.  
And whilst we thy pleasures taste,  
Inforce time it selfe to stay ;  
And by the fore-lock hold him fast,  
Least occasion slip away.

35. A Song.

**T**Here was an invisible Foxe by chance,  
Did meet two invisible Geese :  
He led them a fine invisible dance,  
For a hundred Crowns a peece.  
Invisible all but his head, he would goe,  
But when it came to be tride,  
Not only his hand which was left he did show,  
But a faire paire of heeles beside :  
Invisible since their wits have been,  
But yet there is hope of either ;  
Their wits and their crowns may returne againe,  
Invisible altogether.

36. A Song.

**I**F Love his arrowes shoot so fast,  
Soon his feathered stock will waste,

But

But I mistake in thinking so ;  
 Loves arrows in his quiver grow,  
 That he wants no Artillery,  
 That appeares too true in me.  
 Two shafts feed upon my breast,  
 Oh mak't a quiver for the Rest,  
 Kill me with Love, thou angry son  
 Of *Citherea*, or let one,  
 One sharp golden arrow fly,  
 To wound her heart, for whom I dye.  
*Cupid*, if thou beest a childe,  
 Be a good boy, be more milde.

## 37. A Song.

**R**Oome for the melancholy wight,  
 Some call him the Willow Knight,  
 Who these paines hath undertaken,  
 To finde out Lovers are forsaken :  
 Whose heads, because but little witted,  
 Shall with Garlands strait be fitted.  
 Speak who are tost on *Cupids* billowes,  
 And receive the crowne of Willowes :  
 This way, that way, round about,  
 Keep your heads from breaking out.

## 38. A Song.

**S**Eeke not to know my love, for she  
 Hath vowed her constant love to me.  
 Her milde aspects are mine, and thou  
 Shalt only know a stormy brow :  
 For if her beaury stir desire,  
 In me her kisses quench that fire.  
 Or I can to Loves fountaine goe,  
 Or dwell upon those hills of snow :  
 But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare  
 One gentle breath to coole the aire.  
 Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spy  
 Where the sweet springs of *Venus* lye.



Search hidden nature, and there finde  
A treasure to enrich thy minde,  
Discover Arts not yet revealed,  
But let my Mistris live concealed.  
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,  
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

39. A Song.

WElcome, welcome againe to thy wits,  
This is a Holy-day:  
I'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,  
But merrily passe the time away:  
They are mad that are sad,  
Be ruled by me,  
And none shall be so merry as we.  
The Kitchin shall ketch cold no more,  
And we'll have no key to the Buttery doore,  
The Fidlers shall sing,  
And the house shall ring,  
And the world shall see,  
What a merry couple,  
Merry couple,  
We will be.

40. A Song.

L*O*ve is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog,  
Love is a clog, a great clog, & a close clog,  
'Tis a wilderness to lose our selves,  
And a halter 'tis to nooze our selves;  
Then draw Dun out of the mire,  
And throw the clog i' th fire:  
Keep in the Kings High-way  
Sober, and you cannot stray.  
If thou admire no female else,  
The halter may goe hang it selfe.  
Drink wine and be merry, for Love is folly,  
And dwells in the house of melancholly.

41. A Song.

## 41. A Song.

THE blushing Rose, and purple flower,  
 Let grow too long, are soonest blasted.  
 Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sower,  
 And rot in ripeness left untasted;  
 Yet here is one more ripe than these,  
 The more you taste, the more shee'l please.  
 Beauty though inclosed with Ice,  
 Is a shadow chaste as rare;  
 Then how much those sweets intice,  
 That have issue full as faire.  
 Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers,  
 One equall, for Dame Venus bowers.

## 42. A Song.

FOND Fables tell of old,  
 How Jove in Danaes lap,  
 Fell in a showre of gold:  
 By which she caught a clap:  
 Oh had it been my hap.  
 How ere the blow doth threaten,  
 So well I like the play,  
 That I could wish all day,  
 And night, to be so beaten.

## 43. A Song.

CHANT birds in every bush,  
 The Black bird and the Thrush,  
 The chirping Nightingale,  
 The Lennet and Wag-taile,  
 The Mavis and the Lark,  
 Oh how they doe begin, harke, harke.

## 44. A Song on the Fairy Queene.

COME follow, follow me,  
 You Fairie elves that be,  
 Come compasse in this green,  
 And follow me your Queen.  
 Hand in hand let's dance a round,  
 For this place is Fairie ground.

When

When Mortals are at rest,  
 And snorting in their nests,  
 Unheard or un-esp'y'd  
 Through Key-holes we doe glide;  
 Over Tables, stooles, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our Fairie elves.  
 Then if the house be foule,  
 With platter, dish, or bowle,  
 Up staires we nimble creep,  
 And finde the Sluts asleep:  
 Then we pinch their armes and thighs,  
 None us heares, none us espies.  
 But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleaneffe kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And surely she is paid:  
 For every night before we goe,  
 We drop a tester in her shoe.  
 Upon a Mushrome head,  
 Our table-cloath is spread,  
 A corn of Rie or Wheat,  
 Is the diet that we eat:  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In Achorn cups up to the brink.  
 The braines of Nightingales,  
 Withunctious far of Snailles,  
 Between two Muscles stew'd,  
 Is meate thar's easily chew'd:  
 Braines of Worms, and marrow of Mice  
 Doe make our feast of wondrous price.  
 The Grashoper, Gnat, and Fly,  
 Serve for our Mistris high,  
 Grace said we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile:  
 And when the Moon doth hide her head,  
 The Glowworms light us to our bed.  
 Ore tops of dewie Grasse,  
 So nimble we doe passe,

The young and tender stalk,  
 Nere bends where we doe walk :  
 But in the morning may be seen  
 The night before where we have been.

45. *A Song.*

SAY *Clarinda* while we prove  
 The mutuall acts of blisse and Love ;  
 Why weep'st, these are not maiden feares,  
 That bathe our kisses in thy teares.  
 What faith hath taught thee to begin,  
 Repentance in the act of sinne ;  
 Or doe those grieved springs run o're  
 Because we did not meet before.  
 Or doe those silver fountaines flow  
 In envie of those pearles below ;  
 Or sorrow melt thy fairer eyes,  
 Because my *Clare* would be too wise?  
 No, no *Clarinda*, I have found  
 Of all thy griefs the perfect ground :  
 And thou must needs be sorry for't,  
 That sport so sweet should be so short.

46. *A Song.*

DRinke, drinke, all you that thinke  
 To cure your soules of sadnesse ;  
 Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,  
 All worldly care is madnesse.  
 Let Lawyers plead, and Schollars read,  
 And Sectaries still conjecture,  
 Yet we can be as merry as they  
 With a Cup of *Appollos* Nestor.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,  
 And fight for reputation :  
 Phisicians be fooles, to fill up close stooles,  
 And cure men by Purgation.  
 Yet we have a way far better then they,

Which

Which Gallants could never conjecture,  
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead  
With a Cup of *Apollos* Nectar.

We doe forget we are in debt,  
When we with this liquor are warmed;  
We dare outface the Serjeants Mace,  
And martiall Troops though armed.  
The Swedish King much honour did win,  
And valliant was as *Hector* :

Yet we can be as valiant as he  
With a Cup of *Apollos* Nectar.

Let the worlds slave his comfort have,  
And hug his hoards of treasure;  
Till he and his wish meet both in a dish,  
So dyes a miser in pleasure.

'Tis not a far farme our wishes can charme,  
We scorne this greedy conjecture :

'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend,  
This Cup of *Apollos* Nectar.

The Pipe and the Pot are our common stor,  
Wherewith we keep a quarrer;  
Enough for to choak with fire and smoke,  
The great Turk and the Tarrar.  
Our faces red, our ancients spread,  
*Apollo* is our Protector :

To reare up the Scout, to run in and out,  
And drinke up this Cup of Nectar.

47. A Song on a Scold.

WE lived one and twenty years  
As man and wife together,  
I could no longer keep her here,  
She's gone I know not whither.  
Could I but guesse, I doe protest  
I speake it not to flatter;  
Of all the women in the world  
I never would come at her.

Her

Her body is beflowed well,  
 A handsome grave did hide her,  
 And sure her soule is not in Hell,  
 The Divils would not abide her.  
 I rather think she's soar'd aloft,  
 For in the last great thunder,  
 Me thought I heard her very voice  
 Rending the Clouds asunder.

47. *A Song.*

**L**Ove not me for lovely grace,  
 For my pleasant eye or face;  
 Or for any outward part,  
 No nor for my constant heart.  
 These may faile or turne to ill,  
 So thou and I shall ever sever.  
 Keep therefore a true womans eye,  
 And love me still, and know not why.  
 So hast thou the same reason still,  
 To dote upon me ever.

48. *A Song on Prince Charles.*

**F**Aire fare the Muses which in well chimed verse  
 Our Princes noble birth doe sing:  
 I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,  
 As full of duty to my King.

And thus I tell,  
 How every Bell  
 Did sound forth Englands merry glee:  
 The Bonafire too,  
 With much adoe:

It were great pittie to belye her,  
 Made London seem as all on fire.  
 A joyfull sight to see.

2. The wisest Citizens were drunk that day,  
 With beere and wine most soundly paid;  
 The Constables in duty reel'd away,  
 And charged others them to aid.

To see how soone  
Both Sun and Moone,  
And seaven Starres forgotten be,  
But all the night  
Their heads were light,  
With much exalting of their home,  
Because the Prince of Wales was home.  
A joyfull fight to see.

3. The Dutch-men they were drunk six daies before,  
And pray'd unto us to excuse their joy;  
The French-men vow'd ne're to be sober more,  
But drunk healths to the royall Boy;  
In their owne wine,  
Both brisk and fine,  
The valiant Irish cram a cree,  
It pledged hath  
In Usquebath:  
And being in his joviall vaine,  
He made a bogge even of his braine.  
A joyfull fight to see.

4. The Scots their joy in bonny Ale did sing,  
And wisht this royall Babe a man;  
That they might beg him, but to be their King,  
And let him rule them when he can.  
The Spaniard made  
A shrug, and said  
After my Pipe come follow me  
Canary Sack  
Did goe to wrack,  
Our Gentle men with them tooke part,  
The Papist drank it with one heart.  
A joyfull fight to see.

5. The Welch for joy her Cousen Prince was found  
Doe meane to change Saint Davids day,  
Swearing no Leeke hereafter shall be worn,  
But on the twenty nine of May.



None so merry,  
 Drinking Perry,  
 And Metheglin on her knee.  
 Every man  
 His crack and Can :  
 Thus arm'd the Divell they defied,  
 And durst tell Beelzebub he lyed.  
 A joyfull fight to see.

## 49. A Song.

**H**E that will wooe a widow must not dally,  
 He must make hay whilst the Sun doth shine,  
 He must not sue with a shalley, shalley,  
 But boldly say, Widow thou art mine ;  
 'Tis vaine to wooe a widow over-long,  
 In once or twice her minde you may perceive ;  
 Widowes are subtle be they old or young,  
 They know so much they quickly can deceive ;  
 Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind,  
 Or else she'l be as fickle as the wind.

## 50. A Song.

**S**Hew me no more the Marigold,  
 Whose leaves like grieved armes doe fold :  
 My longings nothing can explaine,  
 But soule and body rent in twaine.

Did I not moane,  
 And sigh and groane,  
 And talke alone,

I should beleeeve my soule were gone from home.  
 She's gone, she's gone, away she's fled,  
 Within thy breast to make her bed ;  
 In me there dwels her Tenant woe,  
 And sighs are all the breath I blow.

Then come to me,  
 One touch of thee  
 Will make me see,  
 Whether living thus alive or dead I be.

## 57. A Song

51. A Song.

I F my Mistris bid me begin  
 Shall I say no, it is a finne?  
 If she bid thee kisse and play,  
 Shall I cold foole shrink away?  
 If she clap my cheek and spy  
 Little Cupids in my eye,  
 Pinch my lips, and stroke my haire,  
 Shall I like a faint heart feare?  
 O no, no, no, no, no, I can't doe so.

52. A Song.

SLaves are they that heap up mountaines,  
 Still desiring more and more;  
 Let's carouse in Bacchus fountains,  
 Never dreaming to be poore.  
 Give us then a cup of liquor,  
 Fill it up unto the brim;  
 For then me thinks our wits grow quicker,  
 When our braines in liquor swimme.

53. A Song.

NOr fate nor love can I accuse,  
 Nor that my love did me refuse,  
 But oh mine owne unworthinesse,  
 That durst presume to mickle blisse;  
 Too mickle farre for me to love,  
 A maide so like the Saints above;  
 An Angels face, a Saint-like voyce,  
 Oh too divine for humane choyce.

54. A Song.

WERE my love a filthy Shepheard  
 I would be his Shepherdesse,  
 Or were he but a poore near heard,  
 I would love him ne're the lesse;  
 But he is one that is well known  
 To be a man in every part:  
 And he alone shall be my owne,  
 For in faith I love him with all my heart.

L

55. A Song.

## 55. A Song.

I Am confirm'd, a woman can  
 Love this, or that, or any man;  
 To day her love is melting hot,  
 To morrow sweares she knowes not what:  
 Let her but a new object finde,  
 And she is of another minde.

Then hang me Ladies at your doore,  
 If ere I doat upon you more.

And if I love the faire one, Why?  
 For nothing but to please my eye;  
 For her that's Muslicall I long,  
 When I am sad to sing a Song;  
 And for the faire and smooth skin'd dame,  
 I flatter to appease my flame:

Then hang me Lady at your doore,  
 If ere I doat upon you more.

I give my fancy leave to range,  
 In every face to finde a change:  
 The black, the brown, the faire shall be  
 But objects of variety:

I court you all to serve my turne,  
 But with such flames as shall not burne.

Then hang me Ladies at your doore,  
 If ere I doat upon you more.

## 56. A Song.

HAVE you a desire to see  
 The glorious heavens epitomy?

Or an at tract of the Spring,  
 Adonis Garden, or a thing,

Here behold it open; laid:

More full of wonder Natures shop disp'aid,  
 Burg with the choicest peeces she hath made

Here behold it open laid.

Or else would you blesse your eyes,  
 With a Type of Paradise:

Or

Or behold how Poets faine,  
 Jove to sit amidst his traine;  
 Or see what made *Aleion* rue,  
*Diana* 'mongst her Virgin crew,  
 Lift up your eyes and view.

57. *A Song on a Star falling over the  
 Arbour where his Mistris sate.*

AS I beheld the quick descent  
 Of last nights falling star,  
 I askt of many what it meant,  
 Or what it came downe for?

Some said it was a Planet sure,  
 That wandring mist his way,  
 And finding there a heaven more pure  
 Would there be fixt, and stay.

Some said the gods were all o're-seen  
 When they beheld thy feature;  
 They lookt on thine, and thought had been  
 Too faire for any creature.

*Mars* swore 'twas *Venus* his desire,  
 And to the gods did say,  
 Let's send a flame from *Vulcan's* fire  
 To light her in her way.

But sweet if thou wouldst have me tell  
 This my opinion is;  
 When the other gods had view'd thee well,  
 They needs would beg a blisse.

They sent this star to fetch new light  
 From thy more radiant eye:  
 'Twould grace the heavens in clearest night,  
 And beautifies the sky;

But keep thy splendor still so rare,  
 And thou shalt shortly see  
 They will be forc'd to have thee there,  
 Or they'll come downe to thee.

## 58. A Song.

Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may,  
 Old time is still a flying,  
 Those blossomes which doe bloome to day  
 To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
 The higher he's a getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best that is the first,  
 When youth and bloud are warmer;  
 Expect not then the last and worst,  
 Which still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy but use your time,  
 And whilst you may goe marry;  
 For having once but lost your prime  
 You must for ever tarry.

## 59. A Song.

Fire, fire, loe here I burne in such desire,  
 That all the teares that I can straine,  
 Out of my empy Love-sick braine,  
 Cannot allay my scorching paine.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and silver *Thames*,  
 Dread *Ocean* haste with all thy streames,  
 And if thou canst not quench my fire,  
 O drown both me and my desire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my desire,  
 See all the Rivers backward fly,  
 And the Ocean doth his aid deny,  
 For feare my heart should drink them dry.

Come heavenly showers, come powring downe,  
 Come you that once the world did drowne  
 Some then you spar'd, but now save all,  
 Which else must dye and with me fall.

60. A Song.

I Love a woman be she tall,  
 Be she low, or thick, or small;  
 Be she faire, or be she browne,  
 So she have nothing of the Clowne.  
 'Tis behaviour that doth give  
 Beauty, whereas none doth live,  
 Which though it cannot speak her mind;  
 It doth teach how to be kinde:  
 If her tongue doe over-run,  
 Kisse her, and she will have don;  
 If her carriage stately be,  
 That doth more enamour me;  
 If her lookes be meek and humb'e,  
 She will yee'd although she grumble;  
 If she be studious, and love bookes,  
 Learning hath a thousand hookes.  
 If intell'gent and witty,  
 She's the apter to take pittie;  
 If she sing unto the Lute,  
 Who can in her praise be mute;  
 If good qualiries she want,  
 Thinke her yet not ignorant;  
 If her haire be black or white,  
 Colour hinders not delight:  
 As I began ile end my Song,  
 I love a woman short or long.

61. A Song.

Vaine men whose follies make a god of Love,  
 Whose blindnesse beauty doth immortall deeme;  
 Praise not what you desire, but what you prove,  
 Count those things good that are, not those that seeme:  
 I cannot call her true that's false to me,  
 Nor make of women more then women be.

## 62. A Song.

**H**appy were he could finish forth his fate  
 In some unhaunted desert, most obscure  
 From all society, from love and hate  
 Of worldly folke there might he rest secure :  
 Where when he dyes his tombe may be a Buis,  
 Where harmeleſſe Robbin dwels, with the harmeleſſe  
 (Threſh.

## 63. A Song.

**A**urora to blush have I seen,  
 I have viewed the leaves of the roſe,  
 By the new ſaine ſnow have I been,  
 And where the white Lilly growes :  
 Yet never ſaw in any place  
 Pure white and red, but in your face.

## 64. A Song.

**H**ave you ſeen the white Lilly grow  
 Before rude hands have toucht it ;  
 Have you markt the fall of the Snow  
 Before the ſoyl hath ſmoucht it ;  
 Have you felt the wooll of Beaver,  
 Or Swans downe ever ?  
 Have you ſmelt of the bud of the Brier  
 Or the nard in the fire,  
 Or taſted the bag of the Bee ?  
 Oh ſo white, oh ſo ſoft, oh ſo ſweet is ſhe.

## 65. A Song.

**I**S't for a grace, or is't for ſome miſlike,  
 Where others give the lip, you give your cheek?  
 Some hold it for a Pride of your behaviour,  
 But I do rather take it for a favour.  
 Wherefore to ſhew my kindneſſe and my love,  
 Ile leave both lips and cheeks and kiſſe your Glove :  
 The reaſon is to make you fully acquainted,  
 Your gloves perfum'd, your lips and cheeks are painted



66. A Song.

Not wise enough to rule a State,  
 Nor foole enough to be laught at;  
 Not childish young, nor Bedlam old,  
 Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;  
 Not richly proud, nor basely poore,  
 Not chaste, yet no reputed whore:  
 If such a one I chance to finde,  
 I have a Mistress to my minde.

67. A Song.

Sleep, sleep, faire Virgin sleep in peace,  
 Pity thou dy'st without increase;  
 Strangers weep that doe but heare  
 How good thou wert, and how soon gone:  
 Well may the los'r spend a teare,  
 That knew the joy of such a one:  
 To thy sweet memory shall be paid  
 A plenteous dew each morn and even:  
 Farewell for ever lovely mai,  
 A Virgin Lamp on earth, a Star in heaven.

68. A Song.

I Prethee leave, love me no more,  
 Call home that heart you gave me:  
 I but in vaine that Saint adore  
 That can, but will not save me.  
 These poore half kisses kill me quite,  
 Was ever man thus served;  
 Amidst an ocian of delight  
 And pleasure to be starved.  
 Oh *Tantalus*, thy paines neare tell  
 By me thou art prevented;  
 'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,  
 But thus in heaven tormented.

69. A Song.

Like Hermite poore in pensive place obscure,  
 I meane to spend my daies of endlesse doubt;

To waile such woes as time can not recure,  
Where none but love shall ever finde me out ;  
And at my gates despaire shall linger still,  
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gowne of gray my body shall attire,  
My staffe of broken hope whereon ile stay ;  
Of late repentance link'd with long despaire,  
The Couch is form'd whereon my limbs ile lay :  
And at my gates despaire shall linger still,  
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink nought else but reares false from mine eyes;  
And for my light in this obscured shade,  
The flames may serve which from my heart arise :  
And at my gates despaire shall linger still,  
To let in death when love and fortune will.

## 70. A Song.

Woods, rocks, and mountains, & you desert places,  
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwells,  
Heare a poore maids last Will, kild with disgraces,  
Slide softly whilst I sing you silver fountaines,  
And let your hollow waters like sad Bells ring :  
Ring to my woes, whilst miserable I  
Curſing my fortune drop a teare and dye.

## 71. A Song.

Sweet golden slumbers kisse your tender eyes,  
Sweet smiles awake you when you meane to rise ;  
Sad care is heavy, therefore sleep a while,  
So shall sweet sleep thy sad face d care beguile.  
Stray gentle *Morpheus* while she sleeps het fill,  
And blesse her with some sweet illusion still :  
Sleep gentle creature, sleep, and cease to cry,  
While I sit here and sing thy lullaby.

## 72. A Song.

72. A Song.

1.

Let her give her hand, her glove,  
Let her sigh, and sweare she dye;  
He that thinks he hath her love,  
I shall never think him wise;  
When be the old love nere so true,  
She is ever for the new.



2.

One naile drives another forth,  
Land must loose when sea doth win:  
Next that comes though least of worth,  
Drives him forth that first was in.

3.

Store of Dishes make a feast,  
Shift of cloaths is sweet and cleane:  
Change of pasture fatts the beast,  
Thinke you then she will be leane?  
When be the old love nere so true,  
She is ever for the new.

73. A Song.

Oh let me groane one word in thy care,  
And with that groane break all my vitall strings;  
Thou that wouldst never, now vouchsafe to heare  
How *Leda's* bird on sweet *Meander* sings:  
So dying Tapers have their fiery flashes,  
And deadlyest embers have some burning ashes.  
Those were the lookes that once mainrain'd my  
strength,

Those were the words that all my parts did cherish,  
And what unkinesse wilt thou gaine at length,  
If by the same I miserably perish:  
That frowne, that frowne did in a minute starve  
That, which a smile did many yeares preserve.

74. A Song.

Hence all you vaine delights,  
As short as are the nights

L s

Wherein

Wherein you spend your folly ;  
 There's nought in this life sweet,  
 If men were wise to see't ;  
 But onely Melancholy :  
 Come folded Armes and fixed eyes,  
 A sight that piercing mortifies ;  
 A looke that's fastned to the ground,  
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

## 75. A Song.

GOe spend thy time some other way,  
 Unthrifty boy, leave courting play :  
 For be a woman what she can,  
 She's at the best not worth a man.  
 Quench thy flames, and let them dye :  
 Reason bids thee, and not I.  
 She's a woman, go no higher,  
 It is enough to coo'e thy fire.  
 Women are but for the sight,  
 Glo' worm like, they are best in night.  
 But if thou needs must loving be,  
 Let it be no more a lye :  
 Love thy selfe, and love thy friend,  
 Love thy Sack, and there's an end.



Fancies, Devices, and flourishing Expressi-  
 ons on Love Tokens, &c.

## Upon a Scarfe presented.

TAke this Scarfe, bind Cupid hand and foot,  
 So love must aske you leave before he shoot.

## Upon a paire of Sissers presented.

These Sissers doe your housewifry betray,  
 You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon

*Upon a Looking-glasse presented.*

Blinde fortune doth not see how faire you be,  
But gives a glasse, that you your selfe may see.

*Upon a Fanne presented.*

You love to see, and yet to be unseen,  
Take then this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

*On a plain gold Ring presented.*

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,  
This plain gold ring to wed you to your will.

*Upon a paire of Bracelets presented.*

Lady your hands are fallen into a snare,  
For Cupids manacles these Bracelets are.

*On a Scarfe presented.*

Fairest, weare this Scarfe which I doe send,  
It will your beauty from the wind defend;  
For whatsoever breaths, this aire will be  
Desirous for to kisse thy lips like me.

*On a Looking-glasse presented.*

In this same Looking-glasse my watry eye I see,  
But I doe wish that thou wouldst shew  
Her cheerfull countenance to me:  
But why doe I accuse thee here,  
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art cleare.

*On a Fayring requested.*

Let them whose hearr distrusts a Mistris faith  
Bribe it with gifts, mine no suspicion hath;  
It were a sin of a deep staine for me  
To think you false, as for my selfe to be:  
If to reward that you have exprest,  
You may expect a Present, 'tis confest.  
'Twere Justice from another, but I am  
So poore, I have not left my selfe a name  
In substance not made thine by stile before,  
He that bestowes himselfe can give no more.  
If thou wilt have a Fayring from me then,  
Give me my selfe, He give my selfe agen.

*A Country Gentleman presents.*

I send thee here a Ribbon, a whole yard,

I had sent thee Garters, but the world's so hard;  
If Ribbon will not please thee, then let she  
Hang in her old Garters, shall have no new for me.

*On a Knife.*

May this same Knife,  
Else end my life.

*On his picture cut in silver presented.*

Pray take me kindly Mistris, kisse me too;  
The substance will doe more for you.

*On a twist of her haire.*

When this about thine arme doth rest,  
Remember him that loves thee best.

*On a paire of Gloves presented.*

Fairest, to thee I send these Gloves,  
If you love me leave out the G.  
And make it a paire of Loves.

*Another.*

These Gloves I send for thy delight,  
For to set off thy purer white.

*On a silver bodkin presented.*

My dearest sweet, like this is Love,  
It must be thrust in, and then it must move.

*Written on a Gentlewomans Viall in time  
of her absence.*

Fit mournfull Tunes to her complaine,  
And now she is gone sigh her disdain:  
When that she gives thee next a touch,  
Beg I may play on her, as much.

*On a Ropes end presented in mirth  
to his Mistris.*

Least our loves should part or sever,  
Here's a Rope to tye us rogerher

*Her answer.*

The Rope is old, the Jest is new,  
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

*On his sending a Handkerchiefe.*

Here back to thee I doe resend thy clout,  
Take away C. and T. I send thee love.

*On a paire of Gloves sent his Mistris.*

With these love bands,  
I binde thy hands.

*The Lover perswades his Mistris to pin on  
her Maske, and then presents her  
with these Verses.*

Thy Maske put on, thy beauty's brighter,  
This darknesse makes those flames shine brighter;  
The Sun guilds clouds, but from thine eyes  
A day through night more cleare doth rise.

*On a Knife given to his Valentine.*

Faire Valentine, since once your welcome hand,  
With your warme touch did my new life command;  
Vouchsafe the same hand still, to shew thereby  
That fortune did your will no injury.  
What though a knife I give, your beauties charme  
Will keep the edge from doing any harme;  
Wooll duls the sharpest blade, and will not such  
A weake edge turne, meeting a softer touch.

*On the Letters of Wife.*

The W. is double wealth,  
The I. an everlasting joy.  
The F. a friend unto thy health,  
The E. doth end even all annoy.

*The Reply.*

The W. is double woe,  
The I nought else but jealousy,  
The F. a fleeting flattering foe,  
The E. an earthly enemy.

*On his Mistresses Watch.*

Goe and count her better houres,  
That more happy are then oures;  
The day that gives her any blisse,  
Make't as long againe as 'tis;  
The houre she smiles in let it be  
By thine art encreast to three;  
But if she frowne on thee or me,  
Know night is made by her, not thee;



Be swift in such an houre, and soone  
 Make it night though't be but noone:  
 Obey her time, who is the free  
 Faire Sun, that governes me and thee.

*On an empty Purse.*

Heavens a place some say, where Angels dwell,  
 My Purse wants Angels, therefore call it hell.

*A Parson to his Mistris.*

My person is divine, my Parsonage large and faire,  
 Come joyne thy love with mine, we'l make a loving  
 (paire.

*Her Answer.*

Your person is divine, your Parsonage during life,  
 But if you chancero dye ( then ) where's the wife.

*To his Mistris tying a Ribband about his Wrist.*

This silken wreath that circles in mine arme  
 Is but an Embleme of the mistick Charme,  
 Where with the magick of your beauty binds  
 My captive soule, this round about it winds;  
 My flesh alone, that hath inpal'd my minde,  
 That to your beauty onely 'tis confin'd;  
 Time may weare out these soft weak bands, but those  
 Strong charmes of love fate never shall unloose.  
 This holy Relique may preserve my wrist,  
 But my whole frame doth by that knot exist;  
 To that my prayers, and sacrifice to this  
 I onely pay a superficiall kisse:  
 This but the Idol, thar's the Deity,  
 Religion there is due, here Ceremony:  
 That I receive in faith, but this in trust,  
 Here I may tender duty, there I must:  
 This moves like aire, that like the center stands,  
 That knot your vertues ryed, this but your hands:  
 That Nature fram'd, but this is made by Art,  
 This makes my arme your prisoner, that my heart.

*Upon*

*Upon nothing left for a New-yeares Gift.*

These costly Calends put me to my shift,  
 What I should send thee for a New-yeares Gift;  
 Nor Indy, nor Ophire, yeeld me gemme or gold,  
 I want those knacks that in the Burse are sold,  
 Chaines, bracelets, eare-rings, *Ariadnes* lawne,  
 The curious work by holy Sisters drawne  
 Are farre above my reach to compasse; so  
 All that I have is nothing to bestow.  
 Accept it pray, the gift beskemes you well,  
 For you doe nothing want that I can tell.  
 Scome not the present, looke on't, and you'l finde  
 Tis of great worth, nothing contents the minde,  
 Nothing is happy, nothing is truely good,  
 For nothing we pick quarrels, and draw bloud;  
 And though for nothing Lawyers speak not now,  
 Yet about nothing, they make much adoe:  
 So rare is nothing, that now adaies 'tis made  
 Reward unto desert, service is paid  
 Richly with nothing; therefore doe not grieve  
 To weare this rare new-nothing on your sleeve.



Poies for Rings, and other pleasant things.

<b>R</b> ings and true friends	Are without ends.
The Ring is grac't	That so is plac't.
The love that is chaste	Doth never waste.
It was not sent	In Complement.
Thinke on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us share	In joy and care.
In thy breast	My heart doth rest.
Good wives and health	Are mans best wealth.
Love is here	In the true spheare.
This wreath of gold	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move	A fixed love.

Despise

Despise not me,  
 Reading this  
 I vow to kisse  
 Absence never parts  
 This and the giver  
 Absence will prove  
 Ah be not coy,  
 The love I owe  
 Of all the rest  
 Rather never  
 Nor Turtle Dove  
 As I affect thee  
 Well directed  
 The love I owe  
 This give I you  
 O that I might

I joy in thee.  
 Wish me a kisse.  
 Her that reads this.  
 Two loving hearts.  
 Are thine for ever.  
 The truest love.  
 My dearest joy.  
 I must show.  
 I love thee best.  
 Then once & not for ever.  
 Shall shew more love.  
 So respect me.  
 If accepted.  
 I faine would show.  
 Love to renew.  
 Enjoy my delight.

If you to harbor me deny,  
 I perish in the waves and dye.

When this you see  
 Vertue and love  
 Like to a circle round  
 More neare to me  
 This and I  
 Had I not spoke  
 Your consent  
 'Tis love alone  
 You and I  
 Though friends crosse love  
 Sweetest thou art  
 I languishing dye  
 Faithfull love  
 Desire like fire  
 All come to live  
 We lingred long.  
 I seeke to be  
 In thee each part  
 I love none  
 Loves knot once tyed

Thinke well of me.  
 Are from above.  
 No end in love is found.  
 Then life can be.  
 Unrill I dye.  
 My heart had broke.  
 Is my content.  
 Makes two but one.  
 Will lovers dye.  
 We'l meet above.  
 My dearest heart.  
 If you deny.  
 Can nere remove.  
 Doth still aspire.  
 And live to love.  
 Yet like at last.  
 Nor thine but thee.  
 Doth tatch a heart.  
 But you alone.  
 Who can divide.

In bodies two  
 My heart ah me  
 As I to thee  
 When *Cupid* failes  
 True love appears  
 Bethou mine  
 Ile rather dye  
 My Love for this  
 Till death doth call  
 My fancy is  
 My joy will dye  
 Some comfort give  
 Hit or misse  
 What I call mine  
 My faith once past  
 My constant love  
 Loves delight  
 Thy true affection  
 So decreed  
 Each Day I dye  
 We must be one  
 No change whatsoever  
 Till death us part  
 Be firme to me  
 God above  
 My heart liveth  
 Nothing for thee  
 I joy in one  
 My love by this  
 More I cannot,  
 Heart and hand  
 Though farre apart  
 The love I owe  
 Where this I give  
 By this Token  
 No recompence  
 My hearts love  
 Once respected

In heart but you.  
 Is fled to thee.  
 So wish to me.  
 Thy eyes prevailes.  
 In midst of teares.  
 As I am thine.  
 Then my promise deny.  
 Deserves a kisse.  
 My heart and all.  
 Endlesse as this.  
 If you deny.  
 By this I live.  
 Have at thee *Sisse*.  
 Shall all be thine.  
 Shall ever last.  
 Shall nere remove.  
 Is to unite.  
 My perfection.  
 And so agreed.  
 If you deny.  
 Or I shall be none.  
 Shall part us ever.  
 Thou hast my heart.  
 As I to thee.  
 Increase our love.  
 Where it loveth.  
 Too deare can be.  
 But injoy none.  
 Presented is.  
 Lesse I will not.  
 At your command.  
 Yet neere in heart.  
 I cannot show.  
 I wish to live.  
 You are bespoken.  
 But a remembrance.  
 Shall endlesse prove.  
 Now neglected.

I wish to have	But blush to crave.
Your sight	Is my delight,
In thy breast	My heart doth rest.
Let friend nor foe	This secret know.
My love to thee	Like this shall be.
Your friend am I	And so will dye.
Take this in part	Of my true heart.
Blest election	Is constant affection.
I fancy none	But thee alone.
For a kisse	Take this.
In every griefe	Love yeelds releife.
Its in thy will	To save or kill,
Where hearts agree	No strife can be.
As true to thee	As death to me.
I joy to finde	A constant minde.
Loves knot once ryed	Who can divide.
In constancy	I live and dye.
I am yours	Whilst life endures.
Love never dyes	Where vertue cries.
Is all perfections from above? Then surely love.	

**F**Eare God and love me,  
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I finde, thee did I chuse,  
Thee doe I bind till death doth loose.

My fancy first hath chosen thee,  
By faith I well requi.ed thee.

I love thy beaurty, but thy vertue most,  
Vertue is found when beantie's lost.

As I expect so let me finde,  
A faithfull heart, a constant minde.

Past, present, and in future time,  
I was, I am, and ever shall be thine.

Be it my fortune or my fault,  
Love makes me venture this assault

Be not too rash, deny not flat,  
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did finde, my heart made choice  
Of her that makes me now rejoyce.

The sacred purpose and decree  
Is manifest in chusing thee.

God that hath kept my heart for thee,  
Grant that our love may faithfull be.

My faith is given, this pledge doth shew  
A work from heaven perform'd below.

Where vertue is the cause of love,  
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee chosen a mate for me,  
He honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooseth,  
The hand bindeth, and death looseth.

Wit, wealth, and beaury, all doe well,  
But constanc love doth farre excell.

Such lik'ing in thy choice I finde,  
That none but death shall change my minde

Innumerable are the Stars I see,  
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A short Riddeling entertainment.

Quest. MY flesh and my skin is red,  
But white is all my heart,

Where round about the wall is set  
Beaten with every Dart. ?

Sol. It is a Cherry and a Cherry stone.

Quest. What is that is as white as snow,  
And yet as black as any Crow,  
And more plyant than a wand  
Tyed in a silken band ;

And

And every day a Princes Peere  
Lookes on it with a mirth that's cleare ?

*Quest.* It is a booke ryed with a silken lace,  
Whose paper is as white as snow,  
Inke as black as a Crow,  
And leaves more plyant than any wand.

*Quest.* Learning hath fled me, yet I know no letter,  
I have lived amongst books yet am never the better,  
I have eaten up the Muses, yet I know not a verse,  
What Student is this I pray you rehearse ?

*Sol.* A worme bred in a book.

*Quest.* One evening as cold as cold might be,  
With frost, and haile, and pinching weather,  
Companions about three times three,  
Lay close all in a Pound together,  
Yet one after another they tooke a hear,  
And dyed that night all in a sweat ?

*Sol.* A pound of Candles.

*Quest.* It was not, it is not, nor never will be,  
Hold up your hand and you shall see ?

*Sol.* It is the finger that was not, nor is not,  
Nor will it be, so great as the rest of the fingers.

*Quest.* Sweet Lady, such a boone I crave,  
As being got againe you have ;  
Nay if you surfeit of my request,  
Your gift returnes with interest,  
Tis not so wanton as may show  
A Venus blush, a Cupids Bow,  
Such as your beauties sympathize  
When Cupids quivered in your eyes ;  
That blisse which answers my desire,  
May parallel Diana's fire ;  
'Tis such as in a moments play  
Is given, and is gone away :  
Yet if you grant a blisse  
Sweet Lady, tell me what it is ?

*Sol.* A Kisse.

*Quest.* My Coat is green, and I can prate



Of divers things within my grate,  
In such a Prison I am set,  
That hath more trap-holes than a net?

*Sol. A Parrot in a cage of wire.*

*Quest.* In open field I cannot lye,  
Within a box of Ivorie,  
My Lady rests me quietly?

*Sol. A Fan of Feathers in a Ladies Cabiner.*

*Quest.* What part of a man may that be  
That is an implement of three,  
And yet a thing of so much stead  
No woman would without it wead,  
And by which thing or had or lost,  
Each marriage is made up or crost?

*Sol. The heart of man a Triangular figure,  
The beginning of love.*

*Quest.* Round I am yet cannot rest,  
When I am mounted of the best?

*Sol. A Tennis Ball.*

*Quest.* Far in the West I know not where,  
Are Trees, men say, that Oysters beare,  
That Oysters should be bred so high,  
Me thinkes it soundeth like a lye;  
That female plants I know its true,  
In London streets beare Oysters new:  
And Fish and Flesh, and now and then  
They beare I tell you handsome men?

*Sol. Every man and woman is a tree, and by such trees  
you know what fruits are borne in London.*

*Quest.* Tell thy Master in my name when Trees are  
turned and wells be dry;

And dead, for quick then come will I?

*Sol. 'Tis midnight, when a gentlewoman concealing her  
meaning promised her Lover that she would come.*

*A Proposition or question about a Garland.*

*Quest.* Betwixt two Suitors for a Lady faire,  
Upon her head a Garland she did weare,

And of the inamour'd two, the first alone  
 A Garland wore like her, the other none.  
 From her owne head she took the wreath she wore,  
 And on him plac'd it that had none before;  
 And then these Lovers browes were both about  
 Beset with Garlands, whilst she sat without  
 Beholding then these rivalls on each side  
 Of her thus placed, and deckt in all their pride;  
 She from the first mans head the wreath he had  
 Tooke off, and therewith her owne brows she clad,  
 And now this Lady, and the second were  
 In Garlands deckt, and the first man sat bare:  
 Now which did she love best, of him to whom  
 She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. In my conceit she him would soonest have  
 From whom she tooke, not him to whom she gave;  
 For to bestow divers respects may move,  
 But to receive, none should perswade but love:  
 She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,  
 But him whose wreath she wore she much more grac'd;  
 For where she gives she there a servant makes,  
 But makes her selfe a servant where she takes:  
 Then where she takes she honours most, and where  
 She doth most honour she, most love doth beare.



*Phrases for the beginning of Letters, for our  
 greater speed in our urgent occasions.*

**D**Esiring to refresh the memory of your good  
 will.

I thanke you for the courtesie I received at  
 your hands.

I pray you honour me so much, as to beare  
 my Neece company.

Let

Let me request this courtesie at your hands.

I must intreat you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your letters.

*Sir*, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.

*Sir*, I have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you beare to me.

*Sir*, Let me advise you not to let slip any opportunities, to make me happy in your commands.

*Sir*, Excuse me, if my haste force me to be familiar with you.

*Phrases for the conclusions of letters in haste.*

**W**herefore let me intreat you to advise me, or give me counsell, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore I doe againe desire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The best interest, or use which you shall have for the money you lent me is, that I will here confesse and subscribe my selfe your, &c.

*Sir*, So as you will have a little patience, I will doe you reason, or I will doe all that shall be fitting to expresse my selfe your servant.

When you shall have need of my ware, or of any thing my shop affords, it is at your command or service, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I shall have the meanes to serve you, I will doe it with a very good will, whilst I am &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you spare me not, since I am alwaies yours.

If you think good I pray you send for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I shall acquit my selfe therein, as I should doe in my owne businesse, that most chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You shall finde me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, F. G.

If you deale well with me now, you will give me occasion to pleasure you another time, for I am at your dispose.

If you send not the summe you owe me, you will constrain me to take some other course.

I pray you advise him in it, who is yours, L. W.

I will be ready to doe it with all my heart.

'Tis the least part of that service he owes you, who is your friend.

I will not faile to advertise you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldnesse to salute you, with my most humble recommends.

I shall doe it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart desires, and so I remaine yours.

Desiring God to give you the continuance and increase of all kind of prosperity, with my prayers to God, to give you with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes, and desires, yours, G. L.

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remaine ever, Yours, &c.

*The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters  
of Complement.*

*An offer of service. 1.*

S I R,

**T**Hese strokes of my hand shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you anew the purpose I have alwayes had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant  
Yours Sir.

*Another. 2.*

**S**I R, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yeeld you by my service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all  
Your servants.

*Another upon the sending of a token. 3.*

**S**E E Sir, I do not forget you, witnesse this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall finde me what I professe, that is,  
Sir, Yours.

*A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 4.*

**S**I R, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both shall be obliged and bound to you: he, as an humble suitor, and I, Sir, as

Your most affectionate Servant,

*Another to the same effect. 5.*

Sir,

**M**Y passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgement shall be great, I shall expect this cur-  
L  
refe

relie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, since in very deed, I am,

*Your most humble servant.*

*A Letter for answer to requests. 6.*

**I** Honour you requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as shall be requisite for your service; for whilst I am any thing, Sir, I am

*Your servant.*

*Another humble expression of ones self to a Friend. 7.*

*Sir,*

**I** Am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you; and I bestow them on you, without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, since that will make me still appear, wheresoever I am, like my self, which is,

*Your most humble &c.*

*Sir,*

*Another. 8.*

**Y**Our requests are effected, and by consequence, my desires are accomplished; the one depending on the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall be alwayes my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmost endeavours, for they proceed, Sir, from

*Your most humble servitor.*

*A Complemental Letter. 9.*

*Sir,*

**I** Have nourish'd in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service, and take more delight in rendring my self yours, then in the wayes of the world: I beseech you therefore to honour me with your commands; I acknowledge my self an enemy to Courtship, but I dare protest this, that, though you may have more powerful, you can never have a more considerable servant; for I am

*Yours most affectionately.*

*An.*



Another. 10.

**S**ir, It is my publike profession to appear in all places a servant to your merits; your interests have obliged me, to which I shall alwayes remain indebted, making more account of the least of them then of all the respects I am able to render you, which may witnesse the passion I have to maintain the qualitie, *Sir, of your very humble Servant.*

A Letter of Silence. 11.

**T**He onely way, *Sir*, to conserve me in your memory, is to write to me: Silence is a sworn enemie to friendship: If you have therefore taken an oath to write no more to me, send me my Letters back again: You may so change your humour when you please: If you desire not to renew Obligations of my service, I honour you so extreemly that I must of necessity addresse these lines to you: The protestations I have made to live and die yours, have raised in me this resolution, not to lose the honour of your remembrance, though you should make little esteem of him who is *Your most humble Servant.*

The Answer. 12.

**S**ir, Accuse me of importunitie rather then of neglect: for so you may finde me guiltie: A trespassse which out of my respects to you, I shall carry with me to my grave: I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letter, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to beleeve this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though other interests have for a short space restrained my pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the paper, to expresse how much I am *Your faithfull Friend and Servant.*

A Letter of Gratitude. 13.

**S**ir, You have ever so pursu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world but to entertain them: insomuch, that should I off'r up my being to you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to disingage my self; so that of necessity I must want both



words and services to expresse how unfainedly I honour you, and am

Yours.

*The Answer. 14.*

*Sir,*

**T**He excesse of your noblenesse hath bereft me of all Complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and must be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain terms to expresse, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, then I in executing the office of a friend, being unreservedly

Yours to command.

*Another Answer. 15.*

*Sir,*

**I**F you esteem me for one of your friends, why do you use me thus; to thrust upon me with such unnecessary acknowledgements? it is an ill custome you have got: I protest to you Sir, I desire not to know the Language of Complements from you: consider of me without the superfluity of such Ceremonies; and be but more familiar in the commerce of your Letters: and I shall acknowledge it for a full satisfaction and favour above all merits of mine.

*Your friend, L. M.*

*A Letter of intreaty. 16.*

*Sir,*

**I**Doubt not of your power, and lesse of your noblenesse: and therefore presume to take the freedom to implore your Favour in the prosecution of that businesse you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour in this misfortune, to make your goodnesse known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours, and in particular of this, which so extreamly obliges me, that though for the present I am one of your most unprofitable servants, I shall not faile hereafter to merit it, or to carry a sorrow with me to my grave.

*Yours, L. F.*

*The*

*The Answer. 17.*

*Sir,*

**I**F I had done all you have desired, I should still in-  
treat you to preserve new commands: I take such  
pleasure in them, so that I blame nothing but the facility  
of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you  
for my employment, then you can return me for my ser-  
vice: whereas you write of the preserving of their me-  
mory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, then  
new proofs of my obedience: for all the satisfaction I  
expect, is to be made more, if it were possible,

*Yours, J. R.*

*A Congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of  
a friend. 18.*

*Sir,*

**T**He excess of my gladness, like the merits of your  
affection, is not in any respect vulgar: for all my  
passions do but wait upon your good fortunes: pardon  
therefore the defect of my Eloquence, since it is supplied  
with the joy reigns in me, which hath made me so sensi-  
ble of that extraordinary contentment, that in honour-  
ing you the world is possessed of, which long before this  
foresaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your  
merits: perhaps most of your friends have prevented me  
in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection can-  
not come too late from him, that is more then he is able  
to expresse,

*Yours.*

*The Answer. 19.*

*Sir,*

**Y**OU have so sensibly touched me with your Letter  
(your joy as it were to the life) mingling my in-  
terests with yours; that, should I not render thanks to  
you, I should die of a deep impatience; I acknowledge  
I never merited the effects of such nobleness, as  
that you should account of me as an object for your ver-  
tuous inclinations: the pleasure I entertain to consider  
your goodnesse, is more satisfaction to me then my ad-  
vancement.

L 3

vancement: as I prefer before other interests the happiness of your affection, and the new assurance of your friendship; which that I may the more seriously contemplate, I shall for ever reserve my admiration, and remain in the number of your best friends. *Yours, L. D.*

*A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.*

*Worthy Sir,*

**T**He excess of your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour: You are so extremely generous, that I cannot be sensible enough: All the happiness that I am furnished with, is, that you would be pleased to grant my innocent observance so much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands: For I am *Your humble Servant.*

*A Letter to a Lord. 21.*

*My Lord,*

**I** Boldly confesse my incapacity to expresse to your Lordship the resentment which your obligations cause in me; as also my disability in meeting with occasions to acquit my self, so that I have no other power left me but an acknowledgement of your generous actions, which can onely recompence themselves in publishing your Lordships noble minde to the whole world, together with the quality, *My Lord, of your most humble and most obedient Servant.*

*A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 22.*

*Sir,*

**I**T is not that I fear my innocencie, but to purchase the quiet of my minde, that I present these lines to you: In the error I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the suddenness of the occasion, then from any free will of mine; I therefore confesse my fault, not onely in hope of your pardon, but also of a better acceptance, since the acknowledgement proceeds from *Your truly sorrowful Friend.*

*A Letter complaining of a false report. 23.*

**S**ir, I fear you have forgot that esteem which I made of your deserts, and those passions which I have ever had to do you service, or else you could not be so forgetful both of me and your self, as to undertake so dangerous an imploiment. I advise you suddenly to restrain these exorbitances of your tongue, or I shall force you to such a long silence, that you shall never be heard to speak again. This is a charitable advise, if you are so careful of your self as to follow it.

*Your Servant G. K.*

*The Answer. 24.*

**S**ir, If as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and qualitie of a true friend, I could not have met with so violent an encounter from you, in a businesse of such importance, without better information; which when you take the pains hereafter to be more serious in, you will chastise your self for your rashnesse, and with an acknowledgement, endeavour to renew the interests of

*Your friend and servant.*

*Another more complemental Answer to the same purpose. 25.*

**S**ir, I do assure you with your better permission, that your accusation is most false; yet so highly do I approve of your judgement, that I do begin to question my innocence, till you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

*Your most humble Servant.*

*To a new married Friend. 26.*

**S**ir, With the same joy that I formerly embraced your friendship, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civilitie and sweetnesse of this your other half, to whom you now have divided part of the power that you had acquired over my affections. I rejoyce in your happy election, and as your Friend must ever love you with the same passions, and as extreemly as before, professe my self

*Yours.*

*The Answer. 27.**Sir,*

I Am confident that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as so many characters of your good nature and noble minde; for which I am extreemly obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a wife, you have obtained a new servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my wife, your friend. Sir-I am *Your most humble servant.*

*A Letter of protestation of friendship. 28.**Sir,*

Though I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my self, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, wherby I may appear to you to be more then verbal. It is the onely good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot expresse my self to the extent of my desires. *Your friend and servant.*

*The Answer. 29.**Sir,*

The eternitie of your love is best expressed in the frequency of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfectly then you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of our vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens, you shall finde me to be *Your most humble and obedient servant.*

*Another. 30.**Sir,*

The desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it self, it being the onely consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in minde that I will be *Your most humble servant.*

*The*

*The Answer. 31.*

*Sir,*

**W**Hat proofs soever you give me of your Friendship, they are not able to diminish the price of mine, being in such a height of perfection, as not to be named: which truth, if I am so unfortunate as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired; which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise then

*Your most humble and obedient servant.*

*A Letter of excuse. 32.*

**T**Hough you were deprived of my letters, you were not of my remembrance: but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfy you. And indeed I had no news to send you, Sir, save only that I am always

*Yours.*

*To a sick friend. 33.*

**S**IR, Being ascertained of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, since the least distemper you feel, is to me an extream grief. Now if my prayers can do any thing for your health, and consequently for my comfort, you will be soon well, and I content,

*Sir, Who am your most humble, &c.*

*A Letter to his sweet-heart. 34.*

**Y**OU binde me, and unbinde: pardon me, fairest, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? The offence is not small that you had not written to me, but that you promised me; for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love: Remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours, and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart:

Thus I am thine. Farewell.



*The Academy*

*A Letter from a Quondam Mistris. 35.*

**S**ir, Since I am constrained by my fathers commands, I must intreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave sensibly to feel the separation of our loves; yet since it is follie to contrary that which must fall out otherwise, I counsel you to arm your self with strong resolutions, and to forget all that hath past between us, that you have no memory of me; as I for duties sake, am constrained to forget you,

*Being now not my own.*

*His Answer. 36.*

**G**O paper more happie then him that sends thee, accompanied with thy blots: instead of tears kisse her hands; which having kist, since she hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her, that day and night I turn my self into streams of tears, to wash away her perjuries and false vows: Tell her faithful paper, that by unbending the bow she can never heal the wound which she hath made in her faith and my love: and that my griefs shall witnesse to the world, that as she is most fair, so she is most inconstant to her Lover, who can finde content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever *Farewel.*

*Sir,*

*37.*

**I** Received your Letter, and withall perused those undeserved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the protestations of your service, which you must give me leave to question; for I shall always doubt whether so honourable a personage as your Lordship can yeeld service to so mean a Ladie; or if love had such power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy Sir, upon these warrants, and your free offers of service, I binde you by a curteous request, to conclude a speedie peace, that I may without danger of hostilitie repair to *Diana's Temple*; so shall I be bound to do you any honourable favour. *Farewel.* *His short Answer. 38.*

**M**<sup>r</sup> *dearest*, If the dissembling which you accuse me of, be to cause me to die of grief, you may easily do

it



*of Complements.*

it with a frown, and then my death will give you a spee  
and deplorable demonstration how truly I have lov  
you. *Farewel.*

*Her Answer. 39.*

**I**F there be any thing in you that pleases me, your de  
is the least: The acknowledgement of your fault ha  
satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of yo  
boldnesse then the miseries you suffer: Know your  
better hereafter. *Farewel and live, cherish your self and hope*

*A Letter to his Mistris in his absence. 40.*

**F**Airest, I left thee with grief, but am returned with  
pleasure and contentment; deny me not therefore  
thy presence, but let me see thee, that I may recount m  
fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes.

*Farewel.*

*A Letter protesting affection. 41.*

**I**F I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be beloved  
of any; if my affections do ever change, let my present  
misfortunes never change; if you beleve not the oath  
have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you  
shall finde that I am more yours, then I can assure you by  
my true, but most feeble words. *Farewel.*

*A Letter in favour of another. 42.*

**S**ir, If you shall be pleased to employ some part of your  
credit in the behalf of this Gentleman, without any  
consideration but my request, I shall account his obli-  
gations as my own, your desert and condition having  
made you so considerable and necessary, that I could not  
but presume to importune you in this particular. I shall  
hereafter resent what you are pleased to do for him.

*Your Servant.*

*The Answer. 43.*

**S**ir, I onely waited for an imploiment from you, that  
I might expresse my joy to serve you, so that I esteem  
my self happy in this little occasion. Your commands  
are my honour; think of this businesse as done.

*Your Servant.*

## *The Academy*

### *A Letter complaining of absence. 44.*

SIR, The great esteem I have ever had of your friendship, suffers me not to endure your absence any longer. This tyrannie of your humour or inclination is too severe a punishment for me to groan under: For the eclipse of your better self seems to me to be a retirement of your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return speedily. I conjure you by all those charms of passion I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redresse to him who is  
*Your most humble servant.*

### *The Answer. 45.*

SIR, I make lesse account of my absence from the Court, and from my affairs, then from you; your friendship is the onely businesse of my speedy return. I have already chid my self, and now have no more to do but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with the tenders of all manner of service in the quality of  
*Your most humble Servitor.*

### *A Letter clearing ones self of a false accusation. 46.*

SIR, I hope that all the passions of my service have given you such sufficient proofs as never to doubt my loyaltie, in which my innocencie hath ever shined clearer then the best language of my pen can expresse; so that the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knaverie I will make your sport; and if you please but to reveal his name, I will engage mine honour to make him signe me an acquittance with his blood. I expresse my self thus far, that at any rate I may purchase your higher esteem of me, or be for ever forgotten.

*Your abused Friend.*

### *The Answer. 47.*

SIR, I have more discretion then to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interess'd in: And before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integritie. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much  
lesse

lesse of your sword: satisfy your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being, *Sir,*      *Your most humble servant.*

*A Letter to a sick Friend. 48.*

**T**His is the protestation of your friend, that your sickness is mine, your indisposition mine; and if you leave not your bed, I shall suddenly take physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us, but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, then my life, which is endangered till I hear of your recovery.      *Your languishing Friend.*

*The Answer. 49.*

**P**raised be heaven, I have so much strength as to hold my pen to render these thanks to thee, and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend. I have some hopes of recovery, which as you expresse, is the weapon-salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the care of yourself.      *Yours.*

*A Complementary Letter. 50.*

**S**IR, I am not guilty of errors to make me blush: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainly I cannot be accused or convicted, they carry so much honour with them to justify me; or if they do not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together; else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave. *Sir,*

*Your most humble and most obedient servant.*

*Sir,*

*The Answer. 51.*

**I**Am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am toucht with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; and you still punish me with the misfortune of my disability, to be so admirably transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world

world thus. I beseech you to beleieve me, that I am honestly envious of your noblenesse; and till I have encountered with some means to requite you, I will onely represent the disquiet of my minde, and then always seek occasions to testifie to you how much I am

*Your most humble and obliged Servant.*

*Sir,*

52.

**I**T would be very hard for me to expresse how strictly I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you do so continually oblige me; yet thus far, as an expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were any amongst them that could vaunt with that reason; that they are to the height as I am,

*Your most humble and most obedient Servant.*

*A Letter of excessive favours. 53.*

*Sir,*

**Y**OU are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your envyers as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generositie you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledge your favours: they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ingratefull, though I both have, and would professe my self to my last minute

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A Letter to a Friend upon the death of his Brother. 54.*

*Sir,*

**I**Am truly what you have ever beleaved, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your grief; and am so much your Friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumbe, or that my passions, which serve and honour you, should fall asleep when yours are in their extremitie. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful; yet pardon me, *Sir*, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you

*of Complements.*

you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Saint from happinesse. *Sir*, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memorie, unlesse you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, *Sir*, if I say that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen falls out of my hand, and my tears blot out what I am writing. *Sir*, I am your admirer and faithful Servant, be pleased to accept this counsel from me, together, with an assurance that I will live and die

*Your most passionate Servant.*

*A Letter of presentation of Service. 55.*

*Sir,*

I Have taken hold of this occasion, to expresse the inclination I have to esteem you more then all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution everlastingly to be

*Your Servant.*

*The Answer. 56.*

*Sir,*

I Am much obliged to you, for the good will you witness in my behalf; but I have no other libertie left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgement of the qualitie of

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A Letter to demand an Answer. 57.*

*Sir,*

Y Our silence nourisheth a doubt in me, Whether my Service be acceptable to you, or not: You may resolve me when you please, by some short answer, if you judge me worthy of such a favour.

*Your Servant.*

*The Academy*

*Another. 58.*

**S**IR, This Letter is so curious to learn news of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuit almost against my will. Let me know then if you please, whether the first were acceptable or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of  
*Your most obedient servant.*

*The Answer to them both. 59.*

**S**IR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love: in answer to them briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much; That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my minde to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extremely sensible of your love, which affords me so much power as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of  
*Your most humble servant.*

*To his Mistress. A complaint of her absence. 60.*

**M**Adam, since you are born into the world for no other end then to be admired, Why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimony of your worth, to which, long ago, I dedicated my self.

*Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.*

*The Answer. 61.*

**S**IR, You know I am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers: their afflictions do passe with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to me very easie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, then you can give me of the constancy of any that you profess you entertain: yet be your affections what they will, I will render my self as far as a chaste liberty permits,

*Your humble servant.*



*A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62.*

**M**istris, If you prove constant, I will lose my life sooner then part with those resolutions I have entertained to serve you. This is not a discourse of complement, but the soul of my thoughts, which knows no other object then your deserts, onely, as they have an absolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your dispose; for I will hazard the one, and the other, when you please to command them in your service, since it interesteth my happinesse to be eternally

*Your most humble and faithful servant.*

*The Answer. 63.*

**S**IR, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too passionate to be constant; and I am too unworthy of such protestations of your martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not so displeasing to me, as that I should cease to be obliged, since you are pleased to reckon me in the number of

*Your humble servants.*

*A Letter complaining of neglect. 64.*

**M**Adam, Since I have learned the lesson of love, I have been sufficiently instructed with sufferings. 'Tis true, the slavery wherewith I am tyed, forbids me to demand a reason for what you can do; yet I dare allow myself so much libertie, as to tell you that you are too rigorous to be so beautiful, and that, except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose

*Madam,*

*Your most humble and faithful servant.*

*To congratulate a Friend. 65.*

**S**IR, I much rejoyce at the successe of your businesse; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soul; so much do I tender your content: but this is but a dutie to the friendship I owe you, and a necessitie to the zeal I have to your service, to which I shall be for ever obliged.

*Sir,*

*Your most humble &c.*



*A Farewel to a Friend going a voyage.* 66.

**S**ir, The Law of necessitie must deprive me a while from the honour of your presence (but not without grief;) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwayes preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if separated from you, I can live content: But though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and wheresoever I remain, it shall appear to you that I am,

*Sir, Yours.*

*A Letter of excuse.* 67.

**S**ir, If lawful excuses exempt dutie, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunite of affairs that have befallen me: It grieves me nevertheless for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may satisfie you; I shall shortly do my self the happinesse to see you, and the honour to serve you,

*Sir, Since I am Yours, &c.*

*Of a new married man to his Brother in Law.* 68.

**S**ir, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me, that I shall never think my self more happy, then when I shall know my self capable to deserve it. This expression of my dutie will witnesse to you how considerable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the desire to observe you, the will to serve you; I have no other passion in my soul, nor other ambition in my designs; it is all I hope for, it is every thing I look for, yea, with so much patience as I have left off my libertie (after so sweet a servitude) to live faithful, that I may die constant,

*Sir, The most humble of your Servants.*

*A Letter by way of Protestation.* 69.

**S**ir,  
**T**He honour of your friendship so obligeth me to make some worthy acknowledgement, that I am most resolute to serve you; but as full of defects in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occasion,

tion, wherein by your command I may signallize my obedience, which shall alwayes, and wherefoever I remain, make me appear, *Sir, That I am Your &c.*

*Another to a Friend obliged by favours. 70.*

*Sir,*

**Y**OU still delight in obliging such as are most beholding unto you: I am witnesse of it, and your curtesie is the tryal: so that I am ashamed to be alwayes engaged, without so much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Neverthelesse, if a fervent passion, perfectly zealous for your service, can satisfie you for my defects; accept of it, I beseech you, since it proceeds, *Sir, From Your most humble &c.*

*To complain for some offence. 71.*

**S**IR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pittie them both; the one makes you seem mild, and the other rash; I think you are not the man to repent it; but he that does ill, is not absolved for being sorry for it; he must do penance withall hereafter. Look to your own affairs, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jest when one pinches me: If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words,  
*N. B.*

*A presenting of Service. 72.*

**M**ISTRESS, It is long since that too much discretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldnesse permits it me now: I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guiltie, that so I may be rather absolved then accused: For although I had no other purpose then to tender you my service, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for assurance of my fidelitie; yet am I fearful of too much undertaking; but howsoever, chastise me as you please, *Mistress*, here's my name and surname,  
*Your humble and most affectionate Servant.*

*Another of Love. 73.*

**M**ISTRESS, Since at the sole aspect of your eyes, my heart sighs for love, as taken with your wonders;

I shall incessantly bless the day of your acquaintance, and consequently of her that is the most perfectly fair on earth: and already resigning my will to yours, I will so passionately cherish my thralldom, that the fear alone of being free will render me miserable. Make good my purpose then, Sweet *Mistress*,  
*But alwayes in this quality, of  
 your most affectionate servant.*

*Another. 74.*

**M***istress*, When to admire you I staid mine eyes at your object, my heart insensibly taken, bewailed her captivity; so as I found my self in love, before I had so much as the hope to be so. And yet I should not complain; but I rather bless the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the sole arms of your merits, without reserving any freedom to my self, *Mistress*, other then the word to speak me, *Your servant.*

*Another. 75.*

**L***ady*, I have such an inclination to your love, that I must needs be destinyed for your service. Now if it be a fatal instinct in me, that my obeysance should waite upon the honour of your commands, is it not necessary for you, *Mistress*, To beleve me to be *Your servant.*

*Another. 76.*

**M***istress*, If admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eyes again on purpose to guard ye from danger; can I have an heart without loving you, or a soul without adoring you? And can I be mortal, and not sensible of your charms? Oh no, *Mistress*, I have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glory in being your slave.

*Another. 77.*

**M***istress*, This instant Letter will tell you I am your servant: If you ask me the cause, it is your merit, and the effect shall be my obedience: If you deem me as worthy of your commands as you are of my services, I have a *Mistress* to my wish, and by consequence am

*Your Servitor, &c.*

*Another.*

Another. 78.

**M**istris, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I bestow my self; but it is as your captive and slave.

Another. 79.

**S**ince your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I must die, it must be for love. Happy death! happy cause! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confesse onely you have vanquished me, and I shall confesse the defeat, being it proceeds from the most perfect creature on earth.

*A Letter of a despairing Lover. 80.*

**S**ometimes love, at this time the despair of Love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpose, if it return me no redresse, to change it into a sword, which promises me a full, though a cruel healing: the blank paper which you have sent me for an answer, is a testimony of my innocency, since it is as if you had said you have found nothing to accuse me of; from whence otherwise could your silence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithful service, for pittie I desire of you either life or death: this is all that is requested at your hands by your despairing Lover.

*Her Answer. 81.*

**D**raw from your evil the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a sence of any thing: till you are forgiven, you shall not know your offence: in the mean space hope and live.

*To a Lady, promising revenge on his enemy. 82.*

**M**Adam, Who doubts of my innocencie, shall be guilty and offend against truth: closed eyes see not the light, though without a shadow it shines on them, especially when those eyes are shut against the brightnesse of my justice: Therefore if the blood of mine enemy cannot wash away my stain, I will voluntarily adde thereunto my own, since that I have no other way to preserve my life left me, I am ready to render it. Farewel.

*Her*

*Her Answer. 83.*

**S**ir, The wounds of the body are not alwayes healed, though they be out of danger ; no more they of the minde : but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions ; in the mean space , she that loves you waits an opportunitie till the blemishes of your honour are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear clear, and as bright as day again in the eyes of her that admires you.

*A Lovers offer of his Service to his Mistris. 84.*

**F**air Mistris , Had I Art to perswade you as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pitty ; but for that love is more vehement in the heart then in the tongue , I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved ; if nor, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to air, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service, of which you can have no better assurance then to imploy me , nor I a higher favour then to be  
*Yours.*

*A Letter of a Lover, requesting speedy remedy. 85.*

**G**ood Madam , Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beaurie doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming Flax , which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn : thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer , I kisse your hand, and am  
*No more my own.*

*A Letter from a languishing Lover. 86.*

**M**ore out of zeal to do you service, then desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self, only kept alive by the light of your fair beauty, that sitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure : if you vouch-  
*safe*

*of Complements.*

lose it, I live : if not, you must see my death : and thus  
doubtfull between both , till I kisse your sweet answer, I  
remain, *Unto my last gasp , Yours.*

*Her Answer. 87.*

I Am not cruel , though with difficultie I consent to  
love : and for that your passions are so extream , I  
keep your picture in my bosome, but with what thought, I  
blush to write, though pitty be my warrant, so that I leave  
the event of our loves to your consideration : for know,  
sweet *Sir* , that being overcome to see your passions so  
great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my self,  
and all to your affection and wise government. *Farewel.*

*A Letter to his Mistris. 88.*

*Fairest* , Since it is a common thing to love, and a mi-  
racle to subdue affection, Let it not seem strange that  
I am a slave to your beautie, nor wonder though I sue for  
grace, since the Lover, like a sick Patient , is inforc'd to  
seek comfort of his *Mistris* : to prove that I love you ,  
needs no other testimony then the witnesse of your rare  
perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat  
in the most severest *Anchorite*; for the present, I balm my  
wounds with a hope that I shall kisse your gracious hand,  
and that your answer will return an acceptance of the ser-  
vice of him *Whose heart waiteth on your Beauty.*

*A Letter to his Mistris upon Service enjoyned. 89.*

*Fair Nymph* , May all contents and pleasures dwell  
with you , as all mine depend on you ! I perceive  
now you command me to action : but love , which is  
ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble;  
but let Heaven do with me what it pleaseth , I am confi-  
dent that Earth will not deny me a grave.

*A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his  
Mistris. 90.*

*Fairest* , If your eyes were as full of pitty as they are to  
cause love , the sweetnesse which they promise at the  
first,





first, would make me adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes ; but so far are they from the performance of their deceitful promises, that they will not so much as glance at them , and so wide from healing my hurt , that they will not acknowledge themselves authors , as if with you they purposed to equal crueltie with beautie , since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruelly die in me : being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carry my affections with me into the grave , hoping that the heavens moved at last, will through my patient suffering , make me as dear to you, as you are now cruell to me. *Farewel.*

*A Letter from a despairing Lover. 91.*

**I**F you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which follows it shall revenge it for you ; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my self that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul : which if it fall out so , I shall cherish the resemblance of your beautie more then my birth, since by it I came into the world to be troublesome to you ; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

*Another. 92.*

**M***istress*, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours : so that I have nothing free but my pen to expresse how I am  
*Your Servitor.*

*Another. 93.*

**M***istress*, From the time that with your beautie I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then, that my services , whereof heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you ; permit , *Mistress*, that I may honour my self with this title of

*Your servant.*

*Another*



*Another Letter of Service. 94.*

**S**ir, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seen the submissions of services that you do me, but undeservedly; for that I am more beholding to your curtesies, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were unreasonable; as to refuse them would be held disdainful: I do therefore receive the proffers, but leave the effects to your self, that so you may not serve, *Sir,*

*Her that favours you.*

*Another. 95.*

**S**ir, If the services which your honesty will needs yeeld me, gather onely life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cause: so that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my Servant, *Sir,* in words onely; but I am yours in my living actions, *L. M.*

*Another. 96.*

**S**ir, If my duty have entertained yours, my honesty hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them. I shall neverthelesse, for mine own sake, reserve the honour to my self to be

*Your Servant.*

*Another to the same effect. 97.*

**S**ir, I accuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confesse me guilty before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is

*The most affectionate of all your Servants.*

*Another to the same effect. 98.*

**A**lbeit one self-same cause makes us pardonable, for having been alike silent, yet do I know my duties in respect, in having unjustly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) by the effects of remembrance, which grieve my soul; which grief I present to you, but alwayes in my quality, *Sir,* *Of your humble Servitor.*

*M*

*A Letter desiring better acquaintance.* 99.

**S**ir, Although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you; yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my self into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldned me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service.

*Yours.*

*A Letter from one to his Mistress.* 100.

**I**T is impossible to see you without loving you; but much more, to love you without being extream in that affection; so that if for my defence, it shall please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it self before your eyes, I assure my self, that the greatnesse of my hurt shall obtain by pitty as much pardon from you, as the boldnesse which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the judgement which I shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kiss your fair hands, and rest,

*Yours.*

*A Letter to Cælia.* 101.

**M**istress, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired: if love be not love but to make you be beloved: if sacrifices are not but to make you be adored, Who can see you without admiration? who can admire you without love? and who can love without adoration? He must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soul: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it: if my soul adores you, Heaven permits it: so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you,

*Dear Mistress, Under the Title of Yours, Eugenius.*

*A Letter.* 102.

**S**ir, It is needlesse for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary; I can write little, but my deeds shall speak for me, and tell you that in effect I will, during life, be

*Yours.*

*A Letter of acknowledgement.* 103.

**W**Hat worthy acknowledgement can I give to your noble favours, when their extremity bereaves me of the hope: my duty remains pensive at the excess of your curtesies; for being never able to tender you other then unworthy effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for a body; yet accept it, I beseech you, whilst you remember how it proceeds from

*Your most humble Servant.*

*Another.* 104.

**S**ir, With what kinde of duties shall I acknowledge your curtesies, which have so obliged me, that to expresse them right, I must be silent? To offer you my service, it is already your own. To present my self; I am yours long since. I then have nothing but deficiencies for your satisfaction, though I have a thousand services at your command; for my being in general, depends on that particular, of,

*Your most humble Servitor.*

*Answer.* 105.

**S**ir, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To present you with wishes, for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your curtesies; honouring and serving you whilst I live: all which life of mine is destined for no earthly thing but your commands.

*Another.* 106.

**S**ir, Your curtesies have too much obliged me ever to forget them: I shall celebrate them particularly in my soul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the least presenting serviceable occasion, and live alwayes with this will, never to die beholding to you.

*Sit, Your most humble Servitor.*

*Another.* 107.

**S**ir, I can honour your merits by reason, and acknowledge by duty your curtesies, which have too much obliged me then to be ingratefull: though I can neve make you worthy satisfaction, yet shall I have alwayes both the desire and hope of it; and in the mean while, a stedfast will to live and die,

*Sir,*

*Yours.*

*For telling of News.* 108.

**S**ir, Desirous of your contentment as of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you have seen what is new, take the old with it: which is, that I am alwayes, Sir, *Your Servitor.*

*A Letter of acknowledgement of his being beloved.* 109.

**S**hall I conceal such an excessive happinesse, as to be loved by thee, *My dearest*? Or shall I publish it, to make it greater? No, no, my silence may honour it, yet my words shall make it more glorious, but not more constant by doing so, for I cannot deprive my minde by forgetfulness; yet I will have my lips continually closed up, against the confession of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my soule wrapped in the sole object of its *Idea*; that so by blessing my birth, for the happinesse of yours, that your death may be my Tombe. In the mean space, my whole happinesse and glory shall consist in the quality of

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A Letter of absence.* 110.

**M**istress, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and griefs have been inseparable with my life: all kinde of objects are to me defective; nothing pleases me but what dislikes me; and if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my self; and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for mine own content. If you desire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your self, *Mistress*, which is the fairest of the world, and I the most afflicted of all your Servants.

*Another.* 111.

**M**istress, Since your absence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the dayes shine not on me but to enlighten my misfortunes; for the Sun laughs at my pain, as I scorn his brightness; in that I acknowledge none worthier then that of your eyes,

long

long since my Conqueresses, and still mine idols. But what shall I say? I am born to endure and to love you, *Mistress*, but alwayes in the quality of

*Your most humble Servant.*

*Letters of absence. 112.*

**I**F those griefs, which are still present, since your absence did not make me hope for a speedy death, I should bewaile the birth of my dayes, that do enlighten me without shining; for deprived of the brightnesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge none other in the world, as they have vanquished me, and that with so many charms, that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are still burning me. Well, this is somewhat too much; but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore, I will never be weary of suffering, no more then of loving you. Beleeve this my affliction, that your beleeve may be my remedy, and my honour, the quality, *Mistress*,

*Of Your most humble Servitor.*

*Another. 113.*

**M***istress*, If the sorrow, which your absence hath caused in my soul, could give me as many words to expresse it, as I have griefs to bewaile it, I should think myself satisfied. But for too much enduring, I must be silent in my torment; but never in my expressions, how I am one, *Mistress*,

*Of Your most humble Servants.*

*Answer. 114.*

**S***ir*, What kinde of trouble can such an indifferent absence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it seems real, as by your own words may be perceived, which speak you unable, being there's no such thing to expresse it; and therefore your silence will be your greatest advantage, since it lays asleep your torments, without saying any thing of them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*: As to me, it doth likewise the endeavour, *Sir*, of deserving the stile and quality of

*Your Servant.*

*Sir,*

115.

I Can give but a faigned remedy to an imaginary torment, like yours : for my absence is of too indifferent a nature to cause your grief or trouble : And I beseech you, dispence with me for beleeving of it, since also mine own knowledge forbids it, as reason doth otherwise, to say I am,

*Sir,**Your Servant.**Upon a point of rigour. 116.*

I F love and crueltie be two contrary things, your love must needs be faigned, since your rigour is real. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall beleeve you love me, for my pain and your crueltie are too opposite to persist together. *Adieu to thee fairest, though cruellest of all thy sex.*

*Another. 117.*

*Sir,* You complain of my absence, and I of yours : You would enjoy my presence, but my discretion forbids it you, and me the happinesse to see you ; but my want of power opposeth it ; so that grievances should be lesse, in that they are equally shared ; but not the qualitie which I take,

*Sir,**Of your Servant.**Another. 118.*

*T*O see you without admiration, is past my power : to admire and love you, is a necessitie : You have so much merit, that one can hardly desire, much lesse hope for the honour of your good favours. Judge then, who can but worthily serve you ? Sure he is yet unborn ; nay, in earnest I'll pawn my life on't ; yet with your leave,

*Mistris;**For I am yours.**To his Lady. 119.*

*T*O despise such as honour you ; to disdain such as love you ; to make no account of such as faithfully serve you : are these the actions of a fair soul like yours ? Or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance ? Oh, it is a little too rigorous ! Confesse it, that you may repent, and give him content who cannot be absent from you,

*Mistris,**As your most humble humble Servitor.**To*



To a Kinswoman. 120.

**M**istress, Albeit your actions, in appearance, have witnessed that I was no otherwise in your esteem, then of an indifferent qualitie; yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service in their natural instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace; so to restore me to my self, and make me the same I professe my self to you, which is,  
*Mistress, Your most affectionate Servant and Kinsman.*

Upon the inconstancy of a Servant. 121.

**S**ir, Our sexe is not alwayes accused of inconstancy; and yet I now take that aspersiō from you; you, I say, whose oathes gave such faithful testimonies of affection, that I durst not doubt of it for fear of offending my self: And yet hath the winde carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any: so that now when I blame my self for having beleevēd you, I praise my self withall for imitating you, but alwayes with the sorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I should precede you, as your *Mistress*,

*Sir, Though at the present Your Servant.*

A Letter. 122.

**M**istress, It is to be feared that you have no love, since you have eyes to see my unworthinesse. Love is blinde; you should be so too, in regard of my merits. Let it suffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the fairest and most perfect creature on Earth.

A Letter from a despairing Lover. 123.

**T**Here is no creature, *Madam*, so bereaved of reason, or deprived of sence, which being oppressed with direfull calamities, feeleth not by meer instinct of nature, a present medicine for his malady, man onely excepted, who by reason of his want, may justly accuse the power of injustice: The Unicorn being sick, recovers his health by swallowing the buds of a Date tree: The Deer being struken, feeds on the herbe *Distaminum*, and recovers; But man hath no secret salve so excellent, nor



Alzister so perfect, by whose secret vertues he may appease  
 his passions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and  
 therefore speak by experience; for your divine beautie,  
 and the perfections of your minde, have kindled such a  
 flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it  
 will turn my body into dry earth, and cinders; unlesse  
 by the drops of your pittie, it be speedily extinguished:  
 therefore fair one, now at last be mercifull, and let not  
 my service and loyal love be recompensed with such dis-  
 loyal refusals. Strive not for my life, since you have my  
 liberty: seek not my death, since you are the saint to  
 which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm  
 of your benevolence salve the sore which so painfully af-  
 flicteth my carefull conscience; and with the dew of your  
 grace, redeem him from misery, whose life or death  
 standeth in your answer, which, I hope, shall be such as  
 belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your  
 beautifull minde.

*Farewell.*

*Her Answer.* 124.

**I**T is impossible, *Sir*, to strain moist liquor out of the  
 dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key cold, or  
 to force the sturdy streams to run against their common  
 course. Know, *Sir*, you are the man I loath and cannot  
 like: make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and  
 assuage the flame your self, which I know not who else  
 will quench, by an importunate persisting in your pur-  
 pose where no hope is, lest you prove your self rather a  
 desperate sot, then a discreet souldier. Take my Nay,  
 therefore, for an answer: if I would, I cannot: and if I  
 could, I would not. So farewell.

*No way Yours.*

*To one who is not really what she seems.* 125.

**A**Dmire not though I raile against thy follies, since  
 thy mercilesse minde hath abused me by thy ingra-  
 titude, and thy imperfections have delineated these im-  
 pressions

pressions of my pen: For thy beauty, if I admired it once it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like base commodities, were to be put off with it; but now, making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Perswade thy self therefore, if I were to die presently, and thou wert part of that, I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face, and bad conditions, for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth, yet afflicts me. Be confident, thou painted sepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy Volume, may shun thee as the onely obstacle to felicity, and learn the wages of vertue, by those things that are thy contraries: For the present, admire not, though this paper be stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since Nature her self was deceived, which bestowed her features so rashly and inconsiderately on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my minde, that by thee I might learn to know that a good face is not alwayes exempted from a hoarse voice: I protest to thee, I would not buy the distempers of thy soul at so high a rate as to enjoy thy beauty, much rather will I endeavour to expresse my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practise this resolution,

*Never to enjoy thee.*

*Her Answer. 126.*

**W**onder not, *Sir*, though you see an answer to your frantick Letter, Do you think by brawling like a Begger to become a King? No, *Sir*; as I know your knavery, so I passe not for it, neither can your brags go for payment: I marvel not, though your dogged Letters favour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cynical Dance, What felicitie can you have in biting those of whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged? Indeed, gentle *Balaams* Ass, if I had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill-favoured face, I might justly have reaped such profit: since I then had filled my eyes so full with the

figure of a fool; hereafter keep your Letters Patents in your Beggars box: Adieu Sir Duncce; the more you mistake me the better I love myself, whilst I account it the greatest felicitie of S. M.

To be rid of such a fool.

*A Letter from a distressed Lover.* 127.

Madam,

**A**S my cares proceed from your crueltie, so let the effects of your curtesie procure my blisse; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away, and is your onely and ever  
Still in hope.

*A Letter from a Lover professing constancy.* 128.

**T**HEY who have the honour to see you run a dangerous fortune, if they love you they are saucie; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour; and from which, it is impossible for me to withdraw my self: think it not hard cruell Diana, that having seen you, I love you: if this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice; for I must, while I live, be your Servant, or not be alive.

Farewel.

*A Letter from an inconstant Lover.* 129.

**I** Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have beleev'd but too well; but to assure you, that I shall love you no more: perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration so; for you have alwayes loved me above my desires; but that which draws me from you, is, I must confesse, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves, or rather, my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poore a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever

Farewel.

Her

of Complements.

Her Answer. 130.

**S**ir, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I loved you, wherein you were most infinitely mistaken: I swear to thee by all the merits which thou thinkst thou hast, but are not in thee, there was never any such matter as love: As for the Letter you sent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleasure you have done me in it, since it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of such coxcombs as your self. In the mean time, be as content, as I am in being freed of such a burden: beleeve me, Sir, it is no small happinesse. Farewel.

A Lover to his inconstant Mistress. 131.

**I**T is not to complain of you, *Mistress*, that I take up my pen, but onely to deplore my misfortunes which make me so contemned of you, since at other times you were not wont to use me in this sort: I am the same man that have served you in all respective submission, and you are the same that at first were mine, since you received me for yours. I am become no lesse, nor you greater; if it be so, why do you not judge me worthy of the same entertainment? I have called my soul to an account for her actions; since it pleaseth you, I will display them all before your eyes; for my part, I cannot accuse any one of them; if you shall judge otherwise when you have heard them, it shall be no small consolation to the poor condemned, to know at least the cause of his punishment. Adieu cruel one.

A Letter. 132.

**I**F love taught me as well to speak my torment as to sustain it, pittie would make you sensible of my plaints, but dumb in their too much sufferance. I have but my constancy for remedy, that is all my hope; your sweetness for my desire, and your command for mine honour, *Mistress*; for my quality is

Your most humble Servitor.

Another. 133.

**S**ince your merits cause my torment, I will never complain; the more rigorous you shall be, the more con-

stant.

## *The Academy*

And I will oppose all my respects to your neglects, my honours to your disdain, and my fire to your Ice: if I breath, it shall be love; if I sigh, it shall be in passion for your service: in a word; if I be, I will be, *Mistress,*  
*Your Servitor.*

*Letter. 134.*

**T**O have no soul but to adore you, to have no heart but to love you, and but one onely life, for your service, Have you not cause to complain? You, whose beauty hath so many charms, and merits so many habits, that one would detest this name of liberty to die your slave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in discourse of rarities, you are above comparisons; so that Heaven and Nature are in dispute, for whom you were made. Now to say, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to say I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lesly. Behold my surname, now give me what name you please.

*Letter. 135.*

**I**F for desiring death one were to lose his life, I should have been gone long since; for too much love makes me hate my self: but methinks I should still live, and lengthen my dayes; and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer: I flie that which flies me, the grave; so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am, *Mistress,* alwayes *Your Servitor.*

*Another. 136.*

**T**O love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to die. Have you resolved my death, by disdainning my services, thus to forget their requitall? It is too much rigour for your beauty; and you will confesse it one day, but too little for your repentance; for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistress,*

*The most humble of all your Servants.*

*A Letter. 137.*

**M***istress,* Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, What would you have me to

*of Complements.*

to do, my dearest? I must change my heart, if I would change my affection; and Nature must give me other inclinations, to deprive you of my respects and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather; and I will die, but I shall be for love, and so at the price of my dayes, I shall do you service, leaving this truth for a remembrance after times.

*A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistris. 138.*

**I**T is you, *Fair creature*, that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my self to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unlesse I see you shortly, I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affections of my services to you: So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave; your absence, and my grief, for not acquitting my self towards you as I desire. Choose now (*fair Soul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

*Your most loyal and most affectionate Servitor.*

*A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Mistris. 139.*

**I** Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we swore so solemnly: but I perceive already, the change hath better pleased you then the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or my self; for possibly, the long time I have been without seeing you, is the cause of it; or else you have been drawn too by your own natural inclination. Make me what answer you please, No earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chuse a thousand deaths, then to be inconstant in my love: and will flie, with the hazard of my life, the reproach of disloyaltie, whether you will or no.

*Your Servitor inviolably.*

*A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.*

**M***istris*, The honour I received in the late visit I made to my dear Cozen, at your house, hath so oblig'd me



## *The Academy*

both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witness a feeling of it. If ever I have the happinesse to see you at my home, which is also yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome as I can: I conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her; otherwise, farewell all friendship: yet not so neverthelesse, but that in the mean space I desire to continue, *Mistris,*

*Your Cosen, and best Friend.*

*A Letter of a fond Maid that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also. 141.*

**F**orsake that Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulnesse. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy: her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgement may shew you how little she hath. You cannot but get by the losse of her. If you lose a Sweet-heart, you gain a liberty; you should keep some love for your self, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your self for all that. If Fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours: That wheresoever you go, you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unlesse you will contradict him that loves you dearly, *Even to the grave.*

*A Letter of love between two Lovers. 142.*

**Y**ou have made me feel, fair *Calestena*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship; the memory whereof I shall still honour, and esteem my self a great deal the more fortunate, if my happinesse may prove more ex-cream, and I consume in its flames; my soul shall then live with a thousand delights, and my heart resume new life in its ashes. And that I may be thus condemned to this wished punishment, do not let your fair minde conceive any doubt of my loves eternity. Since constancy shall be



be ever its faithful companion ; and the fire which kindled it, shall never be quenched, though it were combated by the most Icie proceedings or fears you might have of your envyers. What if it were so ? yet should they melt as soon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my discretion. You may as well assure your self of these effects of my words , as I do of the consummation of my hopes, which have no other scope then to serve your merits, and to fit up to your use.

*Your faithful Floridon, &c.*

*A Letter in Answer. 143.*

**Y**our desires are my Laws ( dear *Floridon* ) and your loyalty cannot finish but with mine : they shall both alike shine bright over our lives, and nourish themselves with our flames ; wherein I shall think my self very happy to live with you. That silence which knit up my tongue at your fair discourses , proceeded onely out of fear : you might know so much by my exteriour signs , which sufficiently shewed you how sorely it grieved me for your sweet self : for I would not have you to esteem me to be fearful of the fiery sparks of the envious , since nothing can withstand that faithful love which from henceforward is contracted by

*Your dear Calista, &c.*

*Another. 144.*

**I**F my stedfast love were not answered by yours , ( dear *Calista* ) I should have reason to complain of you, and my complaints would be such as never to admit of any interruption ; but so as for ever to open the gates to my sorrows : for when I read your Letter , which is an article of my faith , and that you suffer a thousand tortures for my love ; I doubt not but envie hath been buzzing something in my Parents ears of our affections , and that Felicity her self, as jealous of our contents , might put such a poor trick upon us. But you have so fair a soul, and so generous, that you will constantly repulse all those onsets, to honour still with your love *Your faithful Floridon*

## *The Academy*

### *A Letter in Answer. 145.*

**P**Leasures are of short continuance, and their fair dayes are too soon eclipsed ; we cannot promise our selves a long enjoyment of them , since they are in the hands of the great *Jehovah*. It is constancy that gives us happineffe, after all our adversities. You were the subject of my best sorrows, dear *Floridon* ; but now your presence serves me for Sun-beams : though indeed some doubts of future obstacles do even burie me in an obscure night of anguish. And were it not that joy follows sorrow , I had ere this skipt over the step of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineffe to make each other amends, by receiving usury for our patience. Be comforted then in your self, and consider well with your serious discretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almost at the spire of our felicities, which we shall attain at, I hope, shortly, or it shall be no fault of hers who is

*Your faithful Calista, in as much  
as you desire with honour.*

### *A Letter in demand of his Mistrisses Picture. 146.*

*Madam,*

**T**hat beautiful substance , whose Features and graces you animate with so much sweetnesse, appears in my sight so admirable in the original , that it would be my greatest happineffe but to obtain the shadow : it will ( if you please to honour me in this my request ) be a noble means of my testifying the resentment in quality.

### *A Letter of Sir J. S. to T. C. disswading him from marrying of a Widow. 147.*

**S**ir, At this time when the hot Planet fires the bloud, & when the Lunatick of Bedlam themselves are trust-  
abroad, that now you should run mad, is it not as much  
subject for your friends pittie , as their wonder ? True  
it is a natural distemper , a kinde of a small pox , even  
one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner  
the

the better : Thus far you are excused : but having been well cured of a Feaver, to Court a Relaps, to make love the second time in the same place, is ( not to flatter you ) neither better nor worse then to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpose : It is not love, *Sir*, that doth the mischief, but constancy of love ; for love is of the nature of a burning Glasse, which held still to one place fires, changed often doth nothing ; a kinde of a gloaing Coale, which being shifted from hand to hand, a man may easily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honest. Love you know is blinde ; What will he not do, when he hath fetters, and knows then what marriage is ? 'tis a curing of love the dear'st way, a waking of a losing gamster out of a winning dream ; after a long expectation of a strange banquet, a presentation of a homely meal : Alas, *Sir*, Love-seeds when they run into Matrimony are good for nothing ; like some fruit-trees, love must be transplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing : You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed to some one face, and think that you have not left any thing unsaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not suddenly furnisht with new language and fresh Oaths, Ile conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widdow is a kinde of a chewed meat ; What a fantastickall stomach hast thou, that canst not taste of a dish untill another man hath cut ? Who would wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for ? If you must needs marry, as who can tell to what height you have sinned ? marry a Maid : for if you are constrained to live in a prison, it is better to lie in a private chamber then in the hole.

*Yours.*

*Short and easie directions for inditing Letters.*

*What a Letter is.*

**I**T is a kinde of a conference, or communication of one that is absent with another as if he were present.

*Why*

*Why Letters were indited.*

To inform friends in the time of their absence of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

*Several kinde of Letters, with their use and Applications.*

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters; and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution.*

First, He must invent his matter, which is as it were the material of a building.

Secondly, He must dispose his matter in a true order, frame, and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the mid, and what in the end: and this is as it were the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his minde in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase; and this is as it were the polishing and the beautifying of a building.

And these three, viz. *Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered by three other notable helps:

viz.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Art.} \\ \text{Imitation.} \\ \text{Exercise.} \end{array} \right.$

*Art* directeth by precept.

*Imitation* by example.

*Exercise* by continual use and practise.

As an Artist, First, giveth to his Schollar the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing, &c.

Thirdly, to make tryal by himself.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters Demonstrative are to declare, manifest, and lay open the particulars of a business.

Letters conciliatory of Counsel are branched into those of perswasion, or of dissuasion: these ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation or dispraise of the person or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or Petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary: they should be ever set off with modestie, desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature; not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passions honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautiful descriptions, pen'd with fear when despair prevails, set off with confidence when the Lovesick-Inditer is encouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of household affairs are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise, and so writ as not to detract from the respect of him that employs, according to his pre-eminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters Gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions and of acknowledgement.

Letters Accusatory, are when we touch the persons or actions of others: they are to be indited with smooth pens, the grounds of jealousy examined, lest they appear too censorious, ever concluding with a dislike and unwillingness of him that writes them, and a profession of ingenuous love to him he writes too.

Letters Excusatory, of clearing, or pleading for our selves, or others, should be submissive, with reference to better judgements; yet not without extenuations, but such as modestie may gain upon the perusers candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, should be impartial, but alwayes (except upon certain knowledge) set off with a kinde of diffidence, so it is given out or reported, lest the Inditer betrayes his credit, and seems to him he writes so, to be a falsifier of truth, the venial sins of the times, as some of our intelligencers constant practises would make us beleewe.

*How a Letter should be writ.*

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the person, or his affairs; and so take its beginning from the rise of such things as we are to write of.

*How a Letter should be adorned.*

It is to be beautified with Flowers of Expressions, flourish'd with similitudes and grave sentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vows and tenders of service. In a word, it should be most complementally fluent in the neatnesse and fitnesse of the Epithites, comparisons, and circumstances.

*How the forms of salutation ought to be ordered.*

They are to be such as are most Court-like, and in fashion with the Nation, time, person, and circumstances, as any of them in the Method or Phrase may admit of variation.

*General Directions for the stiles and Superscriptions of Letters.*

Excogitate and consider the persons relation, and qualifications, how he is honour'd in the Common-wealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable and fit applications, devising of such titles, words, and expressions, as are answerably requisite in respect of his pre-eminence of place, or supremacy of authority, either in Civil or Ecclesiastical matters. More particular Directions, for Superscriptions and Subscriptions, follow in their order.



Stiles and Terms used to the King or Queens  
Majesty, either in our Speech, or in Super-  
scriptions of Petitions directed to them.

*If you present any thing.*

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

*If you write in form of a Petition to the King.*

Sir, May it please your Majesty to understand, or to  
grant.

*To the Queen.*

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

*On the Superscription of some businesse, directed both  
to the King and Queen.*

To the most excellent, and most high, *Cesar Augustus.*

To the most excellent, most mighty Lady, the Queen.

*A Stile used by men of quality, when they speak  
to the King.*

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

*To the Queen.*

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

*Stiles used to the Nobilitie in our Superscriptions are divers;  
but the most general are these.*

*If to a Nobleman eminent in place.*

To the Right Honourable.

*Or otherwise.*

To the Honourable.

*To persons of more inferior degrees.*

To the Right Worshipful.

*Otherwise.*

To the Worshipfull.

*Superscriptions With Subscriptions adjoynd to  
them, as they are most properly applyed.*

**T**o the most sacred, most gracious, most high, most  
mighty



mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great Britain, &c.

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient Subject.

To the most Illustrious Prince.

To the most Renowned Duke.

To the Right Honourable Earl.

To the Right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professors of Sciences: (if Rhetoricians) To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the approved Physician.

To Logicians, the term of most subtile or cunning.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skilful, wise, singular, and learned.

To the Right Honourable.

*Your Honours most humbly devoted.*

To his Honourable Lord.

*Your Honours in all duty and service.*

To the Honourable, and his highly respected Lady.

*Your Honours to command: Or,*

*Your Honours devoted.*

To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours to serve you.*

To the Right Honourable, and his highly esteemed Patron.

*Your Honours observant.*

*To those of consanguinity, thus:*

To his most loving, well beloved, right good Father.

*Your obedient Son.*

To his most dear, most loving Mother.

*Your dutiful Son.*

To his beloved, and most affectionate Sister.

*Your loving Brother.*

To his dearly beloved Wife.

*Your most loving Husband.*

- To his loving Uncle. *Your observant kinsman.*  
 To the honourable Colonel. *Yours sworn to worthinesse.*  
 To the onely life of his desires. *Your afflicted Friend.*  
 To the fulnesse of his contentment. *Your living and dying Friend.*  
 To the onely hope of his Fortunes. *The honourer of your matchlesse perfections.*  
 To the noble and truely vertuous Gentlewoman. *Yours in death it self.*  
 To his best choice. *Yours in the midst of fear.*  
 To his vertuous, and dearly beloved. *Yours ever resolved.*  
 To the Mistris of his thoughts. *Yours dying in constancy.*  
 To his beloved Friends. *Yours assured.*  
 To the lovingst of all my Friends. *Yours inseparably.*  
 To his highly esteemed Friend. *Yours, as I have professed.*  
 To his tried and trusty Friend. *Not living without you.*  
 To his honourable Friend. *Yours in true friendship.*  
 To her newly displeased Friend. *Yours if you wrong her not.*  
 To her best resolved Friend. *Yours wheresoever.*  
 To his well-advised Friend. *Yours, and vertues.*  
 To his loving and long expected Friend. *Yours with good wishes.*  
 To his respected Friend. *Yours well assured.*  
 To his approved Friend. *Yours in true liberty.*  
 To her much disquieted Friend. *Yours in honourable love.*  
 To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate Kinsman.*  
 To his dearest Brother. *Yours in all occasions.*  
 To his well experienced and much esteemed noble Friend. *Yours as you can desire.*  
 To his well disposed Friend. *Yours to trust onely.*  
 To her dearest Husband. *Your ever loving Wife.*  
 To his much disordered Friend. *Yours in reformation.*

- To his unkinde Friend. *Yours if you will have it so.*  
 To his ill-advised Son. *Your displeased Father.*  
 To his miserable rich Friend. *Yours, if you can be your own.*  
 To the worthy Lady. *Yours as a Lover of honour.*  
 To her unkinde Husband. *Your true Wife till death.*  
 To his perjur'd and lascivious Wife. *Your Husband, if you do not divide him.*  
 To her jealous Husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*  
 To his suddenly displeased Friend. *Yours when you conceive aright of me.*  
 To his well-resolved Friend. *Yours whilst mine own.*  
 To her unkinde Friend. *Yours, and yet displeased.*  
 To his honourable and good Friend. *Yours, if you think me worthy.*  
 To his well-esteemed Friend. *Yours most dutiful, if you will accept of humiliation.*  
 To his true helping Friend. *Yours recovered.*  
 To his worthy Friend, Adventurer in the Straits. *Yours undivided, though far off.*  
 To his Noble and constant Friend. *Yours, though amongst Infidels.*  
 To his respected and worthy Friend. *Yours, as you have made me.*  
 To his careful Friend. *Yours mindful of you.*  
 To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick patient.*  
 To his honourable, valiant, hardy, mercifull, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*  
 To his approved Friend. *Yours in all places, and at all times.*  
 To his especial Friend. *My own, if in your memory.*  
 To the most perfect of Women. *Yours in the midst of temptation.*  
 To his honourable enemy. *Yours ready for all danger.*  
 To his well-deserving Friend. *Yours unfainedly.*  
 To his over-suspicious Friend. *Yours to trust onely.*  
 To his wilfull and seduced Friend. *Your poor abused Friend.*

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Sub-  
scriptions are here onely placed by themselves.

**Y**our careful Father. Your dutiful Son.  
Your loving Master. Your obedient Servant.  
*Usque ad aras.* Affectionately devoted to your service.  
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.  
Your well-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.  
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.  
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.  
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.  
Faithfully yours. Yours, in boundlesse affection.  
Thy true friend. Your Servant in all humility.  
Never lesse his own. Your loving Landlord.  
Thy sometimes friend. Yours irremoveably.  
Your Honours most obliged. Yours as I finde cause.  
Yours, as far as modesty will suffer me. Your true Love.  
Yours, if you please to accept of me. Thine to the end.  
Yours prepared to suffer. Yours, more then mine own.  
Your best Counsellor. Remaining your friend.  
Your injured Mistris. Yours in respective duty.  
Your affectionate poor friend. Once thy friend.  
Your entire vassal. Your plain and true friend.  
Remaining your friend. Yours in respective duty.  
Yours as a lover of vertue. Yours fearfully loving.  
Yours, well-affected. Your friend to his ability.  
Your Worships to be commanded. Your loyal Wife.  
*Anima dimidium tua.* Your imprisoned friend.  
Yours in unutterable affection. Thine, or not my self.  
No longer your friend. Your distressed Debtor.  
Yours, so I may be mine own. One, always yours.  
Your sorrowful friend. Yours, what you will.  
Your forsaken friend. Yours ever to his power.  
Your vowed servant. Thine own from all the world.  
Your enemy till death. Your faithful and ready friend.  
Yours most passionately, loyally & perpetually devoted.  
Yours wholly, and onely, if you will.

N

Yours.

Yours, as you shall deserve by your service.  
 Your friend, whether you will or no.  
 Yours, in all good sort to be entertained.  
 Desirous of your reformed imagination.  
 Yours, more sorry for your ill conditions, than for the  
 wrong you have done me.  
 Your most humble and passionate servant.  
 Yours in the intringible bonds of affection.  
 The servant of your worthy virtues.  
 Yours most respectfully engaged.  
 Your ever friend and servant.  
 Your Lordships unfained honourer, and loyal servant.  
 Your friend *dum Aura ætherea Vescor.*

### *A character of Complements.*

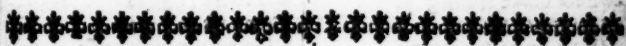
**C**omplements are a short collation of sweet-meats, to banquet and please the daintiest taste: they are the quintessence of Wit, the refiners of Speech; and fit the Munde better then apparel doth the Body: for the clothes may be too strait, or point device; but Complements are the Mindes free exercise. They have some drosse in them, as well as Silver. They are a kinde of Bell-metal: they have in them both the Precisian and the Parasite; the moral of which is, That Wit and Wömen are frail things, gilded hypocrites, specious outfides; to which Complements, like feathers to small birds, make a proportion, though the body it self be but little. They are Multiplying-glasses, and flattering Mirrours, that conceal age and wrinkles. *Jays* finely drest up for a Prescence. A complementive Submission, is the Flatterers and Politicians Key to open the most secret Cabinets of Princes breasts with. For there is a Congee of the lowest Humility, that reaches to the highest flight of Ambition. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them; the Court, Behaviour; that Behaviour will make an issue in

in Love ; that Love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a Complement , is the motion of the body ; the grace of it , the disposing of the countenance ; the zeal or oath of it , the hand upon the book of the brest. Complements are the language of Gallants ( the meltings of their language ) the musical ravishings of their perswasive tongues, the odours of their perfumed breaths ; loving sighs, and the businesse of their afternoons. To conclude , their power is such , that they gain admittance into a Ladies private retiring room ; or else by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give us access to the mistresses of our hearts.

### The Postscript.

**W**orthy Reader, I hope it will fare with thee now, as with a guest , whose eye being first allured with a magnificent Banquet : His appetite is the better pleased, when he hath rellished some of those dainties : So having but at the first delighted the eye of thy fancy with the Architecture of the Frontispiece of this Book ; and since with a more discreet perusal, you have now taken a view of every room. I know thou canst not but be wonderfully pleased with the whole Building and Fabrick of this Academy : Love and Eloquence led thee with pleasure into it ; may thy content and favourable censure let thee forth again.

Thine, Philomusus.



*A Table for the understanding of the hard English words contained in this Book.*

**A** Cure witty.  
**A** Amiable lovely.  
 Apt fit.  
 Austere sharp.

Aspire to look high.  
 Abstemious temperate.  
 Amplific to enlarge.  
 Advortile to advise.  
 Augment to encrease.

N 2

Aspect

Aspect to look upon  
 Absurd foolish  
 Applaud to like  
 Altitude height.  
 Acknowledgement confession  
 Attractive drawn to  
 Aspiration breathing.  
 Abhor to hate  
 Audacious bold  
 Alacrity cheerfulnesse  
 Apparent open  
 Abjure to forswear  
 Active nimble  
 Anguish grief  
 Appertinent belonging to  
 Auspicious betokening suc-  
 cesse.  
 Abruptly unorderly  
 Ambiguity doubtfulnesse  
 Arrogant proud  
 Accommodate to make fit  
 Aggravate to make more  
 Grievous.  
 Adverse contrary.  
 Apprehension understanding  
 Assable courteous  
 Artificially workman like  
 Affectation curiosity  
 Academy universality  
 Amity friendship  
 Abbreviate to shorten  
 Ardent hot  
 Adorn to beautifie  
 Antipathy contrariety  
 Adore to worship  
 Affectonate loving  
 Accurate curious  
 Act to do or perform  
 Accident chance  
 Assent to agree to  
 Accomplish to finish  
 Amaze to strike with won-  
 der  
 Admire to wonder at  
 Absolutely fully  
 Adventure to hazard

**B**  
 Beneficial profitable  
 Blisse happiness  
 Bathful blushing  
 Brevity shortnesse  
 Benevolence good will  
 Bruit report  
 Barbarian a rude person  
 Beatitude blessednesse  
 Besiege to set upon or court

**C**  
 Complexion constitution  
 of body.  
 Convince to confute  
 Credulity rashnesse of belief  
 Celestial heavenly  
 Civil honest behaviour  
 Comprehend to contain  
 Circumspect heedye  
 Celebrate to keep solemnly  
 Compassion pity  
 Consequent following by or  
 der.  
 Correspondent answerable  
 Contrite sorrowful  
 Capacity largenesse of place  
 Circumstance quality of time  
 and place  
 Condescend to agree to  
 Cogitation thought  
 Catastrophe the end  
 Credible to be believed  
 Contribution bestowing  
 Confirm to establish  
 Casualty chance  
 Compose to join  
 Clemency gentlenesse  
 Convenient fit  
 Consecrate to make holy.  
 Center a circle  
 Competent convenient  
 Circumvent to deceive  
 Compendious short  
 certifie to give to under-  
 stand  
 Confer to talk together



Corrivals partners in affection.  
Contract to covenant  
Circumscribe to compass about  
Commencement the beginning  
Contemptible to be despised  
Commemoration remembering  
Circumlocution many words  
Converse to be familiar  
Continent chaste  
Charms spells or witchcraft  
Conduct guiding, governing  
Curiosity neatnesse

D

Direct, to rule or guide  
Distracted mad  
Divert to turn from another  
Divulge to publish  
Delineate to draw a proportion  
Desist leave off  
Dissimilitude unlikenesse  
Disperse to scatter abroad  
Derry Godhead.  
Disloyal untrusty  
Distinguish to put a difference  
Decipher to describe or lay open  
Distant place between  
Dispose to appoint  
Deformed ill shapen  
Disturb to disquiet  
Dialect a manner of speech  
Define to shew what a thing is  
Dissolve to unloose  
Disswade to perswade to the contrary  
Discuss to search narrowly.  
Digresse to leave a matter  
Decent comely

Disannul to make void  
Dilate to enlarge  
Destitute forsaken  
Defame to slander.  
Destinated appointed  
Disputable questionable  
Determine to conclude  
Dedicate to give for ever  
Dismiss to send away  
Difficult hard  
Defraud to deceive  
Desertion leaving  
Display to spread abroad  
Dexterity aptnesse.  
Dejected cast down  
Demeanor behabour  
Diffuse to pour out  
Disability unablesse  
Deprive to take away  
Disjunction blinding  
Deride to mock  
Dismal unluckie  
Dissident doubtful  
Delude to deceive  
Dissent to disagree  
Depend to hang upon  
Deliberate to take counsel  
Dhort to perswade to the contrary.  
Degenerate to fall off from goodness  
Defects weaknesse of capacity  
Disipare scatter abroad

E

Expression laying open of any thing.  
Expert skillful  
Extract to draw out  
Exact perfect  
Erroneous full of errors  
Effect a thing done  
Embleme a shadow of a thing  
Evident plain  
Expect to wait or look for  
Exempt free  
Extinguish to put out

Efficacy

**E**fficacy force.  
 Er flame to set on fire.  
 Expedient fit.  
 Expire to die.  
 Extenuate to lessen.  
 Essence the being of a thing.  
 Echo a sound.  
 Experiment trial.  
 Extend to spread forth.  
 Elaborate curious.  
 Exhibit to bestow.  
 Expostulate to chide with.  
 Evasion an escape.  
 Eclipse darkness of the Sun.  
 Ex tempore without study.  
 Exanimate to trouble the  
 mind.  
 Education bringing up.  
 Epithete a title given to any  
 thing.  
 Expence cost.  
 Exasperate to anger.  
 Evitable to be shunned.  
 Excessive too much.  
 Effeminate too womanish.  
 Exorable to be intreated.  
 Elegancy fineness of speech.  
 Expedition speed.  
 Exigent necessity.  
 Election choice.  
 Explicite unfolded.  
 Elocution good expression.  
 Exile banished.  
 Explicate to declare.  
 Estimate price or rate.  
 Enjoy keep or possess.  
 Engaged indebted.  
 Event end, success.  
 Extraordinary more then cour-  
 mon.

## F

**F**rivolous trifling.  
 Fortunate happy.  
 Fiction a tale.  
 Fatal mortal.  
 Fortitude valour.  
 Fervent hot.

Fulgent glistening.  
 Figurative shadowed.  
 Faculty power or ability.  
 Finite having an end.  
 Fruition enjoying.  
 Fabulous fained.  
 Fraudulent deceitful.  
 Fragrant smelling sweet.  
 Fallacy deceit.  
 Fidelity trustiness.  
 Fantastic imagination.  
 Felicity happiness.  
 Feature shape.  
 Foundation ground work.  
 False to break ones word.

## G

**G**ratific to pleasure.  
 Genuine natural.  
 Gratulate to be glad.  
 Generosity nobility.  
 Glorific to give honour.

## H

**H**abitude disposition.  
 Heroical becoming a  
 noble-man.  
 Harmony agreement.  
 Hereditary by succession.  
 Habit apparel.

## I

**I**mp proper unfit.  
 Incident happening.  
 Introduction entrance.  
 Issue event.  
 Immature unripe.  
 Improvident careless.  
 Ireful angry.  
 Indicious understanding.  
 Indulgence sufferance.  
 Imprudent ignorant.  
 Illustrate to make plain.  
 Inamoured in love.  
 Immutable unchangeable.  
 Ineffable unspeakable.  
 Include shut in.  
 Ignoble of base birth.  
 Interpret to expound.  
 Insolent proud.

Incur

Incur to run into.  
 Inveſtive ſpeaking againſt.  
 Indignation anger.  
 Immaculate unſpotted.  
 Incommodious hurtful.  
 Inſtinct an toward motion.  
 Intricate doubtful.  
 Improbable not to be proved.  
 Interrupt to let.  
 Induce to move to.  
 Impediment hinderance.  
 Incommunicable not to be im-  
 parted.

Intolerable inſufferable.  
 Intercept to prevent.  
 Impenetrable not to be pier-  
 ced  
 Inſiſt to ſtay upon  
 Indecent not comely  
 Interdict to forbid  
 Imperious Deſiring rule  
 Infallible not deceiveable  
 Inſtitute to appoint  
 Intimate to ſignifie  
 Intermiſſion breaking off  
 Implore Deſire w<sup>th</sup> tears.  
 Impertinent not pertaining  
 Implacable not to be pleaſed  
 Inſult to triumph  
 Incompatible inſufferable  
 Inſtable inconstant  
 Individual not to be parted  
 Inſpire to breathe into  
 Inculpable without fault  
 Incomprehenſible not to be  
 conceived

Inſenſible not to be perceived  
 Incredulous hardly to be be-  
 lieved  
 Inſeparable not to be divided  
 Intentive earneſtly bent  
 Integrity pureneſſe  
 Inſenſity without feeling  
 Indispoſition backwardneſſe

L

Inquiſt ſkilful in tongues  
 Lenity gentleneſſe

Labyrinth full of windings  
 Loyal obedient, truſty  
 Languiſhing pining  
 Literature learning  
 Laudible wor<sup>th</sup> of praife  
 Lascivious wanton  
 Luſter brightneſſe

M

Mollify to make ſoft  
 Maxime a principle  
 Mutable changeable  
 Maſtiff open  
 Metamorphoſis changing of  
 ſhape  
 Magnificent ſumptuous  
 Mit gate allwaie  
 Mental belonging to the  
 minde  
 Malecontent diſcontent  
 Mature ripe  
 Mirror ripe  
 Metaphor ſimilitude  
 Muſes goddeſſes of learning  
 Menace to threaten.  
 Morality civill behaviour  
 Multiplicity variety  
 Magic and ſorcerers witches  
 Melancholy grief, ſadneſſe  
 Merits Deſerts

N

Nuptial belonging to  
 marriage  
 Notion inward knowledge  
 Nuncupatory declaring  
 Native where one is born

O

Oppoſite contrary  
 Odious hateful  
 Original firſt beginning  
 Obſcure dark  
 Object a thing ſet againſt  
 Oratory eloquent ſpeech  
 Obſequious ſervicable  
 Officious dutiful  
 Obdurate hardened  
 Omit to let paſſe  
 Opprobrious reproachful

N. 4

Obliged

Obliged bound to  
Occurrences occasions  
Ominous signifies good or ill  
luck.

Operation effect  
Observant dutiful  
Oloriferous smelling sweetly  
Ornament adorning  
Opprobrious reppachful  
Ordained appointed

## P

**P**ropitious favourable  
Ponderous weighty  
Period end of a sentence  
Prolix tedious  
Persist to continue  
Parragon pattern of example  
Prostrate to fall on the  
ground

Perplexity trouble  
Placable easie to please  
Progress going forward  
Position a question disputed  
Paradox a strange speech  
Project a plot

Prefixed set before  
Patronize to defend  
Promiscuous confused  
Perfidious traiterous  
Polish to make fair  
Prohibit to forbid  
Pretermitt to passe over  
Permanent continuing  
Precipitate to cast down  
Prosecute follow after  
Prejudice hinder

Permission sufferance  
Procrastinate to delay  
Perspicuous clear  
Prescription limitation  
Participate to partake  
Personate to counterfeit a  
person  
Probable proved, true  
Perpetuity continuance  
Phantastic imagination  
Eccentric proper.

Pathetical full of passions  
Perfections gifts of nature  
Perfumes sweet smells  
Passionate truly loving  
Perpetual everlasting

## R

**R**igorous cruel  
Repulse to drive back  
Rustical unmannerly  
Reject to cast away  
Revert to bring back  
Revolve to determine in the  
minds  
Resemblance likeness  
Ratify to confirm  
Resigne to give to another  
Revert to call back again  
Repute to esteem  
Resplendent shining bright  
Ridiculous to be laught at  
Reserve to keep  
Real substantial  
Reiterate to repeat again  
Respite to defer  
Remit to forgive  
Refractory obstinate  
Reassume to take again  
Remunerate reward  
Reliques the remainder  
Reference pointing at  
Regal princely  
Retribution a reward  
Refulgent shining  
Reflection casting back  
Reputation credit, good name  
Reflect to look, cast an eye  
Remain to continue constant  
Reprovable to be blamed  
Rarities things hard to be  
found

## S

**S**upreme highest  
Splendent glistening  
Succeed to follow  
Structure building  
Serenity calmness  
Sympathy fellow-feeling

Sup-

Supposition thinking  
 Sollicite to move  
 Succinct short  
 Suspence a doubt  
 Sable black or mournful  
 Submisſe lowly  
 Superiority above another  
 Select chosen out  
 Subsequent following  
 Spacious large  
 Sustain to suffer  
 Seduce to deceive  
 Sublimity height  
 Survive to out-live  
 Sovereign highest authority  
 Scruple a doubt  
 Superfluous needlesse  
 Symmetry due proportion of  
 parts  
 Sensual brutish  
 Stupide to astonish  
 Simplicity plainnesse  
 Subsist to abide  
 Society fellowship  
 Servile slavish  
 Suspicious doubtful  
 Suitable agreeable

**T** Resless locks of hate  
 Transcendent climbing o-  
 ver  
 Timorous fearful  
 Triumphant rejoicing in vic-  
 tory  
 Tedious troublesome  
 Transform to change  
 Terrene earthly  
 Tranquility Quietnesse  
 Tolerable may be suffered  
 Tragical sorrowful  
 Temporize to serve the times  
 Transparent may be seen  
 Tenent opinion

**V** Niversal general  
 Vnanimity of one mind  
 Vital lively  
 Variable changeable  
 Value esteem  
 Vulgar common  
 Undervalue discountend  
 Vigorous strong and lusty

**W**  
**VV** Reath Garland or  
 Crown



A short Table of the delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets,  
 with other useful Collections out of ancient and modern  
 HISTORIES.

Of the Gods.

**A** Pollo, the god of Learning, and of the Muses. Dissol-  
 Aolus, the blustering god of the winds. Various. (ving.  
 Bacchus, the god of wine, and good fellows. To bowl.  
 Cupid, the god of Love, the son of Venus, whom the  
 Poets describe blinde, with a bowe in his hand, and two  
 arrows of different effects; the one tipt with gold, to cause  
 Love; the other with Lead, to force Disdain.

N 5

Demo.

*Demogorgon* and *Tellus*, gods of the earth.

*Faunes*, gods of the Woods and Forests.

*Glaucus*, a fisher-man turned into a Sea-god.

*Harpocrates*, the god of Silence.

*Hercules*, for his twelve Labours adored as a god.  
*Brightnesse of the air.*

*Janus*, an Italian king, for his extraordinary knowledge of times and seasons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

*Hymen*, the god of Marriage. *From a Membrane.*

*Jupiter*, the Planet whom the Poets fained to be the god of heaven. *A helping father.*

*Mars*, the god of War. *From men.*

*Momus*, the Critical god.

*Morpheus*, the sleepe god. *From counterfeiting the visages and gestures of men.*

*Mercury*, the god of Eloquence. A messenger to the gods.  
*The care of Merchandize.*

*Neptune*, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

*Nereus*, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*, from swimming.

*Pan*, the god of shepherds, and the carer for their flocks.

*Penates*, the household gods.

*Sappho*, one that taught birds to cry, *The great god Sappho*; for which he was deified.

*Priapus*, the god of Gardens. *Lastivious.*

*Saturn* and *Pluto*, gods of hell. *Tilling. Riches.*

*Serapis*, the Egyptian god, worshipt in the form of an Ox.

*Silvanus*, the god of the Woods.

*Vertumnus*, the Spring, deified.

*Vulcan*, the lame Black-Smith, husband to *Venus*. The god of fire.

#### *The Goddesses.*

*Ægeria*, the goddess from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his Laws.

*Astrea* and *Themis*, the goddesses of Justice. *Amongst the gods; lawfull.*

*Belona.*

## Poetical Fictions.

*Belona*, the goddess of War.

*Cibele*, called *Rhea Bericynthia*, the mother of the gods.

*Diana*, the goddess of Chastity. *Jupiter's* daughter.

*Egeria*, the pregnant goddess of the womb. From bearing.

*Flora* and *Cloris*, goddesses of Flowers.

*Feronia*, the goddess of the woods.

*Thebe* and *Juventa*, the goddesses of youth.

*Juno*, the goddess of riches; *Jupiter's* jealous wife. From helping.

*Laverna*, the goddess of Thieves. From making clean.

*Lucina*, the goddess of birth.

*Mnemosyne*, the mother of the goddesses called the Muses. Memory.

*Murcia*, the goddess of Idleness. Sluggishness.

*Minerva*, or *Pallas*, the goddess of the Arts and War. Threatning.

*Nemesis*, the goddess of Revenge. Distribute.

*Parce*, the goddess of the Destinies. Sparing.

*Pomona*, the goddess of Fruits. Apple.

*Proserpina*, and *Ops*, the goddesses of hell: sometimes the inconstant Moon is called *Proserpina*.

*Pitko*, the goddess of eloquence.

*Venus*, the delightful goddess of love and beauty.

*Voluptia*, the goddess of Riots and pleasures.

*Vesta*, the goddess of Chastity. The earth. From clothing. The Graces.

**A** *Glaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Venus*: they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signify the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of conversation. Cheerfulness, flourishing, joy.

The Furies.

**A** *Leto*, *Megara*, *Tisiphone*, three snake, tressed sisters, that punish offenders. 1 Not idle. 2 Envy. 3 Revenge of murder.

The Destinies 3 Sisters.

**C** *Lotho* puts the Wool on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the thread; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1 To spin. 2 To allot. 3 Inevitable; not turned.



*The Judges of Hell.*

**A** *Acus, Minos, Rhadamanthus.* To beat.

*The Hesperides.*

**E** *Agle, Arterbusa, Hesperethusa,* the three sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the Apples. 1 *Splendour.* 2 *Vertue.*

*The nine Muses.*

**C** *Leio, Melpomene, Thalia, Euterpe, Terpsicore, Erato, Calliope, Urania, Polimnia.* 1 *Glory.* 2 *Singing.* 3 *Flourishing.* 4 *Delighting.* 5 *Delighting in dancing.* 6 *Loving.* 7 *A good voice.* 8 *Beauty.* 9 *President of praise.*

*Nymphs of the woods.*

**D** *Ryades and Hamadryades.* From *Oakes.*

*Nymphs of the Meadows.*

**L** *Imoniades.* Meadows.

*The Nymphs of the Sea.*

**N** *Erin,* the goddess of the Sea, with her Nymphs.

**N** *Cimotheo, Amoshea, Dexamine, Crofis, Cymedocea, Zambro,* with many others. *Neris,* from swimming.

*The seven Stars.*

**A** *mbrosia, Eudor, Pasithore, Coronis, Plexauris, Pitho, and Tithes.*

*Naiades,* Fairies of the waters. From flowing.

*Nappea,* Fairies of the woods. From the groves.

*Of Beasts.*

**T** *He Beaver,* highly esteemed for his skin.

*Bucephalus,* *Alexanders* great horse. An *Ox-head.*

*Bores of Pannonia,* the cruellest of all others.

*Chamaleon,* a small beast, lives by the air: it is so transparent, that it changeth it self into any colour it sets on. A little *Lion.*

*The Crocodile,* by the river *Nilus* in Egypt; a beast of 60 foot in length. A woman for her fained tears is compared to this beast. *Afraid of Saffron.*

*Ermin,* a small beast, whose rich *Furre* is worn of Princes.

*Hiena,* a beast that hath the voice of man, which in the night calls, and if come too, kills him. From gaping.

*Libard,*

*Libard*, a spotted beast, the male of a *Panthar*.

*Lynx*, a spotted beast like a Wolf, of so perfect a sight, that it is said to look thorow a wall.

*Panthar*, a cruel beast, of a sweet smell, and of a fair spotted skin, with which she allureth other beasts to her; but lest her head should affright, she hideth it, that she may the more easily prey upon them. *Of all beasts most fair*.

*Pegasus*, the horse of the Muses. *From a fountain*.

*Rhinocere*, a beast as big as an Elephant. *A horn in his nose*.

*Salamander*, a short venomous beast, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extreme cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a swift beast: those of Hyrcania are the most cruel.

#### Of Birds.

**H** *Alcyon*, by some called the Kings fisher; a bird that builds her nest in the Sea, when it is a signe of fair weather. *Hatching her eggs in the Sea*.

*Griffin*, a four-footed cruel Bird.

*Harpies*, monstrous devouring birds: *Virgil* sings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocyrote*, *Cilene*, *Thiella*. *Stealing*.

*Ibis*, a strong bird that destroyeth Serpents.

*Ostrich*, a huge Bird that swalloweth and digesteth Iron: her feathers are our best plumes.

*Pelican*, a melancholy bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

*Phoenix*, a rare Bird of Arabia, which buildeth her nest in a Cynamon-tree, with the twigs of Frankincense, and other Spices: She lives six hundred yeers: with the labouring of her wings in the Sun, she setteth her nest on fire, and there consumeth in it; out of whose ashes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another Phoenix.

*Philomela*, the ravished ravishing Nightingal, that sings her sad story so prettily. *Lover of melody*.

*Stork*, a famous Bird, for mutual love to its parents: this bird builds in Countreys where there are no kings.

*Turtle Dove*, a bird famous for constancy: if the male or female die, the other ever liveth single.

## Of Fishes.

**C***Aniharis*, an admirable chaste fish.

**C***Cephalus*, a fearful fish, which by hiding of his head, thinks he is safe. *From a head.*

*Dolphin*, the swiftest of fishes, and lovingst to man.

*Polipe*, a fish that hath many feet, often changing. The inconstant are resembled to this fish.

*Remora*, a small fish that stays the ship. *From staying.*

*Sargus*, an adulterous fish that ingenders with the Goat.

*Scolopendra*, a fish which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looseneth the hook, and then swalloweth them again.

*Surgeon*, a fish whose Scales are turned backwards : it swims against the stream.

*Torpedo*, a Cramp-fish, that benummeth the hands of those that touch it.

## Of Stones.

**A***Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest and most precious of all stones ; which is softened by Goats blood, being warmed, and steeped in it.

*Bezar-stone*, of great esteem in Physick. *Not yeelding.*

*Chrysolite*, a stone which shineth brightest in the morning. *Shining like gold.*

*Jasper*, a transparent stone of divers colours : it shews fairest in silver.

The *Load-stone* is coloured like unto rusty Iron : it hath a secret vertue, not onely to draw Iron to it self, but also to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron too : it loseth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

*Obelisk*, it is a great stone, large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller and smaller to the top, *Pyramidis-like.*

*Sapphire*, a stone of clear sky-colour, by nature cold.

*Topaz*, a precious stone, which put into boyling water, it presently cooleth.

## Of trees.

**T**he Coral-tree groweth in the bottom of the Sea : there are two sorts, red and white : the red is the best : either

either of them taken into the air, instantly wax hard.

*Ebone*, a black tree that bears neither leaves nor fruit.

*Mandrake*, a tree that beareth apples : the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

*Myrtle*, the tree of *Venus*. 'Tis lowe, and groweth in hot Countreys.

The *Pine-tree* : of these ships are made ; for that this tree is not subject to worms, or rottenness, but is green all the yeer : the shadow of it suffers no other plant to grow neer it.

*Sycamore*, a shady tree that bears fruit four times a yeer. From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulberry-tree.

*Of Rivers and Wells.*

**A** *Cheron*, one of the Rivers of hell. From flowing with troublesome waters.

*Alpheus*, the river where *Hercules* cleansed *Augem* oxen.

*Athamus*, a river in *Theffaly*, whose water sets wood on

*Cocytus*, a river in hell. Mourning. (fire.

*Helicon* and *Aganippe*, Wells consecrated to the *Muses*. Made by a horse.

*Sylla* and *Charybdis*, two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in respect of contrary windes.

*Styx*, a River of hell. To make sad.

*Tiber*, a famous River of Rome.

*Avernus*, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into hell. Killing birds.

*Phlegeton*, a River of hell. Burning.

*Danubius*, a most famous River of Europe; it rises out of the hill *Arnoba* in Germany: it receives 60 Rivers into it.

*Ætna*, a hill of Italy, whence riseth horrible smokes, and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

*Alps*, the high mountains, that divide Italy and France.

*Of Serpents.*

**A** *Mphisbona*, a two-headed Serpent.

*Asp*, a venomous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queens death, who applied two of them to her brest, to die more insensible.

*Basilisk*

*Basilisk* or *Cockatrice*, the king of Serpents; it breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing, & frighteth away all other Serpents with hissing: if it be toucht with a long pole, or spies one afar off, it kills: they breed in the hot sands of Asia. The onely ruine of this Serpent is the Weasel.

*Hydra*, the monstrous Serpent of the lake of Lerna; that having one head chopt off by *Hercules*, immediately two grew again. *From the water.*

*Scorpion*, a most venomous Serpent, that eats her own yong.

*Viper*, a Serpent that engenders by putting his head into the females mouth; which she bites off: her young eat their passage thorow her. *From bringing forth, with the death of the female.*

#### Of Mearmaids.

The most famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, & *Lewsia*: they are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like Fishes. With their sweet singing, they allure Mariners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them.

#### Of Monsters.

*Cerberus*, the dog of hell, that had three heads. *A devourer of flesh.*

*Chymera*, which with the monster *Solimes*, was slain by *Bellerephon*. *A Goat.*

*Gorgon*, a fearfull monster with one eye.

*Medusa*, a monster whose golden hairs *Minerva* turn'd into Adders, and caused those that beheld her to be turn'd into stones.

*Minotaure*, half a man, and half a bull. This monster was slain by *Theseus*.

*Centaures*, monsters supposed to be half men, half horses.

*Argus*, the keeper of *Io*, that had a hundred eyes: he was slain by *Merdon*.

*Satyr*s, monsters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy: their legs and feet were like Goats; they inhabited in woods. The Poets describe them to be lustful and savage. *Libidinous.*

*Sphinx*, a monster that slew all that would not dissolve her

her riddle: the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*,  
 she threw her self from a high rock, and brake her neck.

*Men famous or infamous.*

*Cyclopes*, the sons of *Vulcan*, that was fained to make  
 weapons for *Jupiter*. From having but one eye in the  
 middle of their forehead.

*Achilles*, a most valiant captain amongst the Greeks, that  
 slew *Hector* and *Troilus*; but was himself at last slain in the  
 Temple, where he intended to marry *Polixena*, by her bro-  
 ther *Paris*, who shot him in the heel, where he was onely  
 vulnerable. From easing of grief.

*Aeneas*, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous  
 Trojan. Praise.

*Curtius*, Who for his Countreys good, cast himself into  
 a gaping cave of the earth.

*Cyrus*, a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could  
 call his souldiers particularly by their names.

*Hector*, one of the nine Worthies, that so long preserved  
 Troy, was slain by *Achilles*. From preserving the City.

*Mucius Scaevola*, that saved his life by the patient tolera-  
 tion of the burning of his hand.

*Perses*, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Sea-mon-  
 ster, and after married her.

*Cesar* the Roman Emperour, that vanquishd *Pompey*,  
 whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici*. He was slain in the  
 Senate-house by *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

*Scipio*, that brave Commander, who subdued *Hannibal*,  
 with many other kingdoms.

*Pompey*, that chose rather to die, then to crave of *Lucullus*  
*Zorzelo*, saying, that the gods had made him to give, not to  
 crave.

*Themistocles* and *Aristides*, that were both angry with  
 themselves, that in 20 yeers no man ever envied them.

*Theseus*, that Worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

*Tylla*, that famous Captain, that was past in treaty for  
 trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

*Hephestion*, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

*Fabius* and *Marcellus*, the one was held to be the sword,  
 the other the buckler of Rome.

*Paris*

*Paris* that stolè *Helena* ; a carpet Captain.

*Zopyrus* , that by cutting and mangling himself, saved Babylon from the fury of king *Darius*.

*Augustus*, a wise and merciful Roman Emperor. *Happie*.

*Titus* the Roman Emperor, who having overslipt one day in not gratifying some one or other , would bewail himself, saying he had lost that day.

*Tiberius* the Roman Emperour, that wore a Laurel , to protect him from thunder and lightning.

*Vespasian*, the milde and temperate Romane Emperour. A miracle of courtesie.

*Octavian*, a Romane Emperour , who when he was angry , would reade over the Greek Alphabet before he would put any thing into execution.

*Xerxes*, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

*Atlas*, King of Mauritania, who for his skill in Astrologie, was fained to hold up heaven.

*Giges*, that had a ring to go invisibly with.

*Jason*, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

*Philip*, king of Macedon , that had a skull ever on his Table, and a boy every morning to put him in minde that he was but a man.

*Pryamus* king of *Troy*, that lost both his kingdom & life.

*Sardanapalus*, a light Prince, that habited himself in womens apparel, and carded & spun amongst them. *A buffen*.

*Zoroastes*, the Bactrian, a famous Magician, the first in-venter of that Art.

*Ajax*, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself, because *Ulysses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

*Busiris*, a cruel tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Jupiter*.

*Dionysius*, a tyrant, that was called the monster of nature.

*Lycaon*, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turn'd into a Wolf.

*Nero*, a cruel tyrant that thought none chaste: he ripped up his mother , to see where he lay , and spurned his own wife *Poppea*, big with childe, into another world.

*Phalaris*, a bloody tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

*Poli-*



*Polocrates*, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himself. *Very strong.*

*Thersites*, a most deformed person, of Cynical and most dogged conditions.

*Nestor*, that lived 300 years ; a most wise man.

*Amphion*, one that by his natural eloquence, caused rude people to lead a civil life.

*Roscius* the Orator, famous for his gesture.

*Tully* the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

*Demosthenes*, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the people.*

*Sinon*, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed Troy.

*Gnatho*, a notorious flatterer.

*Sophocles*, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet.

*Ixion*, whom the Poets saign continually to turn a wheel in hell.

*Sisyphus*, the Embleme of vain labour, whom the Poets saigne continually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth presently tumble down again.

*Tantalus*, an Embleme of a worldly miser saigned to thirst in hell, yet stands up to the chin in a river ; and to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

*Architas*, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flie in the air.

*Flamo*, who first invented the Sea-mans Dial.

*Endimion*, that found out the course of the Moon, and therefore is saigned to be the man in the Moon.

*Oedipus*, that dissolved the riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swelling feet.*

*Staphylus*, who first mingled wine with water.

*Tinius*, the first inventer of Rhetorick.

*Ulysses*, the first inventer of shooting of birds : a famous eloquent Grecian.

*Milo*, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

*Orpheus*, the excellent Harper, that with his musik drew after him wilde beasts, woods and mountains ; and which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home.

*Apelles*, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Ve-*

was unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

*Xeuxis*, that so cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, If he had made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds durst not have come so neer them.

*Anaxagoras*, the Philosopher, that was never seen to laugh.

*Copernicus*, a Philosopher, that affirmed, that the Earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

*Crates* the Philosopher, that to better his studie, threw his wealth into the Sea.

*Democritus*, the laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

*Damon* and *Pythias*, the Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

*Diogenes*, the Cynical severe Philosopher.

*Gymnosophists*, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian woods.

*Heracitus*, the Philosopher, that never had tutor: he always wept.

*Menippus* the Philosopher, that having lost his goods, hanged himself.

*Pythagoras* the Philosopher, that held transmigrations.

*Plato* and *Seneca*, the two divine Philosophers; the last took his name from chusing his own death.

*Socrates*, the most wise Philosopher, that had the scold *Xantipe* to his wife.

*Stoicks*, a Sect of Philosophers that held that wise men were free from all passions. From the Gallery where they used to dispute.

*Paracelsus*, a Chymical Physitian, that did admirable but violent Cures.

*Galen* and *Hippocrates*, two most famous Physitians.

*Homer*, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blinde.

*Aristophanes*, the Greek Poet, whose heart, when he was ript up, was found to be hairy.

*Lucan*, a Spaniard, a most famous Poet.

*Juvenal*, a Satyrical Poet. *Pindarus*, a Lyrical Poet:  
*Tyresias* the Poet, who by killing two snakes, knew both  
 sexes.

*Zoilus*, the father of all envious Poets : he rail'd against  
*Homer*.

*Cacus*, a famous thief, slain by *Hercules*.

*Prometheus*, who for stealing fire from heaven, to put life  
 into men, was tied by *Jupiter* to *Caucasus*, where the Poets  
 faine a Vulture gnaws his heart continually. *Foreseen*.

*Icarus*, for whom his father *Dadalus* made waxen wings  
 to flie with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neer Creete,  
 so called by his name.

*Phaeton*, the son of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride  
 in his chariot : he set the world on fire. *From light*.

*Antemon*, the absolute coward, that would never go out  
 of doors without a brazen Target before him.

*Cataline*, the famous Roman Conspirator.

*Charon*, the Ferry-man of Hell.

*Bellerophon*, that brought Letters to cut his own throat.

*Aristarchus*, one that wrote 200 Books.

*Orestes*, that for slaying his mother, was haunted with the  
 Furies to death.

*Ovid*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three most excellent Roman Poets.

*Marcus Crassus*, a private Roman, that died worth eight  
 hundred and two and fifty thousand pounds.

*Cato Uticensis*, who because he would not see the calamity  
 the Common-wealth was like to fall into, slew himself.

*Philoxenus*, a Parasite, that wisht that his neck were as  
 long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleasure in  
 sweet meats and drinks.

*Joseph Scaliger*, skilled in 30 languages.

*Linceus*, that could see ships 130 miles off, & number them.

*Acteon* the hunter, that for seeing *Diana* bathing her self,  
 was turned into a Hart, & torn to pieces by his own dogs.

*Valerius*, that loved his master so well, that he suffered  
 himself to be slain in his bed, for him.

*Antipodes*, a people that live under us, whose feet are a-  
 gainst ours. *Cannibals*, those that eat mans flesh.

*Cimmer-*

Poetical Fictions.

*Cimmerians*, a people which for half a year together see not the Sun.

*Lacedemonians*, a people that first found out the use of the sword, spear, and helmet.

*Scythians*, people that first invented bowes and arrows.

*Thracians*, that first found out the pleasures of hawking and hunting.

*Mermidons*, a most warlike industrious nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

*Pigmyes*, a little Indian people, of a cubite in length, that war with the Cranes.

*Adonis*, the darling of *Venus*, slain by a Bore, turned into a flower.

*Atis*, a sweet boy, beloved of *Cibele*.

*Ganimed*, a Trojan boy whom *Jupiter* loved, and carried into heaven with him, and made him his Cup-bearer.

*Narcissus* a fair boy, who being in love with himself, was turned into a flower.

*Spurina*, a boy that every one for his beauty made love to; which was so troublesome and distasteful to him, that he poisoned himself.

*Maids and Women famous or infamous.*

**E***cho*, a Virgin rejected of her love; she pined into a voice, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

*Hero* the Fair, that drowned her self for *Leander*, who endured the same fate in attempting to swim to her.

*Sappho*, that drowned her self for the love of a fair boy.

*Sylla*, that stole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love she bore to *Minos*; who by that means overcame him: but he, loathing her treachery, forsook her; which caused her to drown her self.

*Thisbe*, that slew her self for the love she bore to *Pyramus*: both she & her sweet-heart were turn'd into a *Mulbery*-tree.

*Atlanta*, the swift chaste maiden Huntresse, that *Hippomanes* so neatly won into his arms and embraces, by the flight of the 3 golden Apples.

*Gleopatra*, the famous Egyptian Queen, that put Asps to her brest, that she might die for her *Anthony*.

*Cassandra*, the daughter of *Priamus* king of *Troy*, to whom

*Apollo*

*Apollo*, upon the promise of her maidenhead, gave the gift of prophecie: but she not keeping her word, he added to this property, that she should never be believed, though she predicted truth.

*Iphis*, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

*Salmacis*, a nymph that lov'd *Hermophroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the gods, she grew into one body with him

*Nisimene*, that for lying with her own father, was turned into an Owl. From night.

*Philomela* ravished by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingal.

*Andromeda*, the wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Star.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her self before *Lamia*, had fourteen of her beautiful children slain, and was afterwards her self turned into a stone.

*Lucretia*, a chaste Romane dame, that slew her self, because proud *Tarquin* ravish'd her.

*Penelope*, the chaste wife of *Ulysses*, that had so many wooers in his absence.

*Helena*, that was ravish'd at nine yeers of age by *Theseus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whose rape, the Trojans sustained a war of ten yeers.

*Messalina*, the insatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emperour.

*Leda*, with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a Swan; she laid him two egges, the one called *Castor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turn'd into Stars.

*Rhodopis*, a noted Thracian whore.

*Omphale*, the Lydian Queen, whom *Hercules* served at the distaff to obtain her love.

*Tuccia*, a Vestal virgin, who being accused for Fornication, cleared her self by carrying water in a Sieve.

*Medea*, a Sorceresse, by whose means *Jason* got the golden Fleece.

*Lamia*, Witches so called.

*Thymelæ*, a woman that first taught to dance.

*Xanippe*, the scolding wife of *Socrates* the most wise Philosopher.

*Cornelia*, a most chaste noble Roman Lady.

*Amazons*, warlike women in *Scythia*, that in their infancy

cut off one of their breasts, that it might not hinder them in martiall exploits. *Penthesilea* was their Queen.

*Virago*, a stout woman of a most manly courage

*Semiramis*, the wife of king *Ninus*, who after his death, her son being young, took upon her the Government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex; but at last falling into all manner of beastly and sensual lust, she endeavored to lie with her son; for which unnatural attempt he slew her.

*Euridice*, the Wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the ravisher *Aristeus*, was stung in the heel by a Serpent, of which she died. *Alceste*, that died to save her husbands life.

*Pandora*, to whom *Pallas* for her chastity gave the gift of Prophecie.

*Æmylia*, who out of the love she bore to her husband, fancied his Paramour.

*Artemesia*, famous for the royal Sepulchre she built for her husband.

*Evadne*, a vertuous woman, that at the solemnization of her husbands Funeral, out of the love she bore him, burnt her self, to mingle her ashes with his.

*Valeria*, a chaste Matron, who being asked why she married not another husband, answered, Her first was still alive with her.

*Pompeia Paulina*, the wife of *Seneca*, who when she heard of the tyrant *Nero's* sentence of death on her husband, desperately opened her own veins, determining not to survive him, whom she loved so dearly.

*Paula Romana*, after her husbands death, was so far from being perswaded to a second, that she was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man.

*Antonia*, a beautiful woman, who to avoid the temptation of sutors, after the death of her first husband, married her self to the strictnes of one chamber, to which her younger sister being a vowed virgin, had confined her self: Thus in one bed, the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the solitude of her widowhood was wasted.

FINIS.



of  
nt  
ar-  
ill  
ard  
nd,  
to  
om  
wn  
ion  
her  
ger  
s in  
e o-